THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrat ly Magazine
Founded A Benj. Franklin

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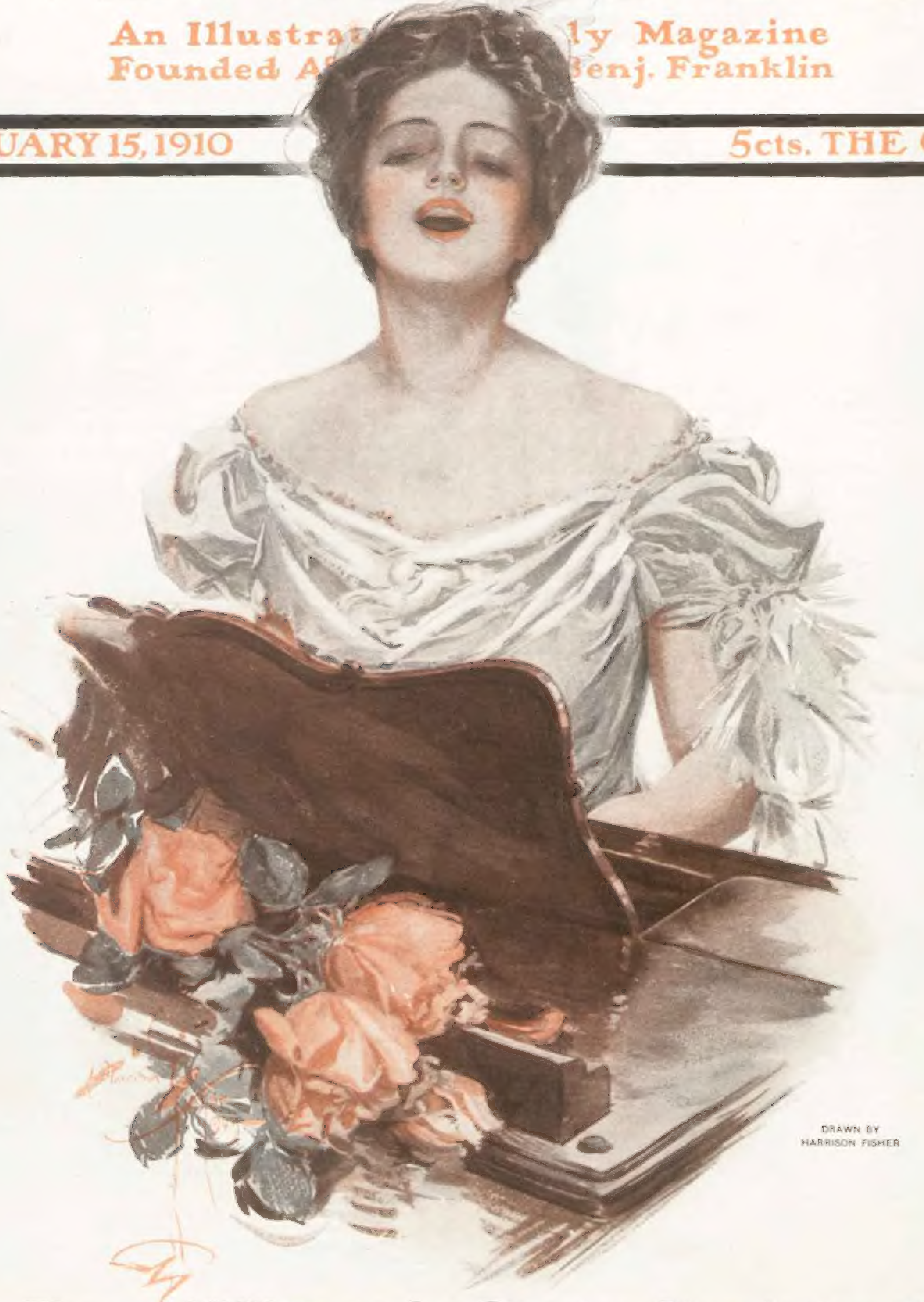
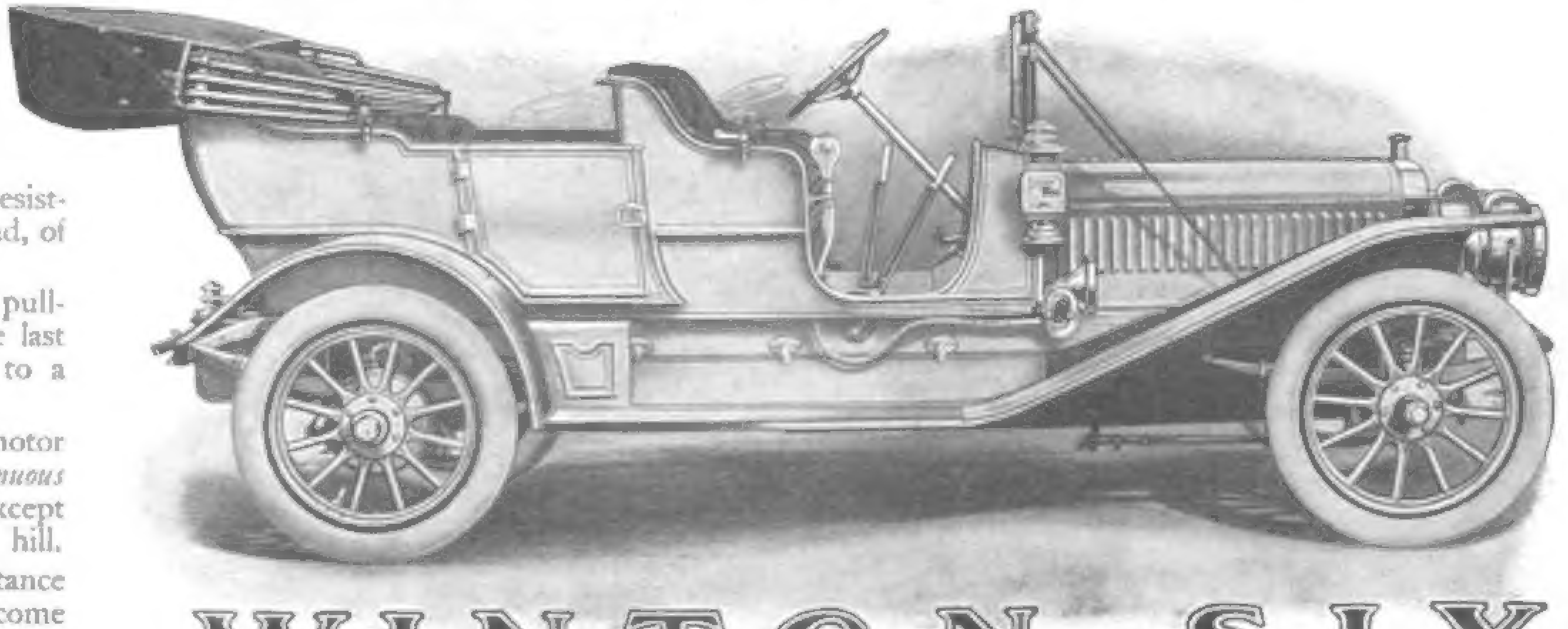


DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

Two Years' Running Expense For This Car Saved On Purchase Price Alone



WINTON SIX

ALL that an automobile motor is good for is to do work—to pull.

It must pull against the resistance of the car and its load, of the road and hills.

When the motor stops pulling, this resistance has the last word and the car comes to a standstill.

The resistance that the motor must overcome is a *continuous resistance.* It never ceases except when the car coasts down hill.

Inasmuch as the resistance which the motor must overcome is *continuous*, the pull of the motor ought also to be *continuous.*

* * *

The *only* automobile motor producing a continuous pull is the Six-cylinder motor.

* * *

The one-cylinder motor produces pulling power only *one-fifth* the time.

The resistance against it is *continuous.*

So, instead of pulling its load constantly and evenly, the one-cylinder motor's power-stroke must be so strong and violent as to *jerk* its load through the four-fifths period when the motor is *not pulling.*

* * *

The four-cylinder produces pulling power only *four-fifths* the time.

The resistance against it is *continuous.*

So, the power-strokes of the four must be sufficiently strong and violent to *jerk* its load through the one-fifth period when the motor is not pulling.

* * *

Motors that do not pull continuously are *mechanically wrong.*

They try to beat the laws of physics.

And of course they fail.

To substitute a jerk for an honest pull is always penalized.

That penalty is paid in Noise, Vibration, unnecessary Wear of Parts and Tires, Repair Bills and Disappointment.

The Winton Motor Cge. Co.
121 Berea Road
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me Winton Six Literature.

____
____
____

Since *resistance* is continuous, the motor's *pull* ought also to be continuous.

And it is *continuous* in the Six-cylinder motor.

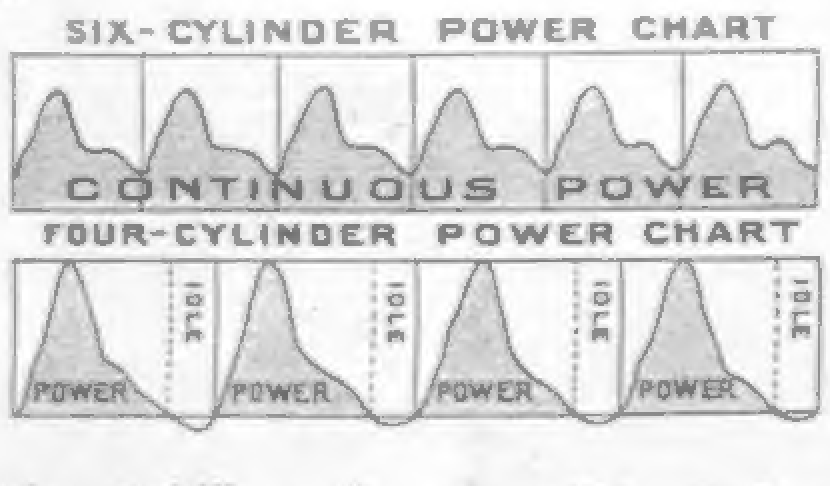
* * *

The continuous pull of the Six motor represents *mechanical honesty.*

The Six never jerks its load in order to catch a fresh breath.

It never gives its load a chance to pull back.

The Six never has to begin pulling again, because it never ceases to pull.



The Six masters its resistance at the start, lords it over its load, plays with the weight it propels, laughs at hills, and so completely and smoothly handles its work that between the Six and other motors there is absolutely no comparison.

* * *

Continuous power belongs to the Six *exclusively.*

It is as physically impossible to get continuous power from less than six cylinders as it is to put a gallon of water inside a quart measure.

The superiority of the Six, which results from its exclusive quality of continuous power, is shown in:

Flexibility, wide range of speed on high gear, easy handling in congested traffic, infrequency of stalling the motor when throttled down,—in short, the most beautiful operation imaginable.

Triumphant hill-climbing capacity.

Absence of Noise and Vibration.

Economy in wear of parts and wear of tires. The world's upkeep record of 184,190 miles on $142.43 expense (averaging 77c per 1000 miles) was made by twenty Winton Sixes.

* * *

As the Six is the best type of motor, so the Winton Six is the best car of this type.

* * *

The Winton factory is in its third consecutive year of Six manufacture exclusively.

Singleness of purpose, long experience, splendid facilities, and good business economies enable us to produce in the 48 horse-power Winton Six at $3000 a car not excelled at any price.

* * *

The 1910 Winton Six has a large-diameter multiple-disc clutch, a 4-speed selective transmission, the finest magneto ignition, a superbly satisfactory carburetor, a comfortable, roomy body, suspended low on semi-elliptical springs, 124-inch wheel base, and an inswept frame, allowing short turns.

Furthermore, the Winton Six has the only motor that *cranks itself.* Air pressure does it. The cleanest, easiest, simplest and only natural method of starting.

* * *

The Winton Six has *all the quality* of design, material, workmanship and finish that any car can have, and its price of $3000 is so much lower than for equal horse-power in other accredited makes that you can buy *gasoline, oil and tires for two years* out of the saving in purchase price.

* * *

Our 64 page catalog (bookshelf size) gives the latest and most vital automobile facts in every-day, common-sense English. A copy ought to be in your hands before you decide upon any car. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us today.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

121 Berea Road CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

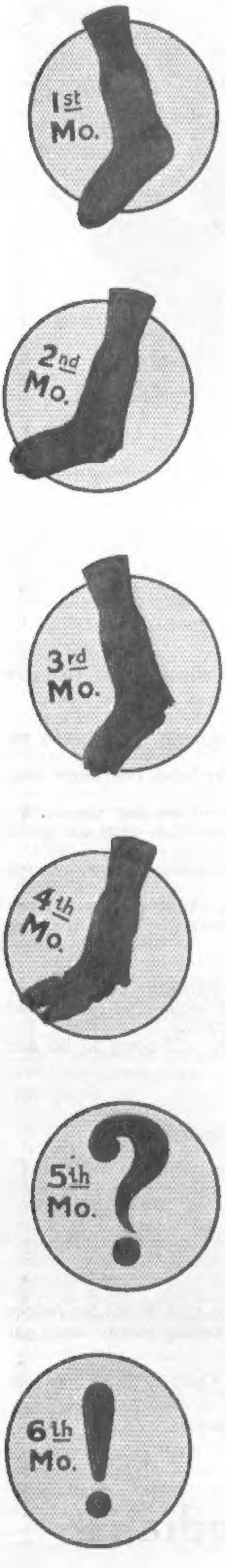
Branch Houses: Broadway and 70th St., New York; Berkeley and Stanhope Sts., Boston; Broad and Race Sts., Philadelphia; 209 N. Liberty St., Baltimore; Baum and Beatty Sts., Pittsburg; 738-740 Woodward Ave., Detroit; Michigan Ave. and 13th St., Chicago; 16-22 Eighth St., N., Minneapolis; 715 East Pine St., Seattle; 300 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

Hose That Wear Six Months

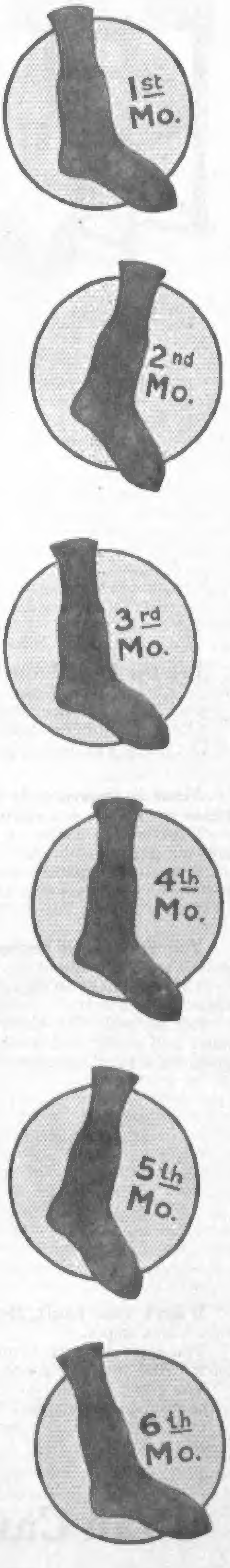
Cost Less

Than Hose That Wear Two

Common Hose


1st Mo.
2nd Mo.
3rd Mo.
4th Mo.
5th Mo.
?
6th Mo.
!

Holeproof Hose


1st Mo.
2nd Mo.
3rd Mo.
4th Mo.
5th Mo.
6th Mo.

To get the *same amount of wear*, you've got to buy at *least two* pairs of ordinary hose for every *one* pair of *genuine "Holeproof."*

Don't simply pay 25 cents to 50 cents for a pair of hose. Get six months' hosiery *wear* for the money.

There's six months' wear *guaranteed* in every six pairs of genuine *Holeproof* Hose.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

First understand, that we have had 32 years of hose-making experience. The "Holeproof" process is the result.

Then, we know the best yarns, and *buy* only the best, regardless of what we must pay.

Last year our yarns cost us an average of 63 cents per pound. As a result of advances this year in the market price of yarns—

We Now Pay an Average *Seventy* Cents

The grade of the yarn is exactly the same as last year's—the very best we can buy—made from the choicest Sea Island and imported Egyptian cottons.

We use a selected 3-ply yarn of very fine individual strands.

We could buy coarse 2-ply yarn for 30 cents a pound less than ours costs and save many thousands of dollars a year.

But 3-ply is stronger, finer and softer. We now spend $33,000 a year simply for inspection—to see that each pair is perfect after completion. Such is our pride in the hose.

Six Million Pairs

The demand for "Holeproof" today is so great that we make 20,000 pairs a day.

That means 6,000,000 pairs this year—the largest business of its kind in the world.

It has grown so because, through our infinite skill and the use of the best of materials, we have made the *very finest hose on the market.*

So Look for "Holeproof" on the Toe

If you want the genuine, you must be sure to do that.

There are, of course, imitations. And most of them are wrongly called "holeproof hose." If you merely ask for "Holeproof" you may get hose made by an amateur maker—made with a 2-ply yarn.

Look on the toe for the *name* "Holeproof" and for the *trade-mark* shown below.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Write for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, $2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk. (31)

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

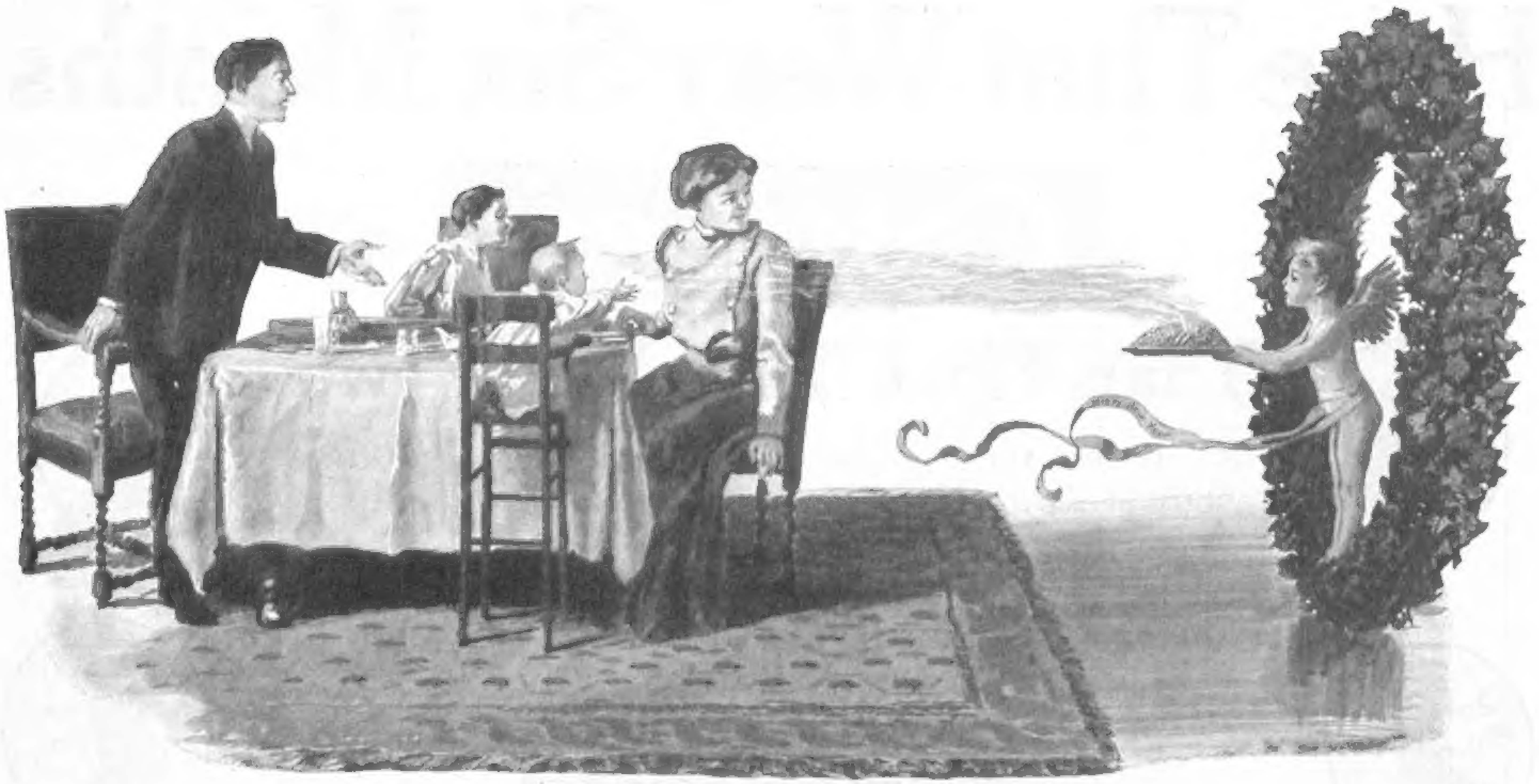
Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Hosiery Co. 401 Fourth St., **Milwaukee, Wis.**

Are Your Hose Insured?



Let the New Year Bring Van Camp's

Let the home-baked beans—the indigestible beans—go with the rest of the Old Year's mistakes. It is time to realize that there are better ways for preparing this premier food.

One can no longer doubt it, for millions have already proved it. And a single can of Van Camp's beans will prove it to you and yours. We ask you to buy that can.

Meat is enormously high now, but beans cost the same as of old. And beans are 84 per cent nutriment.

Beans are as hearty as beef; they contain even more food than beef; they cost but a third as much.

It is an easy matter, by serving the right beans, to cut your meat bills in half. But you never can do it, and have your folks well pleased, until you learn to serve Van Camp's.

You can serve home-baked beans only once in a while. They are mushy and broken and flat.

They are hard to digest—they ferment and form gas—because you cannot apply enough heat.

Not so with Van Camp's. The skins are unbroken. The beans remain nutty and mealy and whole. The tomato sauce, being baked into the beans, gives them to all a perpetual zest.

And Van Camp's beans digest. There is no fermentation, no gas. One gets the whole of their food value.

Our future and fortunes are at stake on baked beans. That's why we are careful about them.

That's why we pay for Michigan beans, selected by hand, four times what some beans cost.

That's why we use only whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We could buy plenty of tomato sauce ready-made for one-fifth what we spend to make ours.

That's why we use steam ovens. There is no other way to apply enough heat without crisping and bursting the beans.

And that's why we heat those ovens to 245 degrees. Why we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. There is no other way to break up the granules so that the beans will digest.

All these things are essential, and legions of people are finding it out. The sale of Van Camp's increased last year by many millions of cans. And millions more will this year come to know and to use them.

The folks at your table will all be glad if you will come to be one of them.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

It isn't your fault, Mrs. Housewife, that home-baked beans can't compare with Van Camp's.

You can't get such beans as we get. You can't buy tomato sauce equal to ours. And you cannot bake the sauce into the beans, as do we.

You can't, in a dry oven, apply enough heat. And you cannot bake beans without crisping some and bursting the rest.

One must have our materials, and must have a steam oven, to get such results as we get.

There are plenty of ready-baked beans, it is true, which are poorer than you bake at home. There are inferior beans and cheap tomato sauce put up in careless ways.

But no home-baked beans can compare with Van Camp's. It is time that you knew this fact. For Van Camp's beans will become, when you know them, almost a daily dish. You will buy them by the dozen cans.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

(28)

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

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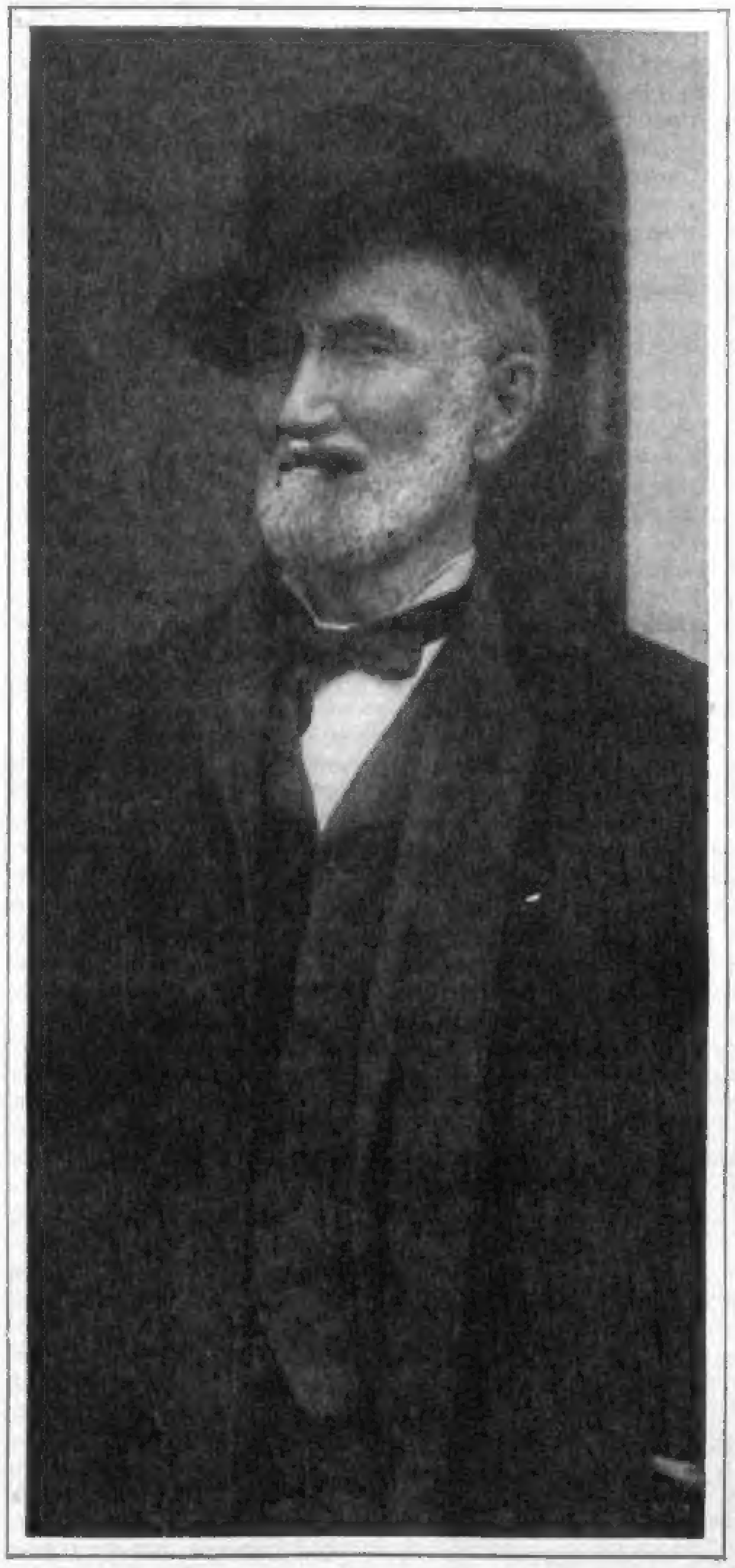
CANNONISM

By SAMUEL W. McCALL

OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

How the Speaker Looks to the Regulars



THE use of the epithet Cannonism has been so common during the last two years that it has become a matter of public importance to inquire somewhat closely what this term means and what basis there is for it. The epithet, as it is commonly employed, has come to involve an indictment, not merely of a man but of the American Speakership, including also the general procedure of the House of Representatives and its value as the popular legislative chamber of a nation, which some of its friends call the greatest in the world, and which the most intense of its enemies admit is a pretty big one. The moral quality of a nation is by no means always commensurate with its size, and that moral quality depends chiefly upon the average of its citizenship. If that average is high it should reflect itself in the only national office that is filled directly by the choice of the people, and filled, too, in constituencies that are not so vast but that the individual voters may know pretty well the character of the man for whom they are voting. The candidate for President they see only through the telescope, if indeed they see him at all; but the candidate for the House of Representatives is a member of the community in which they live, and they may know him as they know one of their own neighbors. If a body of ignorant, sordid and pusillanimous Representatives are chosen under such favorable conditions, it is scarcely possible to make a very decided inference that the constituencies are, on the whole, of a very different character. If, on the other hand, you find among the Representatives a high average standard of manhood and capacity you will be justified in reaching a conclusion favorable to the character of the people who have chosen them. I have a notion that there is some degree of correspondence between the size and the quality of the nation, judging simply from the character of its House of Representatives. It is, on the whole, a great body, fairly representative of the American people, and it reflects the best qualities that have been imputed to them. It certainly has those prime characteristics of the nation—spirit and courage; and no body of men could have any degree of either and be so completely the slave of one man, as the Representatives must be of the Speaker, if there is any substance of truth in the charge usually conveyed by Cannonism. Approaching the subject, therefore, somewhat after the *a priori* fashion, we cannot refrain from indulging in skepticism. The existence of Cannonism would require us to draw inferences far from complimentary to the American people.

A Thirty-five-Year Job

I HAVE said that Cannonism involves an indictment of the man, and it will be well to consider briefly what sort of man he is. Not to indulge too much in biography, he comes from a family of Quakers; was born in North Carolina; when very young was taken to Indiana, where he spent his boyhood, and later moved to Illinois, where he began the practice of law and where he has lived ever since. The environment of his early life is thus seen to be quite on parallel lines with that of Lincoln, who was born in the South, was taken when very young to Indiana, and afterward settled in Illinois. So far as books are concerned the educational advantages of both were slight, although Cannon spent more of his time in school than did Lincoln. Both practiced law in the same county in Illinois. It is to be expected that two men thus similarly educated should have possessed in common some striking characteristics of manner, and I imagine that those who are disturbed at Cannon's picturesque methods of expression would have been no less disturbed in the case of Lincoln.

After a period at the bar Mr. Cannon was elected to the House of Representatives, of which he has now been a member thirty-five years. He was not long in acquiring a position in the House among the leaders of his party. Nearly a quarter of a century ago he was appointed by Speaker Carlisle a member of the Committee on Rules, the other Republican member being Thomas B. Reed; and when the House became Republican in 1890, he was made chairman of Appropriations, and the three Republican members of Rules were Reed, McKinley and Cannon.

It has been admitted even by his political enemies that he was a force for real economy in the House, and has saved the country many millions of dollars. The late Professor Henry Loomis Nelson, a lifelong Democrat and one of the most accomplished political writers of his time, said in a magazine article before Mr. Cannon became Speaker that "the country surely owes him a debt of gratitude." But, admitting that he may have been economical and honest in spending the public money, it is charged that he is narrow and lacking in real political enterprise, and that he has shown himself only slightly responsive to those progressive ideas of a broad public character that lie outside the usual run of party questions. A careful inspection of his record will not justify such an opinion of him, and I will cite a few instances that certainly tend to show its injustice.

Mr. Cannon was for many years either the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations or its leading Republican member, and in that capacity he had much to do with the initiation of work of the most progressive character. He was an especial friend of Professor Langley when the latter was attempting to develop the flying machine, and he became convinced that if Professor Langley were properly encouraged his investigations might lead to the navigation of the air. And so both at the beginning of the experiments and afterward, when he had become a subject of almost general ridicule, Professor Langley had a powerful friend upon the Committee on Appropriations, who kept placing small sums at the disposal of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications for the development of the aeroplane. The machine evolved by Professor Langley is now in the Smithsonian Institution, and the secretary of that institution will tell you that this old machine could be taken out tomorrow and, with a proper mechanism to start it, could be made to fly with the more modern machines. The experiments of Langley were of the greatest importance in reaching the results already accomplished.

Money for Science

THE Geological Survey has done a very important work for the people of the United States, not merely in testing building materials and gauging water powers, but also in surveying the public domain for coal, iron and other sources of natural wealth, so that they might be discovered and preserved for the benefit of the whole people. This Survey was created by legislation contained in an appropriation bill of which Mr. Cannon was one of the authors, and he delighted to encourage this bureau and to give it appropriations to enlarge its field. He not only took part in establishing the Survey, but he has ever since remained its constant friend. It is largely due to his efforts that for nearly a generation the Survey has been able to carry on the work of disclosing the untold wealth of the public domain, and of enlightening Congress so that it might protect those vast resources from speculators who were maintaining their own agents to search for minerals and water power, and to whom the Government would have given away in ignorance very much more than it has done. This work lies at the basis of the policy of conservation of our national resources.

Notable as has been the work of the Survey in the conservation of water powers and mineral wealth, it is even more important with reference to the irrigation of arid lands. The beginning of this work was authorized by a provision in the sundry civil appropriation bill, reported when Mr. Cannon was a member of the committee. That provision authorized a survey of arid lands and the withdrawal from entry of sites suitable for reservoirs; and under this appropriation, which was made twenty years ago, the very sites were located upon which the great Government reservoirs have been built for the irrigation of vast areas of our lands. And to commemorate this work Speaker Cannon two years ago asked the Committee on Appropriations to provide for a suitable memorial to his old friend, Major Powell, who, as Director of the Survey, inaugurated this work.

We hear very much today about the preservation of our forests. In 1891 Mr. Cannon was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and a member of the Committee on Rules, when the President was authorized by law to set aside forest reserves by proclamation; and since then Mr. Cannon has encouraged the work by appropriations inserted in bills coming from his committee. An appropriation bill reported by Mr. Cannon in 1896 carried an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars to meet the expenses of an investigation by the National Academy of Science on the inauguration of a national forestry policy. A commission of forestry experts was appointed to make the investigation, and among its members were Alexander Agassiz and Gifford Pinchot. They recommended new forest reserves that covered about twenty-one million acres, making a grand total of thirty-eight million acres in national forest reserves. Since that time the President's authority has by legislation on appropriation bills reported by Mr. Cannon been broadened until we now have about one hundred and ninety million acres in national forest reserves. He was thus most honorably identified with the beginning and development of national conservation in all its departments.

He very nearly lost his seat during the Administration of President Arthur, over whose veto he voted to pass a river and harbor bill. This bill was not then popular in Mr. Cannon's constituency, but he saw the great importance to the country of the policy involved in such measures. He was especially identified with the construction of the great office-buildings of the Senate and the House. He favored the completion of the east front of the Capitol according to the ancient plans. He wrote the appropriation in a bill for redeeming the Potomac flats, thus laying the foundation for the Potomac Park. The National Museum, costing more than three million dollars, and the new Municipal and Agricultural Buildings, were also pet projects of his. It is doubtful if there has ever been a member of Congress more generous than this rigid economist toward all schemes for the conservation of the resources of the country or for securing for its Government the majestic buildings that adorn its Capital. He sometimes speaks disrespectfully of the "skyline" and affects a great ignorance of artistic matters. "What I don't know about art," he once said at a dinner of architects, "would fill a greater library than all the money of my friend at my right [Mr. J. P. Morgan] could buy." And yet he has shown singular friendship to artistic projects which under his Speakership have been brought forward in the House.

Cannon Made Speaker

HE WAS well known throughout the country when first chosen to the Speakership. He was no unknown and untried man. He was nominated for Speaker without opposition in the Republican caucus, and Mr. Hepburn, in presenting his name, said that he had already been chosen by the country. He received the crown by acclamation from the men who had been associated with him, and who were in a position to know the high character of his work. He seemed almost equally popular with both parties. The usual resolutions of thanks to the Speaker passed at the end of each Congress were supported by speeches that were very far from perfunctory. Mr. Williams, the leader of the minority in the first Congress of which Mr. Cannon was Speaker, spoke of his "extraordinary common-sense" and his "remarkable fund of that most characteristic of all American qualities, a sense of humor." And at the end of the next Congress the same gentleman, who was still the minority leader, said: "There is no sham about him, there is no pretense, there is no hypocrisy." Both sides of the House resolved themselves into a joint caucus, the first one, according to its president, Mr. Hay, of Virginia, ever held in the history of the country, and they presented him with a valuable token of their good will. Next to the President he was easily the most in demand of any speaker in his party, and a speech or a letter from him was of great value in any close district. Thus, after thirty-three years of conspicuous service in the House, five of them as Speaker, Mr. Cannon two years ago possessed the general good will and even affection of his associates upon both sides, and was popular throughout the country. The close and bitter partisan contests of the time when by the side of Reed and McKinley he had contended with Carlisle and Wilson and Crisp had been forgotten, and after many stormy years his old age found him upon the waters of a peaceful sea. And then suddenly his popularity began to wane. There had been no change in the man or in his manner. There was little that was new to be known about him, after he had lived in the eye of the public for more than a generation.

It was at that moment of his greatest popularity, two years ago, that newspaper publishers—representing not, indeed, the entire press, but an important section of it—came to Washington and, in advance of a general revision of the tariff and before consideration of the claims for relief of the great mass of the people, asked for a little tariff bill all for themselves, placing their raw material, print paper, upon the free list. The Speaker did not have the power of passing a tariff bill, but his influence was thought by publishers to be very important in securing such a bill, and it is well known that pressure was brought to bear upon him from very many newspaper offices. He could not have been so blind as not to see the importance of the good will of the press to his political fortunes at that time. He was an avowed candidate for the Presidency. He was asked to help what was politically the most powerful interest in the United States, and when an interest of such tremendous power asks for champions among politicians it is not likely to ask in vain. It can hardly, I think, be considered discreditable to the Speaker that, believing that the newspapers should take pot luck with the people, of whom they were the tribunes, and without prejudice to the merits of their bill, he did not yield to the temptation and support their desires. It may be that they appreciated his patriotism and that they were not influenced by their failure to enlist his interest, but it was certainly coincident with that failure that many of them discovered that he was a bad man. Prior to that time his good qualities were recognized and his personal and picturesque characteristics were looked upon with good nature. Since then he has been the object of much criticism and ridicule, and even the unique quality of his humor has been presented as a serious blemish upon his character. This advertising has had a natural result, for whatever the faults of the American press it is not lacking in value as an advertising medium. It stimulated the enterprise of the opposition party, which saw visions of political capital, and it was not without influence upon the party of the Speaker himself. While his hold is still strong, he has undoubtedly for the time lost strength with a considerable number of voters who stand near the line that divides the two parties and who, in some of the close districts, might throw the balance upon either side.

The Second-Class Rate

THIS episode recalls another in his career, when, more than thirty years ago, as the chairman of the subcommittee to revise and codify the postal laws, he wrote the law giving newspapers and periodicals a very low rate for transportation through the mails. The rate is now one cent per pound and, according to the recent message of the President, it costs the Government $63,000,000 more each year to render the service than it receives. Under the Cannon rate the deficit would have been nearly $60,000,000 a year—by far the most colossal subsidy the world had ever known. Mr. Cannon was familiar in his younger days with the Weekly Tribune of Horace Greeley. He doubtless looked upon the press as primarily an educational enterprise, and he sought to foster it. It was then only the germ of the great commercial and money-making institution of today, when it no longer needs governmental subsidies. But from any point of view who shall say that his course two years ago did not do him greater honor?

But Cannonism as an indictment of an individual is of secondary consequence. It is, however, of prime importance as an impeachment of the rules of the House, and it is well to inquire what basis it has as applied to them. In a large legislative body there must, of course, be organization. Since it is impossible to consider all matters of legislation, there must be a way of discriminating between measures so that those that are necessary to keep the Government moving may be preferred over those that are not. And while there should be as much freedom to the individual member as is consistent with the general efficiency of the House as a great organ of the nation, the notion apparently prevailing in some quarters, that the individual Representative should have the right-of-way whenever he may see fit to claim the attention of the House by delivering an oration or by calling up some bill of his own to the exclusion of other bills, would, of course, make the House an impossible legislative body and one radically unlike any numerous legislative assembly in the world. Obviously, four hundred members, each entertaining important views of his own, with the power of expression sometimes developed to a formidable degree and with the passion not merely for speech, but for regulating the conduct of his fellow-citizens by all sorts of statutes, and each introducing on the average over fifty bills in a single Congress of two years, would find some difficulty in operating under the notion to which I have just referred. Since it is clear that all the members cannot have all the time they want, provision must, in any rational procedure, first be made for matters of general and pressing concern.

The system of House rules was not developed in a day, but it has sprung out of the practical experience of the House for more than a century. The growth has been a slow one, and when one proposes to repeal or change a given rule it would not seem out of place first to study the history of the House and learn the reason for the adoption of the rule in question. So far as the present Speaker is concerned, the rules under his first three Speakerships were the same as when he first took office. They cannot, in any event, fairly be christened from his name.

Doubtless the rules will, from time to time, require changing here and there. Some very good men of the present majority are urging various sorts of amendments. Some of them, notably Mr. Gardner, have given the subject much intelligent study. But thus far, certainly, the practical steps that have been taken have not been in the direction of revolutionary changes. In proof of this we have only to recall somewhat in detail what occurred last spring at the organization of the House, when the very question of Cannonism came acutely to an issue. It will serve quite well to illustrate something of procedure and to throw a sidelight on Cannonism. Mr. Dalzell had made the motion, usually made after the election of Speaker, for the adoption of the rules of the preceding House, and a vote was taken upon that motion. The majority refused to support him and it was voted down. And then the Speaker recognized Mr. Champ Clark. It may appear a little curious that the Czar who, according to the popular notion of Cannonism, transacts the business of the House and recognizes anybody or nobody as he wills, should at this particular moment, full of peril to his own fortunes and to the wicked parliamentary system for which he stands, have recognized the leader of the combined army of Democrats and Insurgents, and for the moment have put him in the position of the leader of the House. But it will appear from this little circumstance that the Speaker's power of recognition is not the capricious and autocratic thing that it is represented to be. To use Mr. Olmsted's epigram, the Speaker's eye is directed by the law. There is nothing about it in the rules, but when the Speaker's side has failed to make its distance, under the long-established precedents of the House the ball should go to the opposition. And in obedience to that unwritten law the Speaker recognized the man who at just that moment was the greatest political enemy he had in the world. This circumstance may shed a light upon the nature of the power of recognition, but if we follow it out a little further it will throw light upon some other important things. It is interesting to inquire what Mr. Champ Clark did when, somewhat to his own astonishment, he thus found suddenly thrust upon him the leadership of the House. It was a novel position for him, certainly. For fourteen years he had been wandering in the wilderness of the minority, had been thundering against the high-handed methods of the majority, and especially against the tyranny of the previous question, which had so often deprived himself and associates of the right of debate and amendment. Having just escaped from his long captivity, he might be expected at the moment of his emancipation to exhibit a leadership tempered with the real spirit of liberty, if, indeed, he were not willing to die for the freedom of debate. Having been so long, too, in the bondage of the rules, he might also have been expected to have some very definite amendments to propose. So, as I said, it becomes important to see just what Mr. Champ Clark did upon this historic occasion.

Champ Clark to the Fore

WHEN he took the floor as leader he made a motion that the rules be referred to a committee, which should report some time in the future what, if any, amendments should be made, and "upon that," he said, "I demand the previous question!" The coalition thus showed its weakness by not proposing, upon the critical day, some definite changes in the rules. These rules had been under discussion for years. If their faults were half so glaring as had been represented some precise changes should have been offered by the victorious coalition when it had secured at least a momentary control of the House, and the shuffling device of a committee was a confession of weakness. But Mr. Clark's demand for the previous question, which would gag the House both for debate and for amendment, was even more significant than the substance of his motion. One might at first suppose that like Macaulay's prisoner his eyes had become so accustomed to the shades of his prison house that he shrank back from the light of day. But I trust I may be just to Mr. Clark. It is not a difficult task. In fact, it is impossible consciously to be unjust to so thoroughly amiable a man. He was logical and consistent. He accepted the responsibility of leadership and took it up just where his party had laid it down, some fifteen years before, when, having a large majority of the membership of the House, it adopted the program of voting *en bloc*, at a single vote, upon more than six hundred Senate amendments to the Wilson tariff bill, after only two hours' debate and without any opportunity at all for amendment. A natural aptitude and a long experience in the House had made Mr. Clark an effective parliamentary warrior. He knew that the House is a great battlefield, and that there comes a moment in war when men understand each other and when anything is more fitting than long orations. It may look very beautiful in pictures to see the enemy considerately stopping their fire while some great general delivers an impassioned speech full of noble sentiments about his country, but I fancy it does not work out quite

(Continued on Page 24)

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

Potash & Perlmutter Hire a Crackerjack, But—

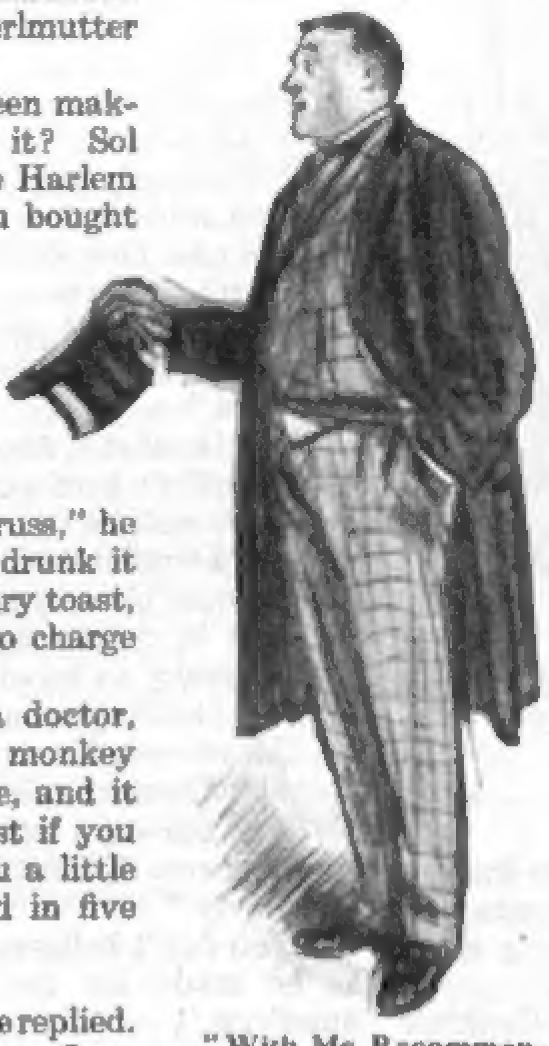
By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ABE POTASH entered the firm's private office one morning in mid-September and deliberately removed his hat and coat. As he did so he emitted groans calculated to melt the heart of the most hardened medical practitioner, but Morris Perlmutter remained entirely unmoved.

"Well, Abe," he said, "you've been making a hog of yourself again. Ain't it? Sol Klinger says he seen you over to the Harlem Winter Garden, and I suppose you bought it such a fine supper you couldn't sleep a wink all night. What?"

Abe started to draw himself up to his full five feet three, but lumbago brooks no hauteur, and he subsided into the nearest chair with a low, expressive "Oo-ee!"



"With Me Recommendations is Nix and Results Everything"

"That's a heart you got it, Mawruss," he declared bitterly, "like a stone. I drunk it nothing but lithia water and some dry toast, which them suckers got the nerve to charge me fifty cents for."

"Well, why don't you seen it a doctor, Abe?" Morris said. "You could monkey with yourself a whole lifetime, Abe, and it would never do you no good; whilst if you seen it a doctor, Abe, he gives you a little pinch of powder, y'understand, and in five minutes you are a well man."

Abe sighed heavily.

"It don't go so quick, Mawruss," he replied. "I seen a doctor this morning and he says I am full from rheumatism. I dassen't do nothing, Mawruss. I dassen't touch coffee or schnapps. I dassen't eat no meat but lamb chops and chicken."

"I tasted worser things already as lamb chops and chicken, Abe," Morris retorted.

"And the worstest thing of all, Mawruss," Abe concluded, "the doctor says he wouldn't be responsible for my life already if I go out on the road."

"What?" Morris exclaimed. In less than two weeks Abe was due to leave on his Western trip, and for the past few days Morris had been in the throes of preparing the sample line.

"This is a fine time for you to get sick, Abe," he cried.

"Could I help it, Mawruss?" Abe protested. "You talk like I got the rheumatism to spite you, Mawruss. Believe me, Mawruss, I ain't so stuck on staying in the store here with you, Mawruss. I could prefer it a million times to be out on the road."

He rose to his feet with another hollow groan.

"But, anyway, Mawruss, it won't help matters none if we sit around here all the morning. We got to get it somebody to sell our line, because even if, to hear you talk, the goods do sell themselves when *I* go out with them, Mawruss, we couldn't take no chances on some kid salesman. We got to get it a first-class A Number One feller what wouldn't fool away his time."

"Well, why don't you put it an ad in the Daily Cloak and Suit Record, Abe?" Morris asked.

"I put it in last night already," Abe replied, "and I bet yer we get it a million answers by the first mail this afternoon."

For the remainder of the morning Morris busied himself with the sample line, while Abe moved slowly about the showroom, well within the hearing of his partner, and moaned piteously at frequent intervals. Every half-hour he cleared his throat with a rasping noise and, when he had secured Morris' attention, ostentatiously swallowed a large gelatine capsule and rolled his eyes upward in what he conceived to be an expression of acute agony. At length Morris could stand it no longer.

"What are we running here, anyway, Abe?" he asked. "A cloak and suit business or a hospital? If you are such a sick man, Abe, why don't you go home?"

"Must I got to get your permission to be sick, Mawruss?" Abe asked. "Couldn't I take it maybe a bit of medicine oncet in a while if I want to, Mawruss?"

He snorted indignantly, but further discussion was prevented by the entrance of the letter-carrier, and immediately Abe and Morris forgot their differences in an examination of the numerous letters that were the fruit of the advertisement.

"Don't let's waste no time over fellers we don't know nothing about, Abe," Morris suggested as he tossed one envelope into the waste-paper basket. "Here's a feller called Rutherford B. H. Horowitz, what says he used to be a suit-buyer in Indianapolis. Ever hear of him, Abe?"

"We don't want no fellers what used to be buyers, Mawruss," Abe retorted. "What we want is fellers what is cloak and suit salesmen. Ain't it?"

"Well, here's a feller by the name Arthur Katzen, Abe," Morris went on. "Did y'ever hear of him, Abe?"

"Sure I know him, Mawruss," Abe replied. "You know him, too, Mawruss. That's a feller by the name Osher Katzenelenbogen, what used to work for us as buttonhole-maker when we was new beginners already. Two years ago I met that feller in the Yates House and I says to him: 'Hallo,' I says, 'ain't you Osher Katzenelenbogen?' And he says: 'Excuse me,' he says, 'you got the advantage from me,' he says. 'My name is Arthur Katzen,' he says; and I assure you, Mawruss, the business that feller was doing, Mawruss, was the sole topic what everybody was talking about."

Morris waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I seen lots of them topics in my time already, Abe," he commented. "Topics what went up with red fire already and come down like sticks. That's the way it goes in this business, Abe. A feller gets a little streak of luck, and everybody goes to work and pats him on the back and tells him he's a great salesman."

"But mind you, Mawruss, Arthur Katzen was a good salesman then and is a good salesman today yet. The only trouble with him is that he's a gambler, Mawruss. That feller would sooner play auction pinocle than eat, and that's the reason why he could never hold it a job."

"Why shouldn't he hold a job, Abe?" Morris asked. "If I would have a crackerjack drummer, for my part he could play the whole book of Hoyle, from *klabbias* to *stuss*, and it wouldn't affect me none so long as he sold the goods."

"Maybe you're right, Mawruss," Abe admitted. "But when a feller fools away his time at auction pinocle his business is bound to suffer."

"Well, then, here's a feller answers by the name Mozart Rabiner," Morris continued. "Did y'ever hear of him, Abe?"

"If you mean Moe Rabiner, Mawruss," Abe replied. "I never knew his name was Mozart before, Mawruss, but there was a feller by the name Moe Rabiner what used to work for Sammet Brothers, Mawruss, and that feller could make the pianner fairly talk, Mawruss. If he could only get a lady buyer up against a pianner, Mawruss, he could sell her every time."

Morris threw Mozart's application into the waste paper basket.

"So long as a feller fools away his time, Abe," he said, "it don't make no difference either he plays auction pinocle, or either he plays the pianner. Ain't it?"

He opened another envelope and scanned the inclosed missive.

"This sounds good to me, Abe," he said, and handed the letter to his partner. It read as follows:

4042 PROSPECT AVE.
September 18/09.

MESSRS
POTASH & PERLMUTTER,

Gents:—Seeing your ad in to days Record and in reply would beg to state am a first class, womans outer garment salesman selling only to the high class trade. Was for three years with one of the largest concerns in the trade traveling to the coast and making Tooson, Denver, Shyenne and Butte, selling the best houses in Frisco, Portland, Seattle, Los Angles, Fresno &c &c &c. *Am all for business and can give A 1 references.* At present am unnattatched but expect quick action as am neggotiating with one of the largest speciality houses in the trade. *Ask no favors of nobody but results will show.*

Yours truly
MARKS PASINSKY.

"By jimminy!" Abe cried after he had finished reading the letter. "That's the feller we want to hire it, Mawruss. Let's write him to call."

II

IT WOULD hardly be violating Marks Pasinsky's confidence to disclose that he held himself to be a forceful man. He never spoke save in italics, and when he shook hands with any one the recipient of the honor felt it for the rest of the day. Abe watched Morris undergo the ordeal and plunged his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"And this is Mr. Potash," Pasinsky cried, releasing his grip on Morris and extending his hand toward Abe.

"How d'ye do?" Abe said without removing his hands. "I think I seen you oncet before already in Mandleberger Brothers & Co., in Chicago."

"I presume you did," Marks Pasinsky replied. "Ed Mandleberger and me married cousins. That is to say, my wife's mother's sister is a sister-in-law to a brother of Ed Mandleberger's wife's mother."

"Huh, huh," Abe murmured. "Do you know Simon Kuhner, buyer for their cloak department?"

Marks Pasinsky sat down and fixed Abe with an incredulous smile.

"A question!" he exclaimed. "Do I know him? Every afternoon, when I am in Chicago, Simon and me drinks coffee together."

Abe and Morris looked at each other with glances of mixed wonder and delight.

"I'll tell you another feller I'm intimate with, too," he said. "Do you know Charles I. Fichter, cloak buyer for Gardner, Baum & Miller, in Seattle?"

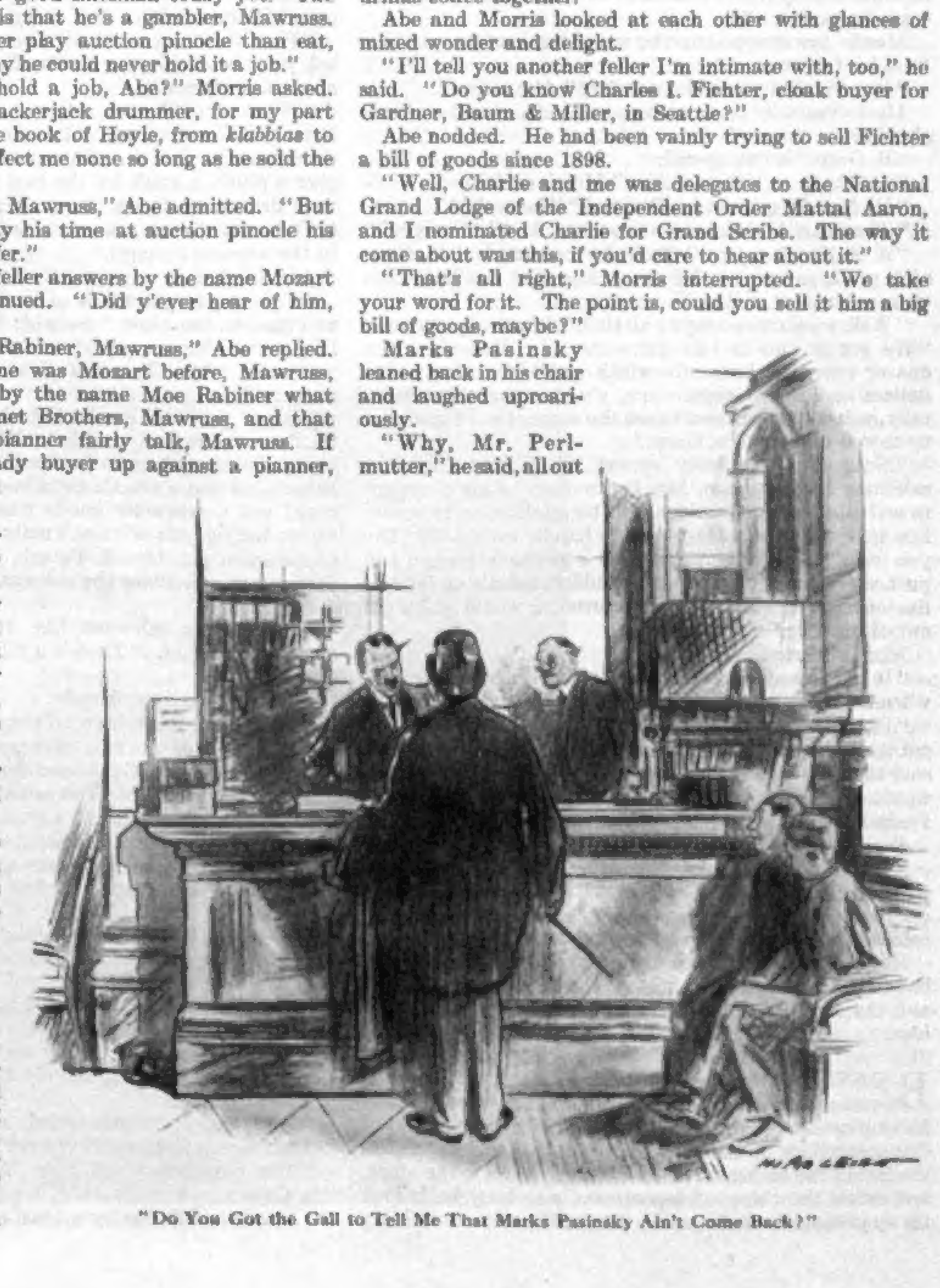
Abe nodded. He had been vainly trying to sell Fichter a bill of goods since 1898.

"Well, Charlie and me was delegates to the National Grand Lodge of the Independent Order Mattai Aaron, and I nominated Charlie for Grand Scribe. The way it come about was this, if you'd care to hear about it."

"That's all right," Morris interrupted. "We take your word for it. The point is, could you sell it him a big bill of goods, maybe?"

Marks Pasinsky leaned back in his chair and laughed uproariously.

"Why, Mr. Perlmutter," he said, all out



"Do You Got the Gall to Tell Me That Marks Pasinsky Ain't Come Back?"

of breath from his mirth, "that feller is actually putting his job in danger because he's holding off in his fall buying until I get to Seattle. Fichter wouldn't buy not a dollar's worth of goods from nobody else but me, not if you was to make him a present of them for nothing."

He gave many more instances of his friendship with cloak and suit buyers. For example, it appeared that he knew Rudolph Rosenwater, buyer for Feigenson & Schiffer, of San Francisco, to the extent of an anecdote containing a long, intimate dialogue wherein Rosenwater commenced all his speeches with: "Well, Markie."

"And so I says to him," Pasinsky concluded, "'Rudie, you are all right,' I says, 'but you can't con me.'"

He looked from Abe to Morris and beamed with satisfaction. They were in a condition of partial hypnotism, which became complete after Pasinsky had concluded a ten-minutes' discourse on cloak and suit affairs. He spoke with a fluency and emphasis that left Abe and Morris literally gasping like landed fish, although, to be sure, the manner of his discourse far outshone the matter.

But his auditors were much too dazed to be critical. They were cognizant of only one circumstance: If this huge personage with his wonderful magnetism and address couldn't sell goods, nobody could.

Pasinsky rose to his feet. He was six feet in height, and weighed over two hundred pounds.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, towering over his proposed employers, "think it over and see if you want me. I'll be back at noon."

"Hold on a minute," Abe cried. "You ain't told us nothing about who you worked for last. What were all them references you was telling us about?"

Pasinsky regarded Abe with a smile of amusement.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Potash, it's like this," he explained. "Of course you want to know who I worked for and all about it."

Abe nodded.

"But the way I feel about it," Marks Pasinsky went on, "is that if you advance my expenses for two weeks, understand me, and I go out with your sample line, understand me, if you don't owe me a thousand dollars commissions at the end of that time, then I don't want to work for you at all."

Morris' jaw dropped and he wiped beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"But who did you sell goods for?" Abe insisted.

Marks Pasinsky bent down and placed his hand on Abe's shoulder.

"B. Gans," he whispered.

"Let me in on this, too, Abe," Morris exclaimed.

"He says he worked for B. Gans," Abe replied.

"That's an A Number One concern, Abe," Morris said.

"A *A* Number One," Pasinsky corrected. "B. Gans ain't got a garment in his entire line that retails for less than a hundred dollars."

"Well, we ain't so tony as all that," Morris commented. "We got it one or two garments, Mr. Pasinsky—just one or two, y'understand—which retails for ninety-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents, y'understand. So, naturally, you couldn't expect to sell the same class of trade for us as you sold it for B. Gans."

"Naturally," Pasinsky agreed loftily, "but when a salesman is a salesman, Mr. Perlmutter, he ain't content to sell a line of goods which sells themselves, so to speak, like B. Gans' line. He wants to handle such a line like you got it, Mr. Perlmutter, which is got to be pushed and pushed good and plenty. If I wouldn't handle an inferior line oncet in a while, Mr. Perlmutter, I would quick get out of practice."

Morris snorted.

"If our line don't suit you, Mr. Pasinsky," he began, when Abe interrupted with a wave of his hand.

"Pasinsky is right, Mawruss," he said. "You always got it an idee you made up a line of goods what practically sold themselves, and I always told you differencely. You wouldn't mind it if I went around to see B. Gans, Mr. Pasinsky."

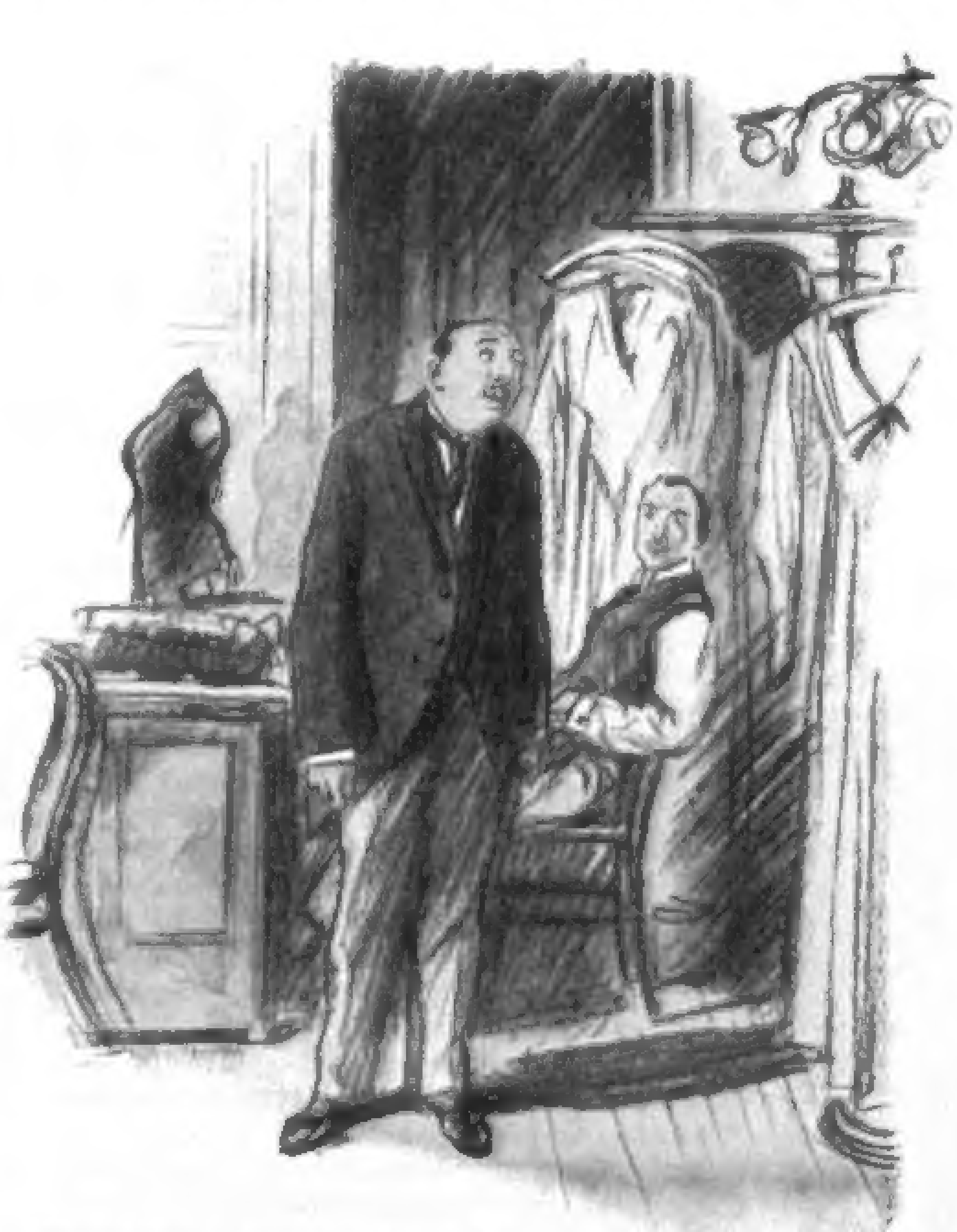
Pasinsky stared superciliously at Abe.

"Go as far as you like," he said. "Gans wouldn't tell you nothing but good of me. But if I would work for you one week, Mr. Potash, you would know that with me recommendations is nix and results everything."

He blew his nose like a challenge and clapped his silk hat on his flowing black curls. Then he bowed to Morris, and the next moment the elevator door clanged behind him.

III

B. GANS guided himself by the maxim: "In business you couldn't trust nobody to do nothing," and albeit he employed over a hundred workmen he gave practical demonstrations of their duties to all of them. Thus, on the last of the month he made out statements in the office, and when the shipping department was busy he helped tie up packages. Occasionally he would be found wielding a pressing iron, and when Abe Potash entered to inquire about Pasinsky's qualifications B. Gans had just smashed his thumb in the process of showing a shipping clerk precisely how a packing-case ought to be nailed.



"Must I Got to Get Your Permission to be Sick, Mawruss?"

"What's the matter, Gans?" Abe asked. "Couldn't you afford it to hire shipping clerks no more?"

"I want to tell you something, Potash," Gans replied. "Jay Vanderbilt ain't got money enough to hire it a good shipping clerk, because for the simple reason there ain't no good shipping clerks. A shipping clerk ain't no good, otherwise he wouldn't be a shipping clerk."

"How about drummers?" Abe asked. "I ain't come to ask you about shipping clerks, Gans; I come to ask you about a drummer."

"What should you ask me about drummers for, Potash?" Gans replied. "You know as well as I do what drummers is, Potash. Drummers is bluffs. I wouldn't give a pinch of snuff for the best drummers living. The way drummers figure it out nowadays, Potash, there ain't no more money in commissions. All the money is in the expense account."

Abe laughed.

"I guess you got a tale of woe to tell about designers and models, too, Gans," he said; "but with me, Gans, so long as a salesman could sell goods I don't take it so particular when it comes right down to the expense account."

"Oh, if they sell goods, Potash," Gans agreed, "then that's something else again. But the way business is today, Potash, salesmen don't sell goods no more. Former times a salesman wasn't considered a salesman unless he could sell a customer goods what the customer didn't want; but nowadays it don't make no difference what kind of salesman you hire it, Potash, the goods is got to sell themselves, otherwise the salesman can't do no business. Ain't it?"

"But take a salesman like Marks Pasinsky, for instance," Abe said. "There's a feller what can sell goods. Ain't it?"

B. Gans looked up sharply.

"Did Marks Pasinsky send you here?" he asked.

"Well, he give you as a reference," Abe replied.

"All right," B. Gans continued. "You tell Marks Pasinsky from me that I says he's a good salesman and that why he left me was by mutual consent."

"Sure," Abe said, "but I wanted to ask you more about Pasinsky. You see, Pasinsky wants to come to work by us as salesman, and I want to find out a few things about him first."

"Well, I'm just telling you, ain't I?" Gans replied. "I said Marks Pasinsky was a good salesman and the reason why he left me was by mutual consent; and you tell Pasinsky that that's what I said it, and if you'll excuse me I got business to attend to."

He turned away and fairly ran toward the rear of the loft, while Abe, now thoroughly mystified, returned to his place of business.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried as his partner entered. "What for a reference did you get it from B. Gans?"

"The reference is all right, Mawruss," Abe replied. "B. Gans says that Pasinsky is a good salesman and that the reason he left was by mutual consent."

"Mutual consent?" Morris exclaimed. "What kind of reason is that for firing a feller?"

"Gans didn't fire him, Mawruss," Abe said. "He left by mutual consent."

"I know, Abe," Morris rejoined, "but when a feller quits by mutual consent you know as well as I do, Abe, what that means. It means that if I should say to Jake, the shipping clerk, 'Jake, you are a rotten shipping clerk and I don't want you no more, and if you don't get right out of here I will kick you out,' and then Jake says to me, 'In that case you could take your dirty job and give it to some poor sucker what wants it more as I do,' then Jake quits by mutual consent. Ain't it?"

Abe stared indignantly at his partner.

"I'm surprised to hear you you should talk that way, Mawruss, about a decent, respectable young feller what works so hard like Jake does," he said. "That only goes to show what a judge you are. If you couldn't tell it a good shipping clerk when you see one, how should you know anything about salesmen? B. Gans says that Pasinsky is a good salesman, Mawruss, and you can do what you like about it; I'm going to hire him, Mawruss, when he comes back here."

"Go ahead, Abe," Morris retorted. "Only, if things shouldn't turn out O. K. you shouldn't blame me. That's all."

"I wouldn't blame you, Mawruss," Abe said. "All I would blame you is if you wouldn't have our sample line in good shape by next week, because I want Pasinsky to leave here by Monday sure."

"Don't you worry about them samples, Abe," Morris cried.

"Them samples is good enough to sell themselves; and the way I figure it out, they got to sell themselves, Abe, because I don't believe Pasinsky could sell nothing to nobody."

"You don't believe nothing, Mawruss," Abe concluded as he made for the cutting-room; "you're a regular amethyst."

IV

"WITH a feller like Kuhner," Marks Pasinsky declared on the following Monday, "you couldn't be a cheap skate, Mr. Potash."

"I always sold it Kuhner, too," Abe replied; "but I never spent it so much as three hundred dollars in one week in Chicago."

"Sure, I know," Pasinsky agreed, "but how much did you sell Kuhner? A thousand or two thousand at the outside. With me, Mr. Potash, I wouldn't bother myself to stop off in Chicago at all if I couldn't land at least a five-thousand-dollar order from Simon Kuhner, of Mandleberger Brothers & Co., and we will say four thousand with Chester Prosnauer, of the Arcade Mercantile Company."

It lacked half an hour of Marks Pasinsky's traintime, and, in addition, Abe had grown a little weary of his parting instructions to his newly-hired salesman. Indeed, the interview had lasted all the forenoon, and it would have been difficult to decide who was doing the instructing.

"'Senough," Abe cried. "Let's make an end. I'll speak to my partner about it, and if he says it's all right I'm agreeable."

He repaired to the cutting-room, where Morris chafed at the delay in Pasinsky's departure.

"Ain't that feller gone yet, Abe?" he asked.

"I'm just giving him a few last advices," Abe replied.

"Well, I hope you're more successful as I was, Abe," Morris rejoined. "That feller's got so much to say for himself I couldn't get a word in sideways."

Abe nodded.

"He's a good talker," he said, "only he's too ambitious, Mawruss."

"He shouldn't get ambitious around me, Abe," Morris retorted, "because I wouldn't stand for it. What's he getting ambitious with you about?"

"Well, he wants it three hundred dollars for expenses one week in Chicago already," Abe answered.

"What!" Morris cried.

"He says he got to do some tall entertaining, Mawruss," Abe went on, "because he expects to sell Simon Kuhner a five-thousand-dollars bill of goods, and the Arcade Mercantile Company also five thousand."

"Say, looky here, Abe: I want to tell you something," Morris broke in. "Of course, this ain't my affair nor nothing, because you got the rheumatism and it's your funeral. Also, I am only a partner here, y'understand, and what I says goes for nix. But the way it looks to me now, Abe, if this here Pasinsky sells all the goods he talks about, Abe, we will got to have four times more capital as we are working with now. And if he spends it three hundred dollars in every town he makes we wouldn't have no capital left at all. And that's the way it goes."

He turned and strode angrily away, while Abe went back to the sample-room.

"Well, Pasinsky," he said, "I decided I would take a chance and advance you the three hundred; but you got to do the business, Pasinsky, otherwise it is all off."

Pasinsky nodded and tucked away the yellowbacks which Abe gave him.

"All you've got to do, Mr. Potash, is to fill the orders," he said, extending his hand to Abe, "and I will do the rest. And now good-by and good luck to you."

He squeezed Abe's hand until it was completely numb, and with a parting nod to Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, he started on his journey for the West.

"You would thought, Mawruss," Abe said afterward, "that he was staying home and that it was me what goes away on the trip."

"I wish you was, Abe," Morris replied fervently. "I ain't got no confidence in that feller at all."

"I wouldn't knock the feller until I seen what he could do, Mawruss," Abe said. "He promised me we should hear from him so soon as he gets there."

Four days later the expected mail arrived. Abe received the letter from the carrier and burst it open with his thumb. Then he drew forth the contents of the envelope and shook the folded sheet, but no order slip fell out. He sighed heavily and perused the letter, which read as follows:

CHICAGO, ILL., Sep. '09.

MESS POTASH & PERLMUTTER

Gents:—Arrived here this A M and things look very promising. Am informed by everybody that business is good on the coast and prospects of big orders also very promising. Sales have been slow here on a/c weather is very hot. Miss Schimpfer asst buyer millinary dept Mandleberger Bros & Co says things look very promising and expects to do a big fall business. Was two hours late getting in to Chicago on a/c freight wreck and missed seeing Kuhner his sister's daughter gets married and Kuhner goes to the wedding. Will see Kuhner to morrow A M and let you know results. Have appointment with Chester Prosnauer to morrow A M and things look very promising there. Will write you to morrow. Regards to Mr. Perlmutter. Hoping things is all right in the store, I am,

MARKS PASINSKY.

Abe finished reading the letter and handed it in silence to Morris, who examined it closely.

"That's a very promising letter, Abe," he said. "I'd like to know what that feller done all day in Chicago. I bet yer that assistant millinery buyer eats a good lunch on us, Abe, if she didn't also see it a theayter on us, too. What does he think he's selling, anyway, Abe, millinery or cloaks?"

"Give the feller a show, Mawruss," Abe replied. "He ain't been in Chicago forty-eight hours yet. We'll wait till we get it another letter from him, Mawruss, before we start to kick."

Another day elapsed, but no further epistle came from Marks Pasinsky, and when the last mail arrived without any word from Chicago Morris grew worried.

"Not even a weather report, Abe," he said. "If he couldn't sell no goods, Abe, at least he could write us a letter."

"Maybe he's too busy, Mawruss," Abe suggested.

"Busy taking assistant millinery buyers to lunch, Abe," Morris replied. "The way that feller acts, Abe, he ain't no stranger to auction pinocle, neither, I bet yer."

Abe put on his hat and coat preparatory to going home.

"What's the use knocking him yet a while, Mawruss?" he said. "A different tune you will sing it when we get a couple of orders from him tomorrow morning."

But the next forenoon's mail was barren of result, and when Abe went out to lunch that day he had little appetite for his food. Accordingly he sought an enameled-brick dairy restaurant, and he was midway in the consumption of a bowl of milk toast when Leon Sammet, senior partner of Sammet Brothers, entered.

"Well, Abe," he said, "do you got to diet, too?"

"*Gott sei dank*, it ain't so bad as all that, Leon," Abe replied. "No, Leon, I ain't going to die just yet a while, although that's a terrible sickness, the rheumatism. The doctor says I could only eat it certain things like chicken and chops and milk toast."

"Well, you wouldn't starve, anyhow," Leon commented.

"No, I wouldn't starve," Abe admitted, "but I also couldn't go out on the road, neither. The doctor wouldn't let me, so we got to hire a feller to take care of our Western trade. I guess he's a pretty good salesman, too. His name is Marks Pasinsky. Do you know him?"

"Sure I know him," Leon Sammet replied. "He used to work by B. Gans, and he's a very close friend of a feller what used to work for us by the name Mozart Rabiner."

"You mean that musical feller?" Abe said.

"That's the one," Leon answered. "I bet yer he was musical. That feller got the artistic temperature all right, Abe. He didn't give a damn how much of our money he spent it. Every town he makes he got to have a pianner sent up to the hotel. Costs us every time three dollars for the pianner and five dollars for trucking. We got it a decent salesman now, Abe. We hired him a couple of weeks since."

"What's his name?" Abe asked.

"Arthur Katzen," Leon Sammet replied. "He had a big week last week in Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland and Detroit. He's in Chicago this week."

"Is that so?" Abe commented.

"He turned us in a fine order today," Leon continued, "from Simon Kuhner, of Mandleberger Brothers & Co."

"What?" Abe gasped.

"Sure," Sammet went on, "and the funny thing about it is that Kuhner never bought our line before, and I guess he wouldn't of bought it now, but this here Arthur Katzen, Abe, he is sure a wonder. That feller actually booked a five-thousand-dollar order from sample garments which didn't belong to our line at all. They're some samples which I understand Kuhner had made up already."

"That's something what I never heard it before," Abe exclaimed.

"Me neither," Leon said; "but Kuhner gives him the privilege to send us the garments here, and we are to make up sample garments of our own so soon as we can copy the styles; and after we ships our samples and Kuhner's samples back to Kuhner, Kuhner sends us a confirmation. We expect Kuhner will ship us his samples tomorrow."

Abe rose wearily from his seat.

"Well, Leon," he concluded, "you certainly got it more luck with your salesman as we got it with ours. So far he ain't sent us a single, solitary order."

He passed down the aisle to the cashier's desk and had almost reached the door when a restraining hand plucked at his coat tails.

"Hallo, Abe!" a voice cried. It was Sol Klinger, whose manner of eating crullers and coffee received and merited the unfavorable attention of everybody seated at his table. "Sit down and have a cup of coffee."

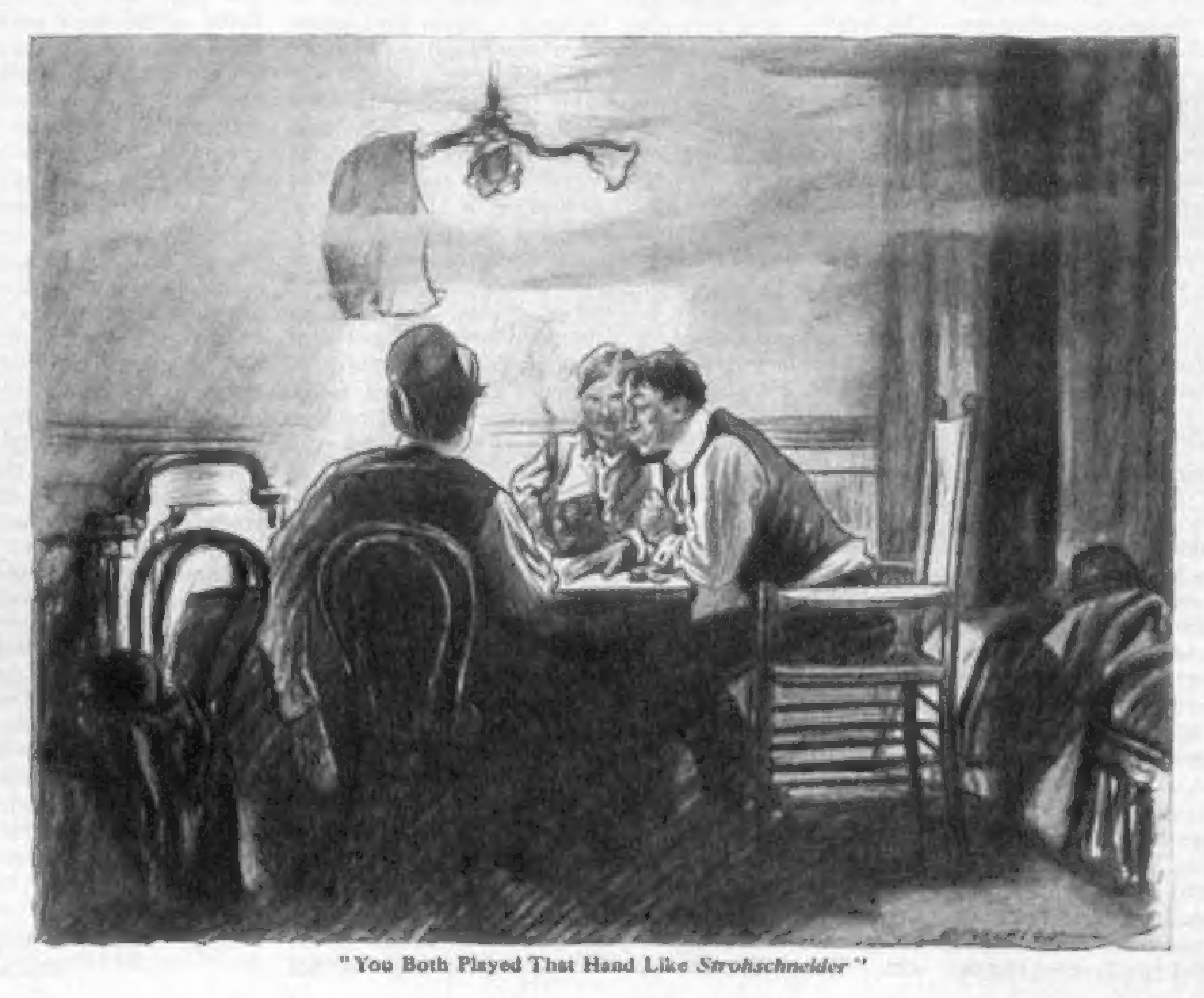
"I had it my lunch already," Abe replied.

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee, anyhow," Sol Klinger coaxed.

"I wouldn't have no coffee," Abe said as he took the vacant chair next to Sol. "I'll have a cup of chocolate. To a man in my conditions, Sol, coffee is poison already."

"Why, what's the matter, Abe?" Sol asked.

"I'm a sick feller, Sol," Abe went on. "The rheumatism I got it all over my body. I assure you I couldn't go out on the road this fall. I had to hire it a salesman."



"You Both Played That Hand Like *Strohschneider*"

"Is that so?" Sol Klinger replied. "Well, we had to hire it a new salesman, too—a young feller by the name Moe Rabiner. Do you know him?"

"I heard about him already," Abe said. "How is he doing?"

"Well, in Buffalo, last week, he ain't done hardly nothing," said Sol; "but he's in Chicago this week and he done a little better. He sent us a nice order this morning, I bet yer. Four thousand dollars from the Arcade Mercantile Company."

Abe was swal'owing a huge mouthful of cocoa, and when Sol vouchsafed this last piece of information the cocoa found its way to Abe's pharynx, whence it was violently ejected into the face of a mild-mannered errand-boy sitting opposite. The errand-boy wiped his face while Sol slapped Abe on the back.

"What's the matter, Abe?" Sol asked solicitously. "Do you got bronchitis, too, as well as rheumatism?"

"Go ahead, Sol," Abe gasped. "Tell me about this here order."

"There ain't much to tell, Abe," Sol went on, "except that this here Rabiner does something I never heard about before in all my experience in the cloak and suit business."

"No?" Abe croaked. "What was that?"

"Why, this here Rabiner gets an order from Prosnauer, of the Arcade Mercantile Company, for garments what we ain't got in our line at all," Sol Klinger explained; "and Prosnauer furnishes us the sample garments, which we are to return to him just so soon as we can copy them, and then ——"

"'Senough," Abe cried. "I heard enough, Sol. Don't rub it in."

"Why, what do you mean, Abe?" Sol asked.

"I mean I got it a salesman in Chicago, Sol," Abe went on, "what ain't sent us so much as a smell of an order. I guess there's only one thing for me to do, Sol, and that's to go myself to Chicago and see what he's up to."

Sol looked shocked.

"Don't you do it, Abe," he said. "Klein got a brother-in-law what got the rheumatism like you got it, Abe, and the feller insisted on going to Boston. The railroad trip finished him, I bet yer."

"Did he die?" Abe asked.

"Well, no, he didn't die exactly," Klinger replied, "but on the train the rheumatism went to his head, and that poor, sick young feller took a whole theayter troupe into the café car and blows 'em to tchampanyer wine yet. Two hundred dollars it costed him."

"That's all right, Sol," Abe replied. "I could stand it if it stood me in three hundred dollars, so long as I could stop Marks Pasinsky making another town."

He rose to his feet with surprising alacrity for a rheumatic patient, and returned to his office, where no communication had been received from Marks Pasinsky.

"That settles it, Mawruss," Abe said as he jammed his hat farther down on his head.

"Where are you going now?" Morris asked.

"I'm going home to pack my grip," Abe announced, "and I'll get that six o'clock train to Chicago, sure."

"But, Abe," Morris protested, "I thought the doctor says if you went out on the road he wouldn't be responsible for you."

"I know he did," Abe concluded as he passed out, "but who will be responsible for Marks Pasinsky, Mawruss?"

V

WHEN Abe reached Chicago the following afternoon he repaired at once to the hotel at which Marks Pasinsky was staying.

"Mr. Pasinsky ain't in his room. What?" he said to the clerk.

"Mr. Pasinsky went out about one o'clock and hasn't been back since," the clerk replied as he handed Abe over to a bell-boy. Fifteen minutes later Abe descended from his room with the marks of travel almost effaced, and again inquired for Marks Pasinsky.

"He ain't been back since, Mr. Potash," said the clerk.

"He didn't go out with nobody. No?" Abe asked.

"I think he went out with a short, dark gentleman," the clerk answered.

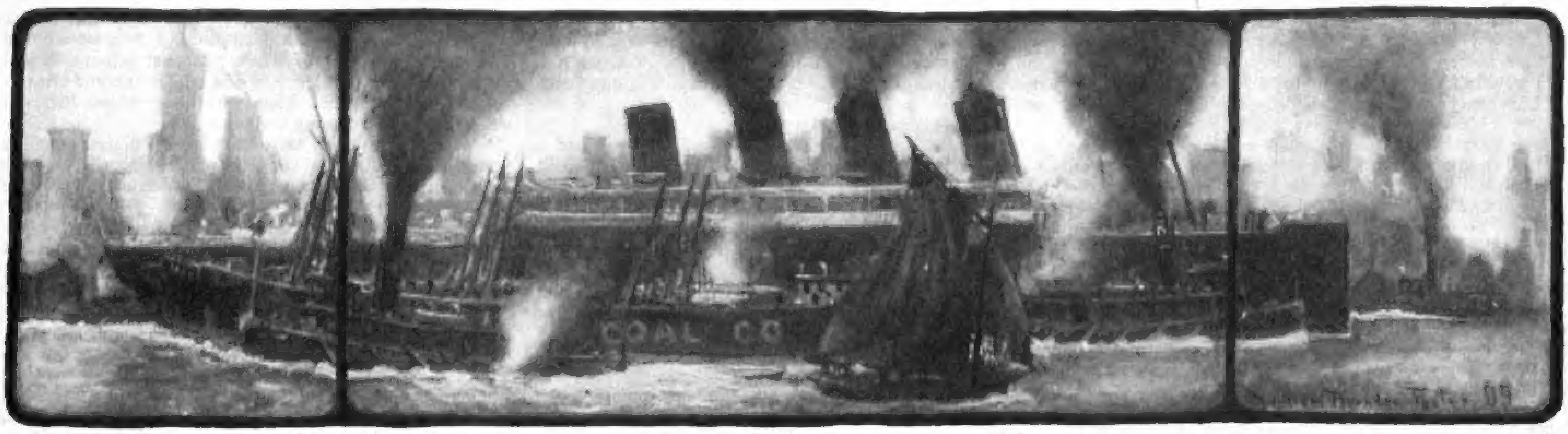
Abe pondered for a moment. Simon Kuhner stood full six feet

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SMALL MAN'S MARKET

Going After the Trade—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER



A SMALL manufacturer has developed, as a side issue to his regular output, some useful little household novelty for which he is certain a wide demand exists. This has been demonstrated by experimental sales around home. People want that trinket the moment they see it. There are good profits waiting if he can put it on sale over the whole country, or a group of states, or even one of our first-class cities, which are great markets in themselves.

This manufacturer may lack capital to promote his novelty on a large scale and be without experience in marketing methods. Yet several methods lie ready to his hand. He can begin by taking it about from door to door himself, which would be commerce in its primitive form. He might appoint selling agents in many states, giving exclusive rights in specified territory; or he might supply customers direct by mail. Yet these would all be extensions of the door-to-door method. No matter how far he might go in that direction his system would be built upon himself, and largely run on his own energy. If anything happened to himself it might easily collapse. If he stopped for a few years there would probably be nothing left, because he had not built his distributing system on that remarkable organization known as the Trade.

The Trade is impressive in many ways.

In the United States, for example, it comprises about 800,000 retail merchants and 60,000 wholesalers and jobbers. Included in these are 135,000 retail grocers, 135,000 general merchants, 40,000 druggists, 30,000 hardware dealers, 25,000 drygoods stores, 4000 department stores, 20,000 furniture stores, 20,000 jewelers, 20,000 shoe dealers, 18,000 clothing stores, 16,000 dealers in agricultural implements, besides newsdealers, novelty stores and stands, and so forth. These ramify, one into another, in a most complex way, department and general stores handling nearly all lines of goods, druggists carrying grocers' commodities to some extent, or the reverse.

Certain commodities find an outlet through half a dozen different sections of the retail system, while practically all the sections are likely to take on new commodities they have never sold before when the promoter shows them how to make such sales profitable. Wholesale houses bind all these retail dealers together, exporting and importing houses link them with the distributing machinery of other countries.

The Machinery of Distribution

THE Trade is as wide as humanity. It blazes a trail for barter, then hews a path and holds a fair, then builds a road and establishes a market. By the time the railroad comes there is a broad, deep channel through which commodities flow almost automatically, and the longer they flow the greater the volume and the more quiet the current. No spot on earth is so sparsely populated or so remote but that it has some connection with the Trade, even if it is only visited by a single ship a year. Nothing is too great to be drawn into its currents—the Trade will transport a million bushels of wheat to Europe and bring back from Paris a paper of pins. And it is immortal. It began with the first pedler, ages before the dawn of history, and, according to our records, has been continued through a succession of commercial nations extending from the Phenicians. From time immemorial it has created nations and built cities. Oceans and rivers, railroads and ships are merely part of the Trade. Death, bankruptcy, war and the fall of empires do not stop it. The Trade continues itself, and will be doing business and turning its profits as long as there are goods in the world to be carried.

Now, let the small manufacturer once get his little household novelty circulating through this vast system and it will go farther than he could possibly send it by any other means. It will go more cheaply and more quickly. It may continue to circulate through that great organization long after he is dead, provided there is still demand for his commodity. To build anything that could do the same work he would have had to go back and begin with the Phenicians.

But the Trade is also conservative. To the man marketing a new article it may seem, at the outset, as though many of the original Phenicians were still active in affairs today, and that they had not changed their ideas in twenty-five centuries. The Trade takes up new things cautiously and often under compulsion. It has prejudices, customs, conditions, doubts, discounts, all of which must be understood and reckoned with. Even after a new commodity has been set circulating through its infinite arteries and veins it must rub up against and compete with other commodities, taking its chances and holding its own against odds. On a purely economic basis, without malice, the Trade takes this position: It will carry you to market if it has to, and at the same time try to eat you alive.

Mere capital has no power in placing commodities in this enormous distributing machine. Again and again fortunes have been sunk by men who tried to force the Trade against its customs or economic laws.

Several years ago an Eastern promoter organized a company to sell tea and coffee in a new way. He had already built up an outlet for another article with several thousand druggists, and proposed to sell tea and coffee through the same channel. According to his prospectus the regular grocery houses were not serving the public intelligently. He thought he saw a way to revolutionize the business.

On paper there were millions in his idea. In actuality, though, his enterprise lasted about a year. The company sunk its money and went out of business, and the promoter lost his original enterprise. The grocery trade sold its billion pounds of coffee and one hundred million pounds of tea that year as usual, and never even heard of this promoter.

As a contrast, take the experience of a small shoe merchant who, ten or twelve years ago, set out with little else than trade experience and who has since made a fortune by marketing a novelty through the Trade.

Before he went into the shoe business this merchant had worked as a journeyman printer. On his feet all day, tramping through the alleys of a composing-room, he found that pieces of rubber tacked to the heels of his shoes took up the jar of walking as well as deadened noise. Other compositors quickly adopted the device. When he got enough money ahead to open a shoestore rubber heels were made a part of his stock. Up to that time they were worn chiefly by policemen, who had first taken the idea from the sneak thief, it is said, and wore them at first as a means of getting about noiselessly and later appreciated the comfort they gave to a man walking stone pavements ten or twelve hours a day. But at that period there was practically no commercial article of the sort. The policeman who wanted rubber heels on his shoes made them himself, going to a junkshop for a piece of old rubber packing, instead of visiting the shoe dealer.

It did not take this shoeman long to discover that he had found a specialty more important to him than shoes. Offered to his customers with intelligent explanation, rubber heels grew rapidly in favor. He decided to go into the business on a larger scale and, to accomplish this, did two things that gave him the backing of the Trade. In the first place, he could hardly ask other retail shoe dealers to handle such an article while he himself remained in the shoe business, for in that case he was their competitor, and every pair of the heels they sold, bearing his name, made prestige for him. So he sold his shoe business for some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars and became a manufacturer instead. Another excellent piece of policy was that of setting a fixed retail price on his goods, holding each merchant who handled them to that figure, and refusing to sell goods to anybody who cut his established price. Thus, one merchant made as much out of them as another, and none could ruin the market, destroy the margin of profit, or draw away another dealer's trade by price-cutting. That policy, backed by energetic work in the Trade, soon gave him such a lead that no competition has ever been able to displace him.

The Benefits of "Price-Protection"

AT THAT period "price-protection" was comparatively new. But today it is a live issue in all lines of trade. Some of the most profitable specialties have been built upon it in recent years, and it is engaging the attention of large manufacturers who have heretofore let retail prices take care of themselves. Most interesting to the small man with a new commodity to market through the Trade, price protection, wisely laid down and scrupulously adhered to, may give him distinct advantages over large houses whose business has been organized on a different policy.

In London, the other day, a certain great manufacturing house held its shareholders' meeting. The chairman stated that some twelve million dollars had been spent, the past thirty years, in advertising its chief brand of goods, which is sold all over the world and has a tremendous sale in the United States. In the beginning of the business this brand carried a large margin of profit. Its sterling quality, coupled with wide advertising and the fact that there was little competition in those days, created a vast demand with the consuming public. Retail merchants handled it as a staple and, in their eagerness to get trade, cut the customary price and often sold below cost, offering this article as a magnet to draw other merchants' customers. Price protection was then virtually unknown. The manufacturing house sold its goods at stated wholesale terms to retail merchants, and the latter sold at whatever prices they pleased, or gave goods away for nothing if they wanted to. As an outcome, the average retail profit on this famous brand has been run down to less than ten per cent on paper, and in actuality it is less than nothing. When the retailer has charged off his own cost of doing business there is no profit at all, but a loss instead. Moreover, in this country, our recent tariff imposes higher duties on such goods, making it necessary to charge the consumer about twenty per cent more for the imported article.

Now, an American house, entering the market with a competing article on which prices are protected, immediately gives the retail merchant a living margin of profit as

(Concluded on Page 40)

GOOD MEN AND TRUE

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

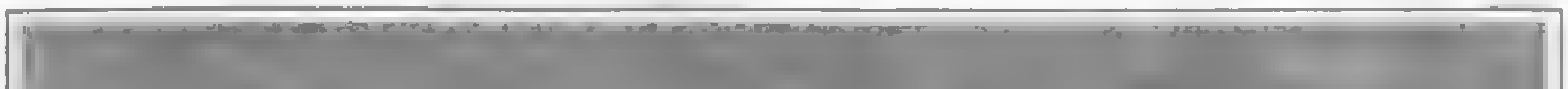
IV

SO SINGULAR an effect did Mrs. Bransford's letter have upon Mr. George Aughinbaugh that he went red and white by turns and became incoherent in excited endeavor to say a number of different things at one and the same time; so that Mr. John Wesley Pringle was moved to break off in his reading, to push Mr. Aughinbaugh into a chair, and to administer first aid to the distracted from a leather-covered bottle.

"Take a sip o' this. One swallow will make you simmer," he said earnestly. "Old Doctor Pringle's Priceless Prescription, a sovereign remedy for rattlesnake bites, burns, boils, sprains and bruises, fits, freckles and housemaid's sore knee; excellent for chilblains, sunburn, congestion of the currency, inflammation of the ego, corns, verbosity, insomnia, sleeplessness, lying awake and bad dreams, punctuality, fracture of the Decalogue, forgetfulness, painful memory, congenital pip, the pangs of requited affection, mange, vivacity, rush of words to the head, old age and lockjaw.

"I know that Jeff is in one big difficulty, and I see that you understand what his letter means, which is more than I do. Speak up! Say, state and declare what lies heavy on your mind. Tell us about it. If you can't talk make signs."

Neither this speech nor the restorative served wholly to dispel Aughinbaugh's bewilderment. He looked at Mr. Pringle in foggy confusion, holding fast to the panacea, as if that were the one point on which he was quite clear. Seeing which, Mr. Pringle, somewhat exasperated, renewed his eulogy with increased energy and eloquence. "It is also much used in cases of total depravity, contributory negligence, propinquities, clergyman's sore throat, equilateral strangulation and collar galls, veracity, pessimism, Scylla and Charybdis, stuttering, processions of equine oxen and similar phenomena, insubordination, altitude, consanguinity, chalcedony, irritation of the Ephemeridæ, symmetry, vocalization, mammalia, clairvoyance, inertia, acrimony, persecution, paresis, paraphernalia, perspective, perspiration, tyranny, architecture and entire absence of mind—take another dose!" He cast an appealing glance around. "I can't get at what Jeff's trying to say," declared Mr. Pringle with some asperity, "but if I could I'm damned if I couldn't tell it! Speak up! Play it out on the typewriter."



They Pulled Him Down, Fighting Savagely

Acting upon this hint, Aughinbaugh turned to the typewriter and clattered furiously on the keys. He took off two sheets and spread them on the table, face to face, so that one sheet covered all of the other but the first two lines. "There!" he said, pointing. Beebe read aloud:

Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party.

A quick move by the enemy will jeopardize six fine gunboats.

"He spoke twice—once in each letter," said George Aughinbaugh, "of learning to use the typewriter. He gave a speed sentence that he had made up, containing the entire alphabet. These are similar sentences, used by nearly every one who learns to typewrite. Jeff was familiar with them. He practiced the first one by the hour. I gave him the second one the last night he was here. He is calling on us to come to his help; he is warning us to be careful, that one unconsidered move on our part, 'a quick move,' will be dangerous to him. Taken in connection with the other allusions in his letter, and to things that I know outside of his letter, it probably means that such a quick move might be fatal to him. He is imprisoned—not legally; secretly—and in great danger. Of course, parts of his letter are only padding to introduce and join plausibly the vital allusions so that his captors would allow the letter to go. The allusions are not consecutive. When he speaks of ——"

"Hold on, old man; you're getting all balled up again," said Pringle. "Suppose, first of all, you tell us, as clearly as you can, exactly what you understand him to mean, just as if he had written it to you direct, without any parables. Then you can explain exactly how you got at it, afterwards."

George walked the room, rearranged his thoughts and, in the process, mastered his agitation.

Finally he faced the three friends and said: "He is in prison, in Juarez, the victim of a conspiracy. He is in utmost danger; he is closely guarded; the persons involved have such powerful reasons for holding him that they would kill him rather than allow him to be rescued. What we do must be done with the greatest caution; his guards must not have the slightest suspicion that a rescue is attempted, or planned, or possible, till it is carried out. In addition to this he tells us that we are to communicate with him by means of the personal columns of the El Paso papers ——"

"I got that," said Pringle, "but that is about all I did get. Of course, we all figured it out that we were to come to you for instructions, and that there was something about a typewriter we wanted to look into. That was plain enough. There, I'm talking with my mouth. Go on!"

"And, in his great danger and distress, he sends you—to Mr. Pringle first, and then to all of you—a last and tenderest farewell, and the strong assurance of his faith that you will do for him all that men can do."

"Good God!" exclaimed Leo. "And was there no hint of who it was that had done this?"

"There was!" said Aughinbaugh, with sparkling eyes. "It was two well-known, wealthy and influential El Paso men—the Honorable S. S. Thorpe and Sam Patterson!"

"Show me!" said Pringle—"though I begin to see."

"Half the letter is taken up by comment on the play of Julius Cæsar, which he and I had been reading together," said George. "He tells us plainly, over and over, in different words, to look in it for meanings beneath the surface. You remember that?"

"Yes," said Billy.

"Well, the play hinges upon the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius—a conspiracy carried out on the Ides of March. Look!" He moved the paper to expose another line:

The Ides of March, the Ides remember!

"Not till then did I remember that the sixteenth of March, the day on which Jeff disappeared, was—not, indeed, the Ides of March, the fifteenth, but devilish close to it, close enough. So what he says is: 'George, remember—think carefully—remember exactly what took place the day you saw me last.'

"He left my rooms just before midnight. And at midnight exactly, as sworn to by many people, at a spot about a mile from here—at a spot which Jeff might have reached at just that time—something happened: a street fight in which two men were killed, and the survivor, Captain Charles Tillotson, was wounded. Have you, by any chance, read the evidence in the Tillotson case?"

"Every word of it," said Billy. "We read the full account of the trial at Escondido yesterday, while we were waiting for the train."

"Good! Good! That simplifies matters. Think closely—keep in your minds the evidence given at that trial—while I follow Jeff up after he left my door. He must have gone somewhere, you know—and he said he was going home. He usually took the car, but I have already told you that he didn't that night.

"Now, my rooms are two blocks north of the street-car line; Jeff's were three blocks south, and a long way up toward town. The corner of Colorado and Franklin, where the fight took place, was on one of the several routes he might have taken. And, if he had chosen that particular way, he would have reached the scene of the shooting precisely in time to get mixed up in it. I ought, by all means, to have thought of that before, but I didn't till my wits were sharpened trying to make out Jeff's letter.

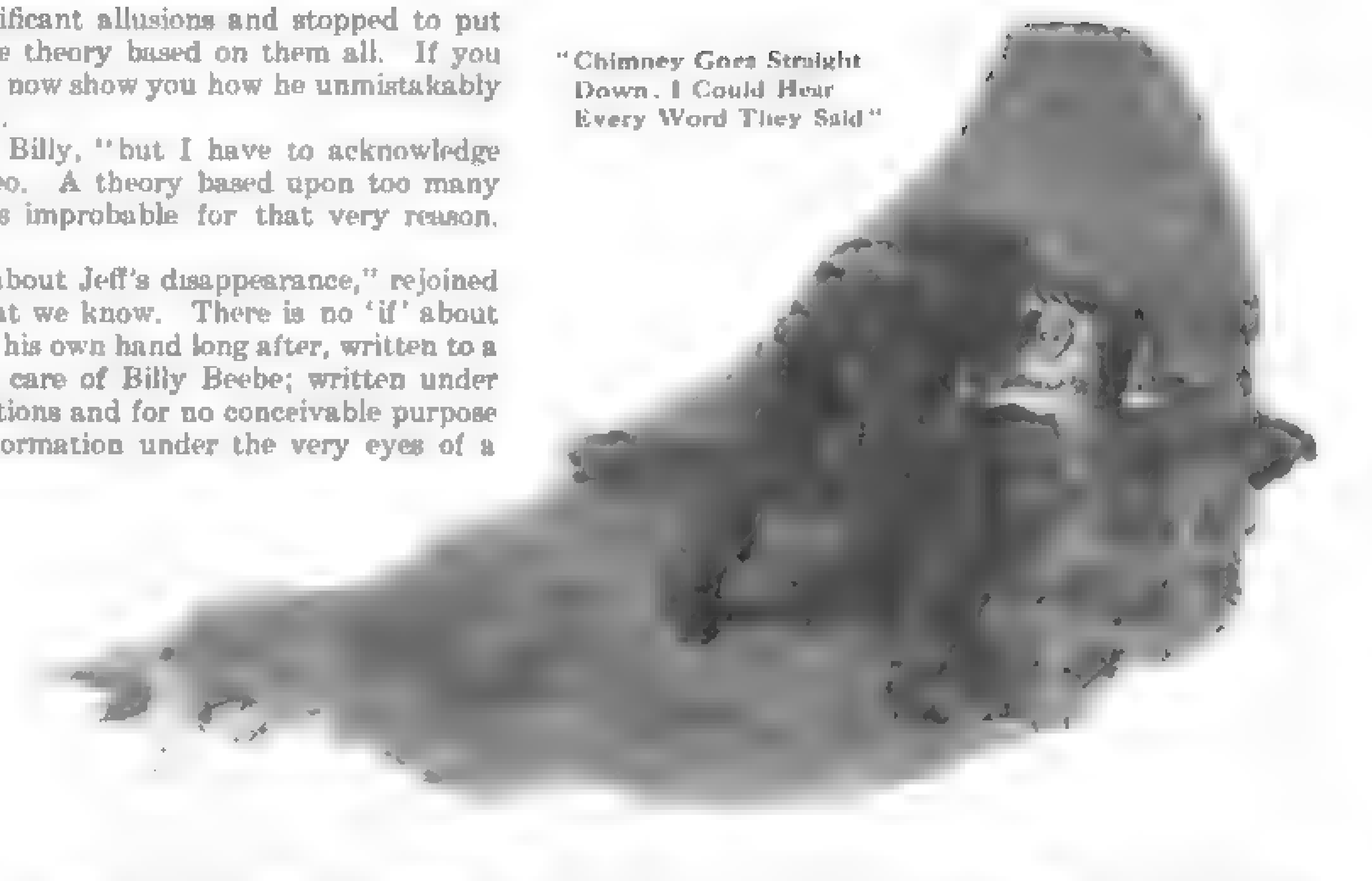
"Tillotson, you remember, claims that Krouse shot him without cause or warning; that he, himself, only fired in self-defense; that a fourth man killed Broderick—a fourth man who mysteriously disappeared, as Jeff did.

"Thorpe and Patterson, on the contrary, swore that Tillotson made the attack, not upon Krouse but upon Broderick. Few have ever doubted that evidence, because it was not likely that a man of Broderick's known and deadly quickness could be shot twice without firing a shot himself, except by a man who took him by surprise.

"But, if Tillotson tells the truth, Thorpe and Patterson lied; and there is a conspiracy for you. And if Tillotson tells the truth, a fourth man did kill Broderick—who more likely than Jeff Bransford, who disappeared, due at that time and place?"

"You mean, possibly due at that time and place," interrupted Billy. "And how do you account for Jeff's taking Broderick at a disadvantage? It seems to me you are giving him a poor character."

"Possibly due at that time and place," corrected Aughinbaugh, "but certainly disappeared—like Tillotson's fourth man. As to taking Broderick unawares—wait till



"Chimney Goes Straight Down. I Could Hear Every Word They Said"

you hear Jeff's story. I can suggest one solution, however which holds only if there was a conspiracy to murder Tillotson which, failing took the turn of hanging him instead. Assassins in ambush are not entitled to the usual courtesies. If Jeff happened along and observed an ambuscade he would be likely to waive ceremony."

"But Thorpe and Patterson have good characters, haven't they?" asked Pringle.

"Good reputations," said George tartly. "Though it is whispered that Thorpe, as a young man, was habitually careless with firearms. But Tillotson also bore an excellent reputation, minus the whispering. It is at least half as probable that two men of good repute should turn perjurers over-night, as that one should. Broderick had a very bad reputation and Krouse had no reputation at all. In fact, that is the only reason a few clung to their belief in Tillotson's innocence. No motive or reason of any kind is assigned for Tillotson's unprovoked attack upon Krouse. But the enmity of Thorpe and Tillotson was of common knowledge. It is also rumored that both had been paying marked attention to the same lady. Here are two possible motives for a conspiracy: hatred and jealousy. Of the two dead men, Broderick was a led captain, a bravo, a proven tool for any man who had a handle to him; the other man was unknown."

"The cab driver told the same story," said Pringle. "Was he an enemy of Tillotson?"

"He did," agreed George. "He also ran away. When he came back, the next day, he accounted for himself by saying that he was scared. That sounds queer to me. Timid people may drive cabs, but timid people do not drive cabs in El Paso. The life is too hilarious. But, if he wasn't scared, why did he run away? But again, Jeff Bransford wouldn't get scared ——"

"You're all wrong there," said Pringle. "Me—I've been scared stiff, lots of times. And anyhow—how could any fourth man get away? The neighborhood turned out at once—and they didn't see him."

"Jeff Bransford wouldn't be scared enough to run away, nor you either," amended George. "If you did that, you wouldn't want anybody to believe you under oath. Come back now. How did the fourth man get away, if he was Jeff Bransford and wouldn't run away, no matter what he had done? To figure it out, suppose you knew it was Jeff, but didn't know how he got away—you see? He went in that cab! If the driver was really so timid, why did he ever come back to mix in the trouble of a murder trial? To help hang Tillotson. And his evidence was needed because Thorpe and Patterson were known foes to Tillotson—while he was not.

"If they lied, if the whole thing was a put-up job, if they carried Jeff off in the cab, probably wounded ——"

"It strikes me," said Leo, "that there are a fatal number of 'ifs' and 'buts' in your theory. Given a series of four even chances, each of which you are to win, and each of which, to count for you, is contingent upon your winning each of the other three, and your chances are not one in eight but one in two hundred and fifty-six."

"This is not a game of dice, Mr. Ballinger," retorted Aughinbaugh. "This letter is not the result of chance, but purposed and planned by an unusual man—who had ten days in which to study it out. I have only touched on a few of his significant allusions and stopped to put forward the complete theory based on them all. If you will be patient I will now show you how he unmistakably denounces these men.

"I'm sorry," said Billy, "but I have to acknowledge that I agree with Leo. A theory based upon too many probabilities becomes improbable for that very reason. Too many 'ifs'!"

"There is no 'if' about Jeff's disappearance," rejoined George hotly. "That we know. There is no 'if' about this letter, written in his own hand long after, written to a non-existent wife, in care of Billy Beebe; written under no conceivable conditions and for no conceivable purpose except to convey information under the very eyes of a vigilant jailer; a wanton and senseless folly that could serve no purpose but to stir us to cruel and useless alarm if it does not carry to us this information. When two hundred and fifty-six grossly improbable things point each to a common center, the grossness of each separate improbability makes the designed pointing just so much more convincing. You won't let me go on. By Heavens, we are discussing the laws of evidence and lower mathematics, instead of deciphering this letter!"

"Let Mr. Aughinbaugh be!" said Pringle. "Jeff said, once and again, that George would tell us what to do. We know two very significant truths, and only two: Jeff left Mr. Aughinbaugh's rooms a few minutes before midnight. He should have reached his own rooms just after midnight; he didn't. There are the contradicting events, apparently giving each other the lie; there, and not at another time. If Thorpe and his striker lied—and men do lie, even politicians—Jeff is accounted for. And it is the weakness of a lie that it is no real thing, but an appearance botched upon the very truth. When in doubt, search for the joint. The lie is compressed by hard facts into these few minutes. George is looking in the right place, George knows what to do; go on, George! That will be all from the Great Objectors."

So George went on: "As Mr. Pringle says, the fact of Jeff's disappearance at this exact time and possible place strengthened all of the otherwise far-fetched 'ifs' twenty-fold. For that reason I stopped any translation of Jeff's letter, though I had barely begun it, to state in full my theory, or rather my hypothesis, based on the remarkable conjunction of a hinted conspiracy, the occasion and motive of a conspiracy, and what was in all likelihood the consummation of that conspiracy, with both Jeff and Tillotson as victims.

"We will now take up the consideration of the letter. See if it does not reënforce my hypothesis on every point, until, as block after block falls inevitably into place, ordered and measured, it becomes a demonstration.

"To begin with, the reference to the French Revolution is to the paragraph that I finished reading to him a few minutes before he left me, telling of a man secretly and falsely imprisoned in the Bastille by a *lettre de cachet*, a letter of hiding, procured by some powerful personage; a man whose one vain thought and hope and prayer was to have some word of his wife—of his dear wife. And there, I have no doubt, is where Jeff got the idea for this dear, sudden wife of his. Shall I read the paragraph for you?"

George did so.

"And from that paragraph—as I told Jeff in the very last words I spoke to him—Dickens got the inspiration for his novel, A Tale of Two Cities. What did Jeff say? In effect, that a great writer could find material for a novel from any page. A Tale of Two Cities! And here are the two cities, El Paso and Juarez, side by side—as closely associated as Sodom and Gomorrah, of which, indeed, they remind me at times. Could he, under the circumstances, say any plainer: 'I am in Juarez, in a strong and secret prison'?"

"That seems likely enough," admitted Leo grudgingly.

"It is plain," said Billy. "It is there; it must mean something; it means that."

"Keep that in mind, then, and consider all the other hints in the light of that admitted message. Weigh them and their probable meaning in connection with this plain warning.

"He speaks of Antony's great oration. He actually quotes two words of it: 'Honorable men!' Therefore, it was important; he wished to put unusual emphasis on it. Three other important things were called to our attention by being mentioned twice: one vital point, which I will take up later—in fact, the last of all—was distinctly referred to no less than four times. But this is the only direct quotation in the letter.

"Yet of all the words in the play, these two are precisely the two that least need quoting to bring them to remembrance. No one who has read Antony's speech will ever forget them. Jeff had no need to reiterate here; Antony has done it for him. They were the very heart and blood of it; the master of magic freighted those two words, in their successive differing expression, with praise, uncertainty, doubt, suspicion, invective, certainty, hate, fury, denunciation and revenge. 'Honorable men!' And Thorpe, too, is an honorable man! The Hon. S. S. Thorpe! Is that chance?

"More yet! Jeff went out of the way to drag in the wholly superfluous statement that Antony said some things after that which would bear reading. As a literary criticism this is beneath contempt. The words of Antony, as reported by William Shakspere, would be all that without the seal of his approval. But let us see! He says 'after' Cæsar's funeral oration. Look at the words, Mr. Ballinger. Do you observe anything unusual?"

"I see a blot," said Leo.

"You see a blot—and you speak of it, unhesitatingly, as unusual. Why? Because Jeff was a man of scrupulous neatness, over-particular, old-maidish. If that blot had been made by accident he would have written the page over again. It was made purposely. And so anxious was he that we should not overlook it that he has fairly sprinkled the blank half-page below his signature with blots, trusting that we would then notice and study out the other one. Let us do it. 'After' the funeral oration, he said—but wait. You look, Mr. Beebe; look closely. Do you see anything else there? Pass your finger over it."

"I see and *feel* where he has twice thrust the pen through the paper," said Billy, changing color. "And I begin to see, and *feel*, and believe."

"You mean, doubtless, that you begin to believe and tremble," said George spitefully. "Now we will find what Antony says 'after' the oration, so well worth looking into. Gentlemen, the first words Shakspere puts into Antony's mouth after the funeral scene are these—and remember it is where the Triumvirs are proscribing senators to death, and that Thorpe was formerly a senator, if only a state senator—hear Mark Antony:

These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

"Pricked!" echoed George triumphantly. "He has denounced them—two of them—the two we know! Thorpe and his striker. But perhaps that is a gross improbability—a mere coincidence. If anything is lacking to make the demonstration complete, terrible and compelling, it is now supplied. The next words Antony speaks ——"

"Hold Your Hands There, Mr. MacGregor—It'll Warm Your Fingers"

"Wait a minute," said Pringle, eying Beebe. "Let's see if Billy can carry on your argument. Can you, Billy?"

Billy put a shaky finger on the blot. His voice was hoarse with passion

He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him!

"He shall not live," repeated Pringle, "this senator not if I have to strangle him with my bare hands!"

"I—I suppose you are right," gasped Leo, aghast. "But, suffering saints, he must think we are remarkable men to study out anything so obscure as all that. Why, there isn't one chance in a million for it!"

"Well—so we all are, just that kind of men," said George modestly, "even if some of us are chiefly remarkable for incredulity and—firmness. Obscure? Why, dear man, it had to be obscure! If it hadn't been obscure it would never have been allowed to reach us—I mean, of course, to reach Mrs. Bransford. And yet, in a way it was neither so obscure nor so remarkable. In the first place, this is not a case of solving puzzles, with a nickel-plated Barlow knife for a prize, or a book for good little girls. This letter means something; it is the urgent call of a friend in need; we are friends indeed, grown-up men, and it is our business to find out what it means. We have to find out; a man's life is the prize—and more than that, as it turns out. He sent you to me as interpreter, not because he wanted Mr. Pringle to take orders from me, but for the one only reason that it was not obscure to me, and that he knew it would not be obscure to me. Do you notice that I did not have to turn to the play to verify the quotations? It is fresh in my mind and in his: we read it aloud together, we spouted it at each other, we used phrases of it instead of words to carry on ordinary conversation. Mr. Beebe here, when once he was on the right track, could supply the words for the most difficult of all the allusions, though he had probably not read the book for years."

"I ain't never read this Mr. Shakspere much, myself," said Pringle meditatively. "But oncet—'twas the first time I was ever in love—I read all that stuff of Tennyson's about King Arthur's Ten Knights in a Bar Room, and I want to tell you that I couldn't even think of anything else for a month. So it seems mighty natural that Jeff, with his head full of this Shakspere party, would try that particular way of getting word to us, and no other. You spoke of a message for me, Mr. Aughinbaugh?"

"I did. Of a message sent in the knowledge that for all your daring, for all your devotedness, you may not be able to avert the threatened danger. In his desperate pass he sends to you, as if he spoke with you face to face for the last time, the words of Brutus to his friend:

Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made."

Silence fell upon them. Pringle went to the window and stood looking out at the night; the clock ticked loudly. Aughinbaugh, keeping his eyes on the blurred typewritten lines, went on

"And the other message, of hope, and confidence and trust, is this

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.

"All of which adds force to his injunction that when the society of good men and true come to his aid, they shall be careful to make no move so quick as to jeopardize Jeff. Q. E. D.

"In both letters he speaks of the El Paso papers. In the letter to 'the kids' he says that he read every line of one of them. Knowing what we do, it is easy to see that they are brought in to him and that he expects us to communicate with him by means of personals worded for his eye alone. He is looking for them now. As he is so certain of seeing personals, it seems sure that the papers are brought in regularly to him. You know he said his Chief had all the El Paso papers sent on. And since they allow him this indulgence, it is probable and consistent that they do not otherwise ill-treat him. I suppose they are trying to extort a promise of silence from him under threat of death. But what I don't see is why they didn't kill him right away."

"I understand that well enough," said Pringle. "Jeff has talked 'em out of it. And did he give any hint about what to do?"

"That is the thing I put off till the last," George responded. "It is the most ambiguous of all the allusions. When he twice spoke of Cassius as 'Yond Cassius,' when he mentioned Cæsar's superstitions, and afterward said some of his hunches were pretty good at that, he might have been referring me to either 'Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look' or to the line immediately above: 'Let me have men about me that are fat.' I am reasonably sure that he meant the last. Because he knew that we would get this far—to the big question of what we were going to do about it. We are clear as to Thorpe's guilt; but that isn't going to help Jeff—or Tillotson.

"Under the circumstances it would have been imprudent for him to give his street and number; they might not have liked it ——"

"By Jove!" said Leo, "don't you see? He tells us, in so many words: 'That's all I know.' He didn't know just where he was. It wasn't likely that he would know."

"So he does! I hadn't seen through that at all," said George. "Thank you. That makes it almost a certainty that he meant 'the men about him,' his jailers, were fat. We have to find his jail, and our best chance is to find his jailers. To tell us to look for 'lean and hungry' men in this country of hard-riding, thin, slim, slender, lean, lank, scrawny men, would serve no purpose. But fat men are scarce enough to be noticeable. Besides, Patterson is a mere mountain of flesh; Thorpe himself is not actually fat, but is dangerously near it. He laid so much stress on this, coming back to it four times, that he must have meant it for a big, plain signpost for our guidance. That settles it. He has men about him that are fat. And we'd better look for them. Mr. Pringle, will you take the lines?"

"The head of the table is wherever Wes' sits down, anyway," remarked Beebe loyally.

"It is moved and seconded that Mr. John Wesley Pringle be elected—er—Sole Electee of the Most Ancient Society of Good Men and True," said Leo. "All in favor will rise or remain seated. Contrary-minded are not members and will kindly leave the room. It is unanimously carried and so ordered. Gentlemen, Mr. Pringle!"

"The Society will come to order," said the Sole Electee severely. "Some good man and true will please state the object of the permanent session and, also, how and why and what he proposes to do first."

"Hadn't we better get some detectives to work," ventured Billy, "and join forces with Tillotson's lawyers?"

"No detectives," said Pringle hastily and decidedly. And "No lawyers," echoed George with equal decision, adding: "Please excuse Mr. Pringle and myself from giving the reasons for our respective vetoes. But they are good ones."

"Then we are to depend on our own resources alone?" demanded Leo.

"Exactly. That's the way the farmer in the second reader got in his wheat. Let us by all means have Fools for Clients and Every Man His Own Detective; that's what makes the guilty quail," said Pringle darkly. "If we four can't do the trick for love, no man can do it for hire. And there will be no defalcation or failure for fear, favor or funds or through any fatal half-heartedness. We four friends for our friend unconditionally, without regard for law or the profits, man or devil, death, debt, disgrace or damnation! To the last ditch—and then some!"

Pringle reflected a little. "Gentlemen," he said, "we will put our little ad. in the papers tonight, at once, *muy pronto* and *inmediatamente*. After which I should think a good sleep would be the one first wise move. We will then sally forth, or Sarah forth, in pursuit of knowledge in general, both in El Paso and in Juarez—vulgarly called Whereas—and, more especially, knowledge of Messrs. Thorpe and Patterson and all fat men with whom they do consort. To avoid giving any slightest ground for suspicion—which must be avoided at all hazards—I will disguise myself as a bald-headed, elderly cattleman from Rainbow. Mr. Aughinbaugh ——"

"Mister? George, you mean," said that person.

"George, then. George, you will masquerade as a lawyer's clerk. Billy, you'd better buy a haircut and canvas leggings and get yourself up as a reformed Easterner in the act of backsliding. And you, Leo"—he paused and regarded Ballinger doubtfully—"You," he said, and stopped again, with a puzzled frown. The unhappy victim writhed and twisted, thus held up to public scorn and derision as neither fish, flesh nor herring.

"I have it," said the poor nondescript, with a brave attempt at a smile. "I'll buy some clothes, some booze and a stack of blues—and pass myself off for a Remittance Man."

Pringle heaved a sigh of relief. "I hated to name it to you," he said. "Say, when Jeff first rescued you, exhumed you, resuscitated you, or whatever it was, he elucidated you with a little quotation the first time you went out and left us. His explanation went some like this:

I traced my son through a street of broken windows, and found him dead of old age at five-and-twenty.

"So, my boy, it's back to the husks and the hogs for yours. You are assigned to cover the Street of Broken Windows. And that's a pretty big order—in El Paso."

The next morning Jeff found what he had been looking for these many days. In both the Times and the Herald was an inconspicuous personal in the modest retirement of the advertising section, of obscure wording and small type:

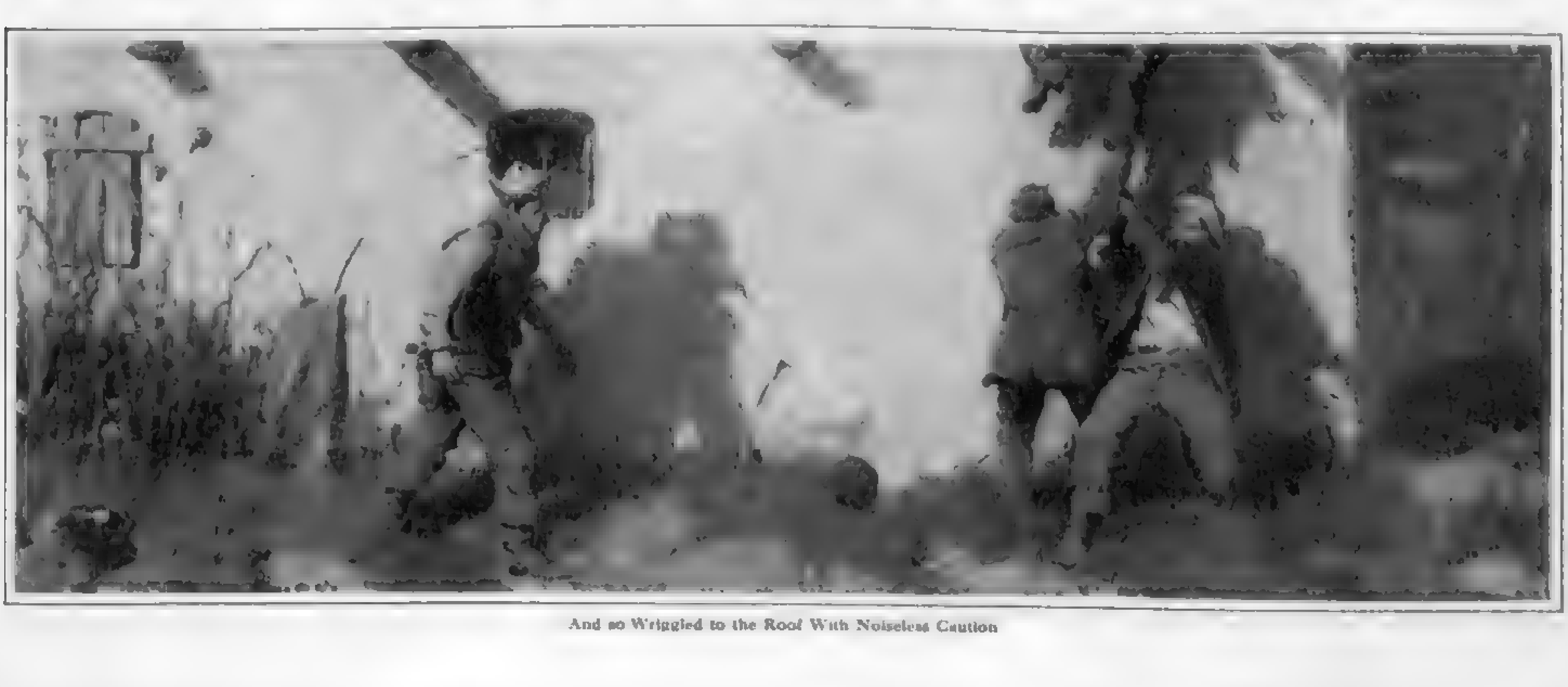
Now is the time for all good men and true to get a cautious move on the trail sit tight coming up.

It was the twenty-fourth day of his imprisonment.

V

BILLY took up his quarters at the leading hotel and permeated both El Paso and Juarez with much abandon. He wired Cleveland, Ohio, for funds, and Cleveland responded generously, sending him, without delay or demur, a noble wad for the emergency.

(Continued on Page 26)



And so Wriggled to the Roof With Noiseless Caution

Why Our Plays Fail Abroad

By DANIEL FROHMAN

Grace George

Ethel Barrymore

A QUARTER of a century ago John T. Raymond, the famous comedian who starred in America as Colonel Sellers, whose dramatic slogan was the yet well-remembered "There's millions in it," decided to present this play, The Gilded Age, in London. The story goes that, directly after his arrival, he entered Gillig's American Exchange, then a famous resort and banking place for Americans, and saw that the office was well filled with many who knew the popular comedian. So, in a loud tone, he called to the manager: "I say, Gillig, how does one send money to America?" A week after his opening in that piece he again presented himself at the Exchange, and, slinking noiselessly over to Mr. Gillig's corner, with his hand shutting off his tones, quietly whispered: "I say, Gillig, how does one get money from America?"

This experience, in its effect, is typical of the general experience of nearly every actor who has sought to win the bubble reputation from British audiences. Why is it that our best actors and some of our best plays have failed to score financially in London? The evidence goes to show that the press has been kind—more than kind. In some cases it has even been enthusiastic over the work of some of our American actors and actresses. They have won, too, the plaudits of their audiences; but the great body of theatergoers has failed to respond. They could not have been ignorant of the presence of the American plays, yet all the skill in advertising and all the diplomatic arts of the press, both in their genuine approval and in their hospitable consideration, left the general public indifferent.

Nearly every prominent American actor is animated by an irresistible impulse to test an English verdict on his histrionic prowess. A success in England would be a pleasing tribute to his artistic authority as an actor; but it would mean little to him financially. As a means of home advertisement, such distinction is not to be ignored. For a play it would prove of special value, and its success abroad would react favorably upon its standing in this country. Nevertheless, the history of all American drama, save two or three, has been disastrous; and the story of John T. Raymond's solicitude about the monetary transfer system between the two countries, which I told at the outset of this article, is an experience common to our greatest actors and to those of more humble pretensions.

Joseph Jefferson's English Success

ONE distinguished example was the case of Joseph Jefferson. After his success in America and Australia with Rip Van Winkle he went to London in 1865. There Boucicault rewrote this Sleepy Hollow drama, and, supported by a company of local favorites, the play ran successfully one hundred and seventy times. Jefferson not only was highly appreciated for his own beautiful and touching characterization of the idling, drunken, lovable scamp, but he had the advantage of the splendid management and support of the company of the Adelphi Theater. He reappeared in London, ten years later, in the same play, with an equally popular success. Here was a case in which the actor was a great and crowning feature of a play that, though fantastic in its scheme, was full of humanity, and though based upon a preposterous ethical idea, was given life and charm chiefly through Jefferson's superb art. In spite of Jefferson's great success he brought away little, if any, money from his English ventures. In fact, Mr. Booth once said that no American actor had ever brought away any money from England; and I dare say his friend, Mr. Jefferson, had no hesitation in imparting to him his own experiences.

Aided by well-known local favorites, in a similar way, another American actor, John E Owens, famous in this country for his Solon Shingle and other American parts, was successful, in a popular way, in London, through the unique quality of his own performance—a distinct triumph over what was regarded there as a bad play. Owens is said to have paid three thousand dollars to have his play rewritten here, to make it acceptable to English taste. Despite its success, he returned home not overburdened with any financial reward.

Edwin Booth, our greatest actor, played three or four engagements in London. He appeared also in the British provinces. None of his London engagements were financially profitable, despite the fact that he obtained the greatest distinction for his splendid impersonations. The greatest minds of England did him honor. Social honors poured in on him. The press lauded his achievements. But the public, the great public, remained indifferent. His tour in Germany, however, was an ovation. The public, the press and the actors in the German companies rendered him the homage of their appreciation of his greatness as an actor.

Lord Dundreary in London

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S experience in London was financially tragic. He began his engagement with his famous work entitled Yorick's Love, with which he had appeared frequently in America; and while it had the highest claims to literary and dramatic distinction, and was written by William Dean Howells, it failed to gain the recognition of the English theatergoers. His Richelieu also failed. In this rôle they wanted only Henry Irving, who was enshrined as an idol. It was indeed a sad experience for Mr. Barrett, an actor so splendidly equipped with dramatic power, great nervous force and exalted ideals. He was wrecked on the shoals of English indifference His failure reacted, to some extent, upon him here, as a blessing in disguise, for, in default of new material, he began the negotiation which led to the famous double starring combination with himself and Edwin Booth, which resulted in such great financial and artistic success for both.

John McCullough, famous in this country for his greatness in romantic tragedy, in England gained much fame for his Virginius, but no cash for his efforts. His stay was brief; he made a pleasure jaunt of his English visit, returned to America and repeated his successes in this country

The elder Sothern, though an Englishman born, was so long in this country that he was, professionally at least, an American. During his later period, after years of precarious effort, he achieved his great success in this country as Lord Dundreary. He began his stage career in Boston, playing leading rôles at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Ten years later came his achievement as Lord Dundreary. He went to London in 1861 and appeared in this rôle at the Haymarket Theater, Buckstone's famous house. The play was a fiasco the opening night. His characterization was immediately regarded as an affront to the "swells." The play was taken off after lingering on the stage for five or six weeks; but the character of Dundreary was talked about in drawing-rooms and in clubs. The humor of this exquisite portrayal then became apparent, and two months after its withdrawal he reappeared in the same play. The laugh was a little late in coming, but it came at last; the play ran unremittingly for four hundred nights, and Sothern became the dramatic idol of the British public.

This experience reminds me of a famous saying of the American humorist, Marshall P. Wilder, who, when asked on an eastbound steamer why he was again going to London, said: "To get the laughs on my last year's jokes."

Mary Anderson appeared in London in 1884 as Parthenia, and was acclaimed by the press as a great beauty and praised for her splendid figure and her impressively sweet voice. The papers added, however, that the finer art of acting was a quality still lacking. She was, nevertheless, extremely popular and was the recipient of much social attention. On one occasion she was invited to meet the Prince of Wales at a luncheon, but she refused to meet His Highness. Her refusal made a world-wide sensation, and though she did not intend such a result, this action had the effect of filling the theater with people who wanted to see the bold young American girl who had deliberately refused this chance of royal recognition. After her season was over she took to heart the strictures on her acting and went to Paris to study. Afterward she went to London to continue her studies with the late J. F. Ryder, an old actor, who had also been teaching Adelaide Neilson. Therefore, when she reappeared, she had united to her own great personal attractions the added charm of a greater perfection in the art of acting. She had also the advantage of being supported by a splendid company of English actors, headed by Forbes-Robertson. She returned to America, appearing as Perdita in A Winter's Tale. Her great improvement as an actress was noticeable; and when she finally retired from the stage, still young, and very much in love with her husband, she departed with the honors of an artist who had conquered.

Mansfield's Costly Ventures

RICHARD MANSFIELD was another of our tragic actors who tried to wrest the laurels of victory from the British lion. His first appearance in London was as Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, which did not meet with success. His next appearance was with a lavish production of Richard III. In this he sank a small fortune.

In 1880 the popular American success, The Danites, with McKee Rankin, was given at Sadler's Wells Theater. This, as in the case of Mr. Thomas' play, Arizona, later with the American company, created interest and drew the attention of theatergoers for the first time to American characters of Western life, but with only moderate financial success.

The Augustin Daly Company, then in possession of its Big Four—John Drew, Ada Rehan, James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert—appeared year after year before it reached the profitable point; but this company created a furore by their splendid ensemble acting; and in its later Shaksperean productions, notably Katherine and Petruchio, it aroused the press and the public to some degree of enthusiasm. Mr. Daly's ventures in London were never with American plays, but always with the German adaptations in his American repertoire, except one or two Shaksperean productions.

William Gillette was probably one of the most popular American actors who has appeared in recent years. His play, entitled Held by the Enemy, and his farce comedy, Too Much Johnson, were produced by English actors and found generous recognition; he himself appeared abroad in the play, Secret Service. But his greatest achievement from the point of view of general success was with Sherlock Holmes, at Irving's Lyceum Theater. It ran about nine months to an average of about two thousand pounds a week of receipts. Mr. Gillette received not only an income out of this play, but a very large salary and a share of the profits of the production from his manager, Charles Frohman. In his company were two American actors. The others in the cast were the best obtainable from the London stage. The play was not an American story; neither did it treat of American characters, but was a skillful compound of a set of stories by Sir Conan Doyle. There was something unique in Mr. Gillette's manner of acting and in his personality which was new to England. He became socially very popular, though he had no fondness for social life, and usually preferred the circumscribed quiet of his own suite at his hotel.

On one occasion he told me that the Duchess of Manchester desired him to spend Sunday at her country home, some distance from the city. He said he was absolutely forced to accept an invitation that he sought politely to decline. He had thought of a way out of it. He knew there was only a very early train out of London on Sundays. He explained that after his week's work he would require that morning for rest. She immediately brought forth another alternative. The express that left later for the North did not stop at her station. This he knew and had urged that in extenuation of his refusal.

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "I'll see that the express stops to let you off." So, perforce, he went. She had promised that only the members of her household and no week-end party would be present. When he arrived there, however, he was confronted not only by the family, but by a large and jolly week-end gathering of her friends. Still, he managed to enjoy himself.

Gillette's impression on the English was due as much to his personality as to his art. In fact, American personality is a big factor there. When Buffalo Bill first appeared in London he was lionized in the best social circles. Here was a typical American, they said—top boots, long hair, sombrero and all the rest of it. A similar experience was had by Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, who invaded even drawing-rooms in his top boots and unconventional accouterments.

There are plays that are foredoomed to failure in London if they have not succeeded in America. Those which have been successes in this country carry with them the prospect of some little hope. Take the case of Cynthia, a comedy by Hubert Henry Davis. It was first produced in this country and regarded as a failure. Afterward it was given in London with Ethel Barrymore, but the vogue of that work, short as it was, was solely due to the captivating personality of that actress.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott appeared frequently in London in their repertoire of American plays. Among these were The Cowboy and the Lady, and An American Citizen. The former was something of a success, because Mr. Goodwin's fine comedy art was fully appreciated, as well as Miss Elliott's statuesque beauty, a startling and profitable asset. In Miss Elliott's numerous later ventures, however, her success was not repeated—no doubt owing to the quality of her plays.

On the other hand, two American actresses, Grace George and Eleanor Robson, were distinctly successful, the one with Divorçons, an Anglicized French play, and the other with Merely Mary Ann, an English character and a work by an English author.

Willie Collier is also credited with satisfying financial rewards with Richard Harding Davis' play, The Dictator, but it gained its end by its intensely comic quality and the humor of the star.

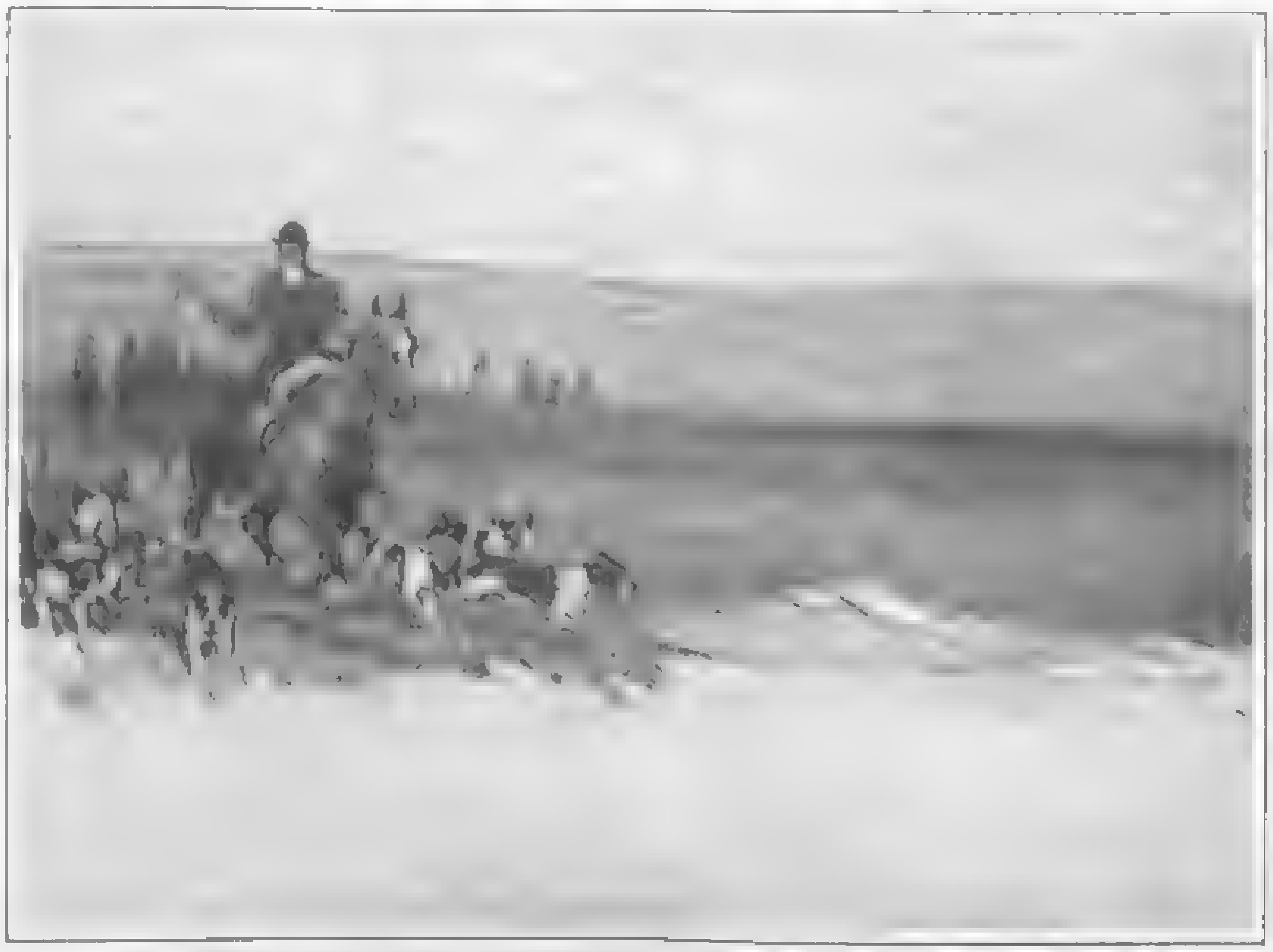
(Continued on Page 38)

ENGLISH SPORT

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD PENFIELD

The True Faith of Great Britain



The Equipment for the Purpose of Chasing One Little Fox Seems Rather Out of Proportion

IT IS only fair to say, in the first place, that the whole American theory of life is so different from the English theory that it is with difficulty that any comparison can be made between the sporting systems of the two countries. The democratic idea is of itself one of fair play and equal opportunity, and the American Constitution is about the greatest sporting document in the world. On the other hand, in Europe and in England the whole principle of sport is based on special privilege, which in turn was once based on oppression.

All over Europe, as we should remember, sport always has been the privilege of the nobility or of the wealthy. A king tore down a hundred hamlets to build him a deer forest, slew hundreds of his subjects by the slow method of lost opportunity, in order that later he might slay a few stags. The plow was barred from game preserves, and if that meant less bread for the peasants, so much the worse for the peasants. They would be forced to eat cake, according to Marie Antoinette. This was where the European idea of sport got its beginning.

Your average Englishman is but the ragged fringe of the society army on Derby Day, at Ascot, or at Goodwood Meet. He pores over the lists of nobles and devours statistics regarding the costume of the Honorable Gladys Alice Whetstone quite as though that lady were a member of his own family. There is no doubt about the solidarity of the English people, nor about their loyalty to their institutions. Who knows but that some day the apprentice may become a brewer, and that the brewer's son may be able to buy into the Peerage when the affairs of his political party require an increase in funds? Once in the Peerage, of course, he will expend the proper amount of money in this or that form of sport, the same being necessary to the maintenance of his station in the social system. And he and all below him in station and all above him and around him will agree that sport is an excellent thing for an Englishman, and that an Englishman is an excellent thing for sport.

The amounts expended in one form or other of outdoor amusement in Great Britain are indeed much larger than one would suppose, although figures covering the actual cost are of necessity extremely difficult to obtain. So far as known no figures have ever been printed covering the entire field. Those employed herein were compiled by an English authority in such matters at the expense of some labor, and they are, perhaps, as accurate as possible.

The sport of the English turf is enormously expensive, carried on as it is by the richest and most influential portion of the population. This is the society sport, indeed the sport of royalty and nobility par excellence. The sport of kings is practiced in no other land in more kingly fashion. We advance these figures as covering its cost:

State money	£ 620,000
Jockeys' fees, etc.	1,225,000
Officials (800 days' racing under rules of Jockey Club and National Hunt)	150,000
Jockeys' silks and satins	15,000
Saddles, racing plates, etc.	50,000
Training and feeding 5000 horses in training	338,000
Upkeep of training establishments, boys' wages, etc.	300,000
Permanent officials in the employ of Jockey Club and National Hunt, also racing companies	50,000
Sales of bloodstock (public and private)	300,000
Gate money	350,000
Railway traveling, men and horses	300,000
Annual expenditure	£3,698,000

To this should be added the amounts permanently invested in the sport, which would include the value of 5000 horses in training, say £2,500,000, and that of the training downs and courses, £1,500,000. We might make, perhaps, a grand total of £4,000,000 and say, fairly enough, that to play the racing game one year in England requires about £8,000,000. Rather large figures. Yet they do not cover the prices of the top hats and spats.

Go to the opposite extreme and take up the sports of the common people. Prominent here are amateur cricket and professional football. Amateur cricket in England is clean. Nobody but an Englishman has ever been able to tell what cricket is about, and to an American it seems the most dismal of so-called sports; but amateur cricket in England is as clean or cleaner than amateur football in America. Our baseball hysteria, square game as baseball probably is, has no equivalent in England except professional football, and the crowds that are sometimes assembled under the low gate-money ruling at these games in the large cities surpass anything known even in our mammoth baseball assemblages. The most optimistic Englishman, however, does not call the professional football of England, played for the gate alone, either a clean or dignified popular sport. No gate-money sport is of much value to the character of a people, and putting professional football in England against professional baseball in this country, the latter would, perhaps, have the better of it in general.

In golf, about £3,000,000 annually is circulated in Great Britain. Of course, it is hard to professionalize or besmirch this harmless though somewhat doddering game, which has been introduced on this side of the water with considerable success. Cricket and football must mean the expenditure of at least £10,000,000 a year. Other sports, such as swimming, boating, cycling, tennis and whippet racing, may be estimated as circulating another £2,000,000. To estimate at £15,000,000 a year the total expenditure for the sports of the people cannot be far out of the way. The amounts invested in fixtures, and so forth, are thought to be not far short of £10,000,000, this including the value of grounds used for no other purpose than for cricket, football, golf, tennis and such games. The totals for these homely and more accessible sports will run far in excess of those of the more lordly sport of the turf.

The typical English sport, of course, is that of fox hunting. We have nothing just like this in America, although

This is a Fair Enough Form of Sport as Between the Two Dogs

we have a fox-hunting style of our own in the Southern states. Some of these Southern packs will not admit many of the high-class English foxhounds that have been imported, and the likelihood is that the American packs are rather faster. Our riding country is entirely different from that of England, and fox hunting with us is a pastime and not an avocation. Still, I have seen a Southern man take a chew of tobacco while jumping over a five-barred fence made of solid oak and with the top rail mortised in posts; from which it will easily be supposed that he might learn to ride across country even in Great Britain. Unfortunately that tobacco-chewing gentleman wore plain jean pants, and he had never seen a scarlet coat in all his life. He probably would call "Yip!" instead of "Hark forrad," and "Sick 'em, Tige!" instead of "Tally-ho," wisting not that the ancient French of it was *Taillis au*. Of "Yoicks" he would be ignorant, and he would consider it unnecessary to remark "Gone away!" in regard to a running fox that was headed for the tall timber.

England's Yearly Hunt Bill

FOX hunting is good sport, although the equipment in horses, hounds, costumes, salaries and so forth, for the purpose of chasing one little fox, seems rather out of proportion.

No one knows what the unorganized fox hunters of America spend in their desultory fashion, but the figures from Great Britain are obtainable in approximate accuracy and should be something like the following:

Hunters, 100,000 at £100	£10,000,000
Servants' hunters, 3000 at £50	150,000
Fox hounds, stag hounds and harriers	256,200
Otter hounds and beagles	4,800
Maintenance of harriers	4,000,000
Keep of packs	509,600
Saddlery, etc.	600,000
Annual expenditure	£15,520,600

The amount circulated in the shires by hunting men cannot be estimated, but it is enormous. Furnished houses are taken at rentals as high as £1500 or £2000 for the season. Many servants are supported and most hunting men entertain very largely. In short, fox hunting is part of the English idea of life. It is invested with all manner of ceremony and formality and etiquette. The social formality of the turf is something austere enough, but as to the hunting field proper, there indeed British sport becomes British religion. As religion it is supported not only by popular sentiment but by serious-minded publications devoted to nothing else. The American sporting press has never been able to take itself quite so seriously as that institution in Great Britain. There are good sportsmen and fine gentlemen in that occupation on both sides of the water. Men like Mr. Will of the Sporting Life, Mr. Marston of the Fishing Gazette, are clean gold, wherever you find them. For the most part, however, the sporting page in the great English dailies is much like the Book of Common Prayer. Indeed The Field, which is the only Bible of the average Englishman, is published from Westminster Abbey, and its editor is always a bishop, appointed and ordained by the Crown, for life and not for good behavior. The staff of that journal is made up of members of the clergy of approved standing, and the office boys are always curates or vicars. I know of no surroundings more dignified, solemn, indeed more mournful, than those which hedge about the religious periodical last above mentioned.

If it is difficult for Americans to understand some of these things, and to appreciate the fundamental variance between the English and American ideas of sport, it is still more difficult to realize the difference between the two countries themselves. All Europe is only a toy country compared to the North American continent. As to Great Britain, a good league pitcher could throw a baseball across it into the water on the other side, and not touch ground. Take so small a country as this, and set apart a great proportion of it in hereditary estates, where the average man is debarred, and you begin to see a sporting environment such as we ourselves cannot well comprehend. It is, however, easy to see that field sports of the people as we understand them are unknown in Great Britain. There is no wild country there to tempt a man's skill in the open. The Englishman is obliged to purchase shooting or fishing privileges from landed proprietors, from hotels, or from landlords of one sort or another. All his sport must be enjoyed under absolutely artificial conditions.

Such limited and artificial opportunities as offer for upland or rough shooting, or moor work, in Great Britain must be paid for, of course; and on top of that the gunner is obliged to take out a license. A game license, if taken out between July and November, costs three pounds, or two pounds in case it ends the following October. A license for a fortnight costs one pound. The excise office also collects of each gamekeeper two pounds, and of each game dealer an equal amount. The gun license is rigidly enforced, and it costs ten shillings to own a revolver or even an air-gun. The amount collected for game licenses in one recent year was £182,170, and for gun licenses, £119,537.

In America the private-game-preserve idea has never been popular among the masses, although it is steadily growing and will assume greater proportions annually. The idea of leasing the shooting rights of game preserves, however, is something as yet practically unknown in America. In Great Britain the lettings of shooting and fishing privileges are as staple as our crops of corn or wheat, and run into enormous figures annually. There are at hand, picked up at random, four volumes of fine print, aggregating 2059 pages, all pertaining to rents, locations and opportunities for shooting and fishing in all parts of Great Britain. There are large real-estate firms that make an exclusive business of handling this class of property, and the total figures of this singular business would be astonishing to the average American shooter who has been accustomed to the hospitable ways of Uncle Sam or of individual landowners. If the agents shall obtain the prices they list in one of these volumes, and shall succeed in leasing all their properties, they will have obtained a sum ranging from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000.

We can better understand some of these things when it is said that, just before the opening of the grouse season, the leading dailies of London devote a great deal of space to the prospects of the season, not socially alone but in the sheer sporting quality concerned in the abundance of birds, and so forth. I have before me the Morning Post of London, for July 27th of last year, and the first editorial, more than a column and a half in length, is devoted altogether to a discussion of grouse, grouse diseases, grouse supply, and the like. This in the middle of the airship disturbances and the perpetual turmoil over German invasion! Such an editorial has never been seen in an American daily, and, perhaps, never will be. Yet it has to do with a wholly artificial phase of shooting. This interest cannot be called commercial, nor yet social. It is only sport pursued under conditions unknown in America, and to the American mind somewhat amusing.

Sport, but Not Our Kind

THE bags made by English shooting parties would be considered abominable in this country, where our courts have ruled that the wild game is the property of the state. In England it is the property of the individual, and is a staple and much-prized commodity. A grouse drive or a pheasant *battue* would no more appeal to a high-class American sportsman than would a scene in a poultry loft. The extremest sanction, social and sporting, is placed upon field shooting, and the best man of them all is the man who can kill the most birds in a given time. Mr. Rimington Wilson is quoted in the first paragraph of the Post editorial as the gentleman who mostly makes the day's record in grouse shooting of the year. It is possible that he has deposed from his throne Earl De Grey, who was long worshiped by Englishmen. De Grey had the practice of raising and aiming his gun so many hundred times each day in the quiet of his apartments, in or out of season. It was said of him that he was the only man known to kill three brace of driven partridges, using three different guns handed to him by his keeper, killing two birds in front of him, two overhead, and two after they had passed the stand. This was fair play enough, certainly, but skill such as this with no limit set to it by the shooter's judgment cannot seem to us fair play. Yet in the hope of reaching such skill, and so gaining fame, shooters of Great Britain annually invest in shooting something like the following figures:

Rentals	£3,000,000
Wages	1,500,000
Gratuities to shepherds and allowances to farmers	45,000
Keep of dogs	200,000
Expenses of guests (including carriage of dogs and hiring)	500,000
Gun and game licenses	801,707
Guns and requisites	800,000
Clothing	150,000
Rearing partridges and pheasants	750,000
	£7,246,707

The value of the land cannot be determined. The best grouse moors are not worth very much for any other

A Considerable Sum is Tied Up in This Sport purpose, but, on the other hand, some of the partridge and pheasant ground is worth $500 an acre, or more, the average shooting ground when farmed running from 30 to 50 shillings an acre rental. The total capitalization of the shotgun in England may, therefore, at least be called extensive.

These figures mean, of course, that the cream of the shooting is had only by persons of great means. The formal side of English life is much to the fore in this branch of sport, and the shifting of the upper ranks of society from this to that "shooting" makes a large part of the featured daily news during the shooting season. Thus the paper above quoted, after devoting half its editorial page to the question of grouse, takes up the social side of grouse.

This week all thoughts turn to the moors, and house parties will assemble on Wednesday for the Twelfth. The Prince of Wales will be the guest of the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey en route for Abergeldie, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia of Connaught will be entertained at Lowther Castle by Lord and Lady Lonsdale for the Twelfth. Great state is kept at Lowther Castle, where the Kaiser has twice visited Lord Lonsdale, whose custom it is to drive about with postilions and "tigers" in yellow jackets.

Some of Our Hard-Working Young Men Have Done What They Could to Popularize Coaching

Scottish shootings have let well this season, it seems, and many moors are rented by the same tenants as last year. The Duke of Richmond has Mr. Cobbold as a tenant at Glenfiddich. Sir Weetman Pearson has taken the Dunecht shooting near Aberdeen. The Duke of Sutherland has let Badanloch to Captain Wood and Bighouse to Mr. Burnell-Milners. Lady Cromartie has Mr. Charteris as a tenant at Castle Leod, and Lord Aberdare has taken Kinrara from the Duke of Richmond

The Duke of Argyll's tenant is Mr. James Bruce, and Lord Cawdor's famous Nairnshire shooting is said to be taken by Mr. Abe Bailey. A French sportsman will be installed at Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's seat; the Duke of Bedford will be at Bunchrew House; and Mr. Bradley Martin will entertain largely at Balmacaan. Lord Wolverton has taken Achdalieu from Lochiel; the Duke of Westminster will be at Glencoul Forest, which he is renting from the Duke of Sutherland, and Prince Poniatowski has Aldourie for the season.

For the benefit of such Americans as desire to do the only really correct thing, you know, which is to lease a "shooting" in Great Britain, the following advertisement is taken at random from a publication devoted wholly to the handling of sporting properties:

No. 185 **RENT, £1200**

CASTLE, WITH GOOD MIXED SHOOTING, SALMON AND TROUT FISHING

THE castle contains 5 public rooms, 7 bedrooms with dressing-rooms, 7 single bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), accommodation for 15 servants, &c. The offices consist of coach-houses, 2 stables, kennels, &c. Productive garden.

The shootings extend over about 7000 acres, on which a mixed bag can be obtained. There are two distinct moors, each of which is a full day's work. 1908 bag—270 grouse, 13 blackgame, 303 partridges, 44 pheasants, 27 woodcock, 15 capercailzie, 3 snipe, 8 duck, 26 pigeon, 75 hares, 2748 rabbits, and 23 roe deer.

The fishing on the River Don extends to about 5 miles on the north bank and 3½ miles on the south bank of the river, and the tenant will have the exclusive right of fishing for both salmon and trout, with the exception that a concurrent right will be granted to the hotel to fish on the south side only for a short distance.

To let for a period of two or three years from 1st Aug. Rent, £1200, including keepers and gardener. Offers invited.

Photo. and Boundaries at Offices.)

Of course, in the case of any property so valuable as the foregoing the sportsman is pretty sure to find the sport as represented. But English "shootings" offered for rent run down sometimes as small as forty or fifty acres, and there it is a case of hold-up, in some cases, and a gamble in many other cases. I knew two Americans who paid $1000 for a "shooting" of this sort. They could find no indications of sport, past or present, beyond a vague tradition that a rabbit had once been seen in the neighborhood. Making a somewhat natural protest at this they were much frowned upon by the agents, who declared that they were not sportsmen, else they would not squeal.

Angling, which with us is a sport of remote places and wilderness country, in England is a wholly artificial sport. Of course, the right to angle must be purchased, like every other privilege of that country, the actual open fishing being almost a negligible quantity. English streams do not average so rough and rapid as our better trout waters, and the styles of angling required are quite different. It is, of course, useless to tell an Englishman that his own methods might be improved.

I remember once to have engaged in an argument in the English sporting press over the unnecessary size and weight of the English fly rod, which is a ponderous affair, weighing about twice as much per foot as the typical American trout rod. There did not lack champions, including such sportsmen as Colonel Baden-Powell, who declared that they had tried American fly rods and found them altogether wrong. "Our way is quite the best, you know," was about all the argument simmered down to.

Yet no sportsman of this country can look at the English appliances for angling, with their snagging, foul-looking minnows, their free use of baits of all sorts for trout and the ponderous tackle employed, and feel that that country is overburdened with a sense of fair play and sporting ethics. It rather looks to the American as if their only idea were to get those fish.

Yet the British angling news is carefully compiled by their leading angling journals, and religiously consulted by whoso maketh or loveth a fly. These records prove that the Englishmen get fish, too. That they are willing to pay for the privilege may be seen from the fact that the estimated annual expenditure in this sport is £550,000. This would include rentals, rod licenses, tackle, clothing, and so forth.

In angling properties there are invested in Great Britain at least £750,000 additional. Angling in England is an exceedingly grave, solemn, ceremonious, formal and, indeed, religious form of worship. It is practiced by the best families, always has been and always will be, world without end.

Coursing with greyhounds is a sport that has been introduced in America from England, with varying success. Our great Western plains, infested with the long-legged jack-rabbit, and innocent of all fences, make the best natural coursing grounds in the world. To kill a hare in England was once a life-and-death offense, whereas to kill a jack-rabbit in our Western country has always been regarded a praiseworthy deed. It should be borne in mind that coursing is not the natural chasing of a rabbit by a dog, but a wholly formal and artificial sport that consists in the matching of one dog against another—the scoring being determined by a judge who credits either dog with the work done in wrenching, turning or killing the hare. This is a fair enough form of sport as between the two dogs, for animals are less crooked than men in their sport. In regard to the hare, that creature is never considered in the English scheme. It is there to be killed, if possible. At times England has held large meets for inclosed coursing, with gate money, the hares being released from confinement and driven by successive braces of dogs along a fenced course. That this sport in England has considerable patronage may be seen from the following figures:

180 clubs, affiliated with National Coursing Club, at £2	£	360
1176 litters at £1		1,176
1674 Owners (estimated value of their greyhounds)		150,000
Stake money (1265 winners)		30,000
Cost of meetings		6,000
Keep of 5000 greyhounds, and training		30,000
Annual expenditure		£217,536

Polo, well played and not made a faddish adjunct for society stunts, is a man's game. It is played in England more extensively than in this country, being a sport that adjusts itself well to civilization and thickly-settled communities. Its cost in England is about as follows:

Provincial clubs, 80 at £250	£ 20,000
3 London clubs	10,000
Keep of 5000 ponies at 10 shillings a week for 3 months	30,000
Keep for 9 months at 5 shillings a week	45,000
Outfit of 2000 players and expenses of 500 in London for the season	30,000
Annual expenditure	£135,000

The value of polo grounds in London alone runs about £750,000. The country, or "provincial," grounds are usually leased from year to year. It may be seen that a considerable sum is tied up in this sport.

Some of our earnest and hard-working young men in the Eastern States have done what they could to popularize coaching as a sport in this country and have indeed, spent considerable money in getting out costumes and turnouts as near as possible in accordance with the old English sporting prints. We have some Americans coaching in Great Britain and France. At least £50,000 is spent in coaching during the London season, and an estimate of £150,000 for horseflesh would be quite low enough.

In Great Britain the sporting dog has always been a prominent figure, and most of the prominent sporting strains of this country came originally from England. Sometimes, when used as sporting and not as commercial propositions, these strains have improved, although it is doubtful whether the artificial competitions of field trials, which we also have taken up, ever did much to raise dog worth or sporting morals on either side of the water. Field trials in Great Britain run into a great deal of money, relatively not so much as one would suppose. The value of sporting dogs as property cannot be estimated with any accuracy in any country, but in reference to artificial competitions between sporting dogs the English figures, as given by a reputable authority, run thus:

Stables	£1,500
Expenses of meetings, 20 at £25	500
Value of dogs, 200 at £20	4,000
Annual expenditure	£6,000

There is still a more artificial side to professional dogdom to be seen in the bench shows on both sides of the water, which sometimes become quasi-society functions with an extensive hanging-on of folk not properly to be called belonging to exclusive social circles. The actual figures for the British bench-show industry for 1908, given by the above-mentioned authority, are as follows:

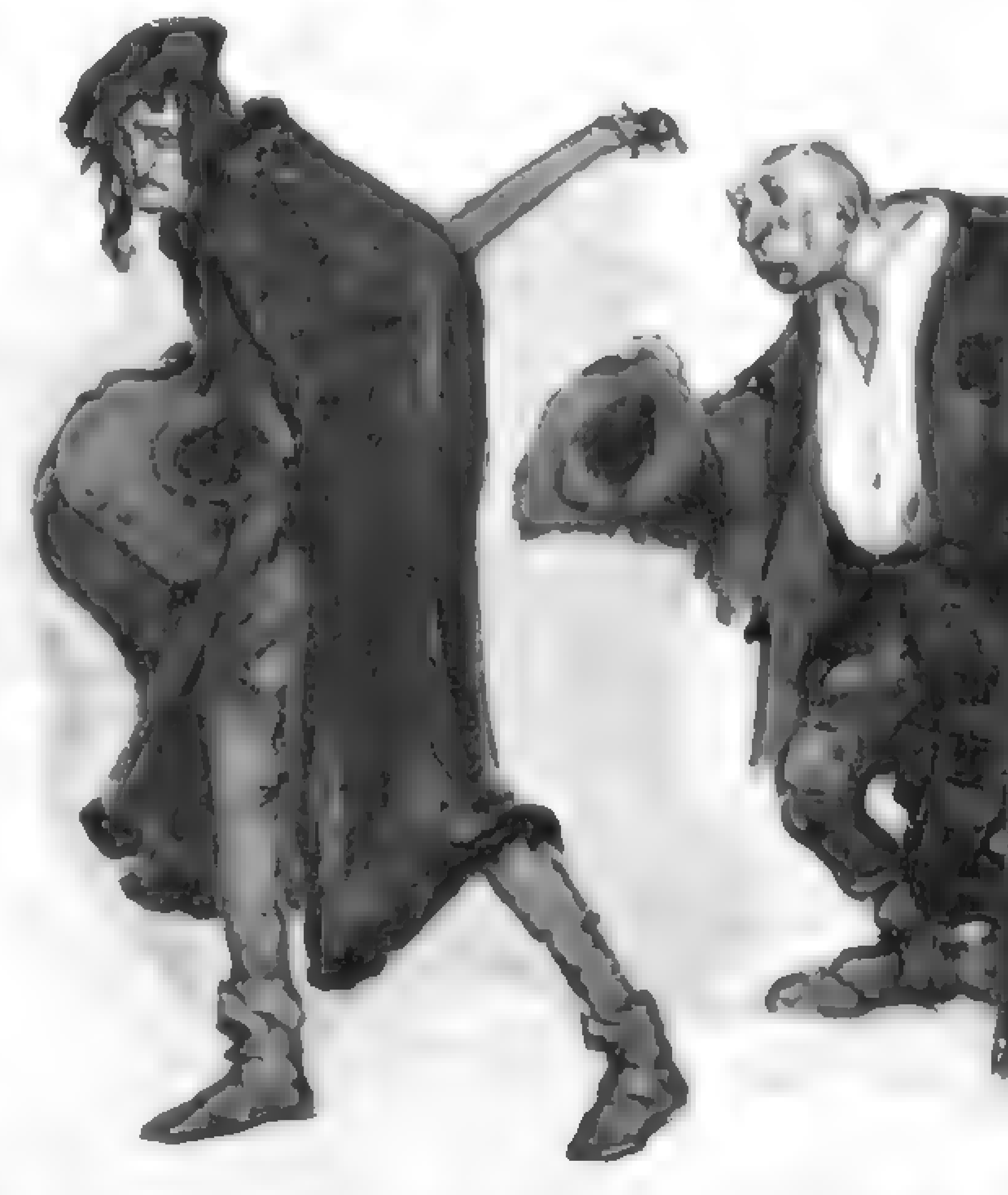
Maintenance of Kennel Club	£	5,000
Registration (of dogs) and licensing fees (shows)		5,000
Cost of shows, 500 at £200		100,000
Benching and feeding exhibits, 500 shows at £20		10,000
Officials (many are honorary)		5,000
Keep and traveling expenses of 10,000 show dogs at 5 shillings a week for fifty-two weeks		130,000
Dog tax		659,653
Annual expenditure		[illegible]

(Concluded on Page 34)

WHITE MAGIC

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



XV

BEATRICE had selected Valentine as her maid after trying more than a score of various nationalities. She had selected her because Valentine was a lady, and she could not endure servility or veneer manners in the close relations that must exist between mistress and maid. In calling Valentine a lady Beatrice did not mean that she was a "high-toned" lady, or a fine lady, or a fashionable lady, or any of the other qualified ladies, but that she was just a lady—well-mannered, with delicate instincts, intelligent, simple and sincere. Valentine acted as Beatrice liked to believe she herself would act if she had to work for her living and happened to find being lady's maid the most convenient way to do it.

At the Wolcott Beatrice registered beneath her own name that of Miss Valentine Clermont. When the two were in the little inside suite Beatrice took, she said: "For the present, at least, you are to be my companion. I can't live here alone or just with a maid. So, the parlor is to be changed into a bedroom for you."

"Very well, mademoiselle," promptly acquiesced the intelligent Valentine, showing how rightly Beatrice had judged her.

"Miss Richmond," corrected Beatrice with a smile.

"Pardon—certainly," said Valentine.

"We are very cramped here," Beatrice went on. "But I guess I'll be looking back on this as spacious luxury before long."

Miss Clermont smiled.

"Why do you smile, Miss Clermont?"

"You do not know your father, Miss Richmond."

"I assure you we have parted finally," said Beatrice. "If you have any idea that in following my fortunes you are going with a person in the position I had until two hours ago, put it out of your mind. I can pay your wages—beg pardon, salary it is now—through next month—perhaps for another month after that. Then I shall be—well, mine is a precious small income—and will be smaller. However, I'll see that you get a place soon."

Miss Clermont smiled.

"Why do you smile, Miss Clermont? Because you don't believe me?"

"Not at all, Miss Richmond," protested Valentine. "If you're right about your situation—then I shall stay with you until you are settled—and, possibly, I can help you. If you are wrong—then I shall stay on as your maid until you marry. *After that*—Monsieur Léry and I are engaged. When we marry we shall go into business together."

Beatrice paused in arranging her hair, turned and, half sitting on the low bureau, looked at her companion with the expression of one who has just given birth to a new and fascinating idea. "Why shouldn't *we* go into business—you and I?" she said. "I'll have to do something," she went on. "I simply can't content myself to live on—on what I'll have after a few days from now. I love luxury—nice surroundings—good things to eat—beautiful clothes. Why not dressmaking?"

"We should get rich at it," declared Miss Clermont.

And then it came out that she and Léry had been planning a dressmaking business. Miss Richmond was just what they needed to make it a swift and stupendous success. They had ten thousand dollars. If Miss Richmond could put in as much and would be a public partner attracting fashionable trade, giving the establishment éclat by wearing beautiful dresses in fashionable restaurants or for drives in the Avenue, and so on—and so on. "I can put in at least ten thousand," said Beatrice. "And I have ideas about clothes."

"Indeed, yes," assented Valentine warmly. "You have a style of your own."

"Yes, I think you and I have got me up rather stunningly these last two years," said Beatrice.

The dressmaking business was as good as started before they had dinner—at which Miss Richmond had her companion sitting opposite her. Miss Clermont as a companion was a triumph. No one but a Frenchwoman could have glided so easily from menial to equal. "But then, I knew she could," thought Beatrice, "the instant I looked at her hands, when she came to try for the place. Hands tell more than faces—and hers are the hands of a lady."

At noon the next day, while Beatrice and Valentine were out walking, Peter telephoned, leaving word that he would call at half past four. At that hour Beatrice received him in the hotel parlor. He eyed her with admiring wonder. He expected to find all sorts of signs of her altered position—would not have been surprised had she already begun to look dowdy and down at the heel. Her radiance of spirit, of body and of toilet struck him as little less than miraculous. "You certainly are a cool one," said he. "Why, you don't look a bit upset."

"Never felt so well in my life," declared Beatrice. "I feel so—so—free!"

Peter shook his head warningly. "Wait till you realize what you're up against."

"What is it?"

"Oh, you're out of your world. It's all very well to jump into the water and swim for a few minutes—just for the fun of the thing. But how about going in for being a fish and *living* in the water—eh?"

"I'd no idea you could do so well, Peter," said Beatrice. "That's both wise and witty. Why didn't you begin that sort of talk sooner?"

"Oh, I say!" protested the young man. "I'm not such a mutt as you thought me. No one could be."

"Better and better," cried Beatrice. "First thing you know I'll be trying to steal you back from Allie."

Peter colored consciously. He said with a foolish attempt at the offhand: "Oh—I saw her—at lunch. She wants to come to see you, but don't dare. Your father's got her father right where he can put the screws on him."

"She might have telephoned," said Beatrice bitterly.

Peter looked depressed. "Yes—I suppose she might," conceded he. "But don't be too hard on her, Beatrice. You know how afraid we all are of your father."

"*You're* here," said Beatrice sententiously.

"Yes." Peter reddened. "Hang it, I can't fake with you. Fact is—well—while I hope I'd have come anyway, still, I'd not be so open about it, I'm afraid, if I hadn't your father's consent."

"He told you to come!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"He hasn't given up," said Peter with the air of a pedler undoing his pack. "Asked me if I knew where you were stopping. I said yes—that you told me. He asked where. I told him. Any harm in that?"

"Not the slightest. I'm not hiding from anybody."

"Then he said—just as I was leaving him on the ferry this morning: "If you wish to call on my daughter and try to bring her to her right mind I've no objection.""

"And I've no objection, either," said the girl, "unless you try to bring me to my right mind. That one subject is taboo. You understand?"

Peter nodded. "I knew you meant it yesterday. I'm going ahead with Allie. You and I are such old friends that I feel I can talk things over with you. You see, it's this way. I want to get married and settled. We all marry and settle young in our family. I can't have what I want—but I can get something mighty good. Allie's a trump. Such a comfortable sort."

"You couldn't do better," said Beatrice with more warmth than she felt. For she had her eyes open to Allie now—too recently open for her to be tolerant of what were weaknesses of the same species as Beatrice's own, if of a different genus.

"I'm not really in love with her," continued Peter. "But ——"

"But that's of no consequence," said Beatrice. "You're one of the sort that thinks whatever belongs to them is the grandest ever. You'll soon be crazy about her."

"And she'll always look well, too. She's the image of her mother, and the way to test a girl's staying quality is to see how her mother has held together."

Beatrice and Peter went into the restaurant and in a quiet corner sat down to the sociability of tea. "Hanky," said she, "I am going to treat you as a friend. I am going to ask you to attend to some matters for me which you must promise me never to speak of."

Hanky showed that he was as highly flattered as the next young man would be by marks of intimacy and confidence from a pretty and superior young woman. "You can count on me—for anything I feel I've the right to do," said he. "But, whether I do it or not, I'll keep my mouth shut."

Beatrice poured the tea in reflective silence. Not until she had tasted her own cup did she venture to begin expressing the thoughts she had been arranging. "Roger Wade has about forty thousand dollars invested in the bonds of the Wauchong Railway."

Peter leaned back and gave a low whistle.

"I see you understand."

"I begin to," said Peter.

Looking down at her plate and speaking somewhat nervously and hurriedly the girl went on:

"I want you—through your broker or banker or however you please—I want you to buy those bonds at what their market price was before the road went into the hands of a receiver. I think it will take about fifty thousand dollars. But buy them if it costs a hundred thousand. I can't go higher than that."

Hesitatingly she lifted her eyes. Peter was sitting back in his chair regarding her with an expression it makes any human being proud to have caused in another's face.

A little color came into the girl's cheeks and into her eyes a look of gratitude for the compliment and of pleasure in it. She went on:

"You understand, no one must know—must have the ghost of a suspicion. Especially Roger Wade. But no one—no one."

Peter busied himself at lighting the cigarette he selected with care from the dozen in the huge gold case he carried in the inside pocket of his sack coat.

"Your agent," continued the girl, as if laying before him a carefully-thought-out plan, "can say he represents some men who are getting ready to fight to get control of the road."

"I didn't know you knew anything about business," said Peter huskily, just for something to say.

"A little," said Beatrice, who, in fact, was her father's own daughter—though, of course, she was not foolish enough to have failed to use to its uttermost value the favorite feminine pretense of being hopelessly incapable when it came to matters like business. "Will you do it?"

"How much'll you have left?" said Peter.

"Plenty," Beatrice assured him. "Plenty."

"I know better."

She made an impatient gesture. "I'll have more than enough to carry out my plans."

"There's no reason on earth why you should do this," protested he. "You ——"

"Drop it, Peter," said she with a touch of her old imperiousness—of her father's intolerance of objection from inferior minds. "I know what I'm about. Roger Wade is being stripped of all he has through no fault of his—through my folly. I got him into the scrape—a scrape he wanted to have nothing to do with. It's up to me to get him out."

"He had no business to come fooling round you!"

"He didn't, Peter," said the girl with convincing candor. "He—I see I've got to tell you. I proposed to him, and he refused me."

"*You* did—*that!*"

Beatrice blushed and laughed. "Oh, I made an idiot of myself. I thought he was hanging back because he was awed—because father was rich—and all that."

Peter narrowed his eyelids and screwed up his mouth in an attempt to look acute. "He's working some sly dodge. Mark my word, some sly dodge." And he wagged his head wisely.

"I wish he were!" sighed Beatrice. "Because he liked me I thought he—cared. You see, Peter, I'm telling you everything. Will you do what I ask?"

Peter settled deeper in his chair. "I'd like to—I want to—but ——" At the beginnings of disappointment and disdain in her expression he straightened, flushed. "Yes, by gad, I *will* do it!"

"Why did you hesitate?"

"I didn't."

Beatrice looked at him doubtfully; suddenly she realized. "You fear father'll find out you did it? I hadn't thought of that. No—you mustn't, Hanky. I'll get some one else."

"You've got to let me do it," insisted he. "Any one who didn't know all the circumstances would make a mess of it. I want to do it. And it isn't much of a risk."

The event was that she yielded. Toward noon the next day he telephoned that he had the bonds—had paid forty-one thousand dollars for them—exactly. "I can bring them to you this afternoon if you like."

"Do," said Beatrice.

And at four he came with a parcel. Her eyes brightened at sight of it. "I, too, have a package," said she.

"So I see. What is it?"

"Your forty-one thousand in Governments."

"But Governments are worth more."

The girl laughed. "Not a cent. I didn't pay forty-one thousand par. I had the exact calculation made at the bank."

"What an ass I am, to forget you were Daniel Richmond's daughter."

"Give me my railway bonds."

The exchange was made, he pretending that he did not dare release his hold on his package until she had given him a hold on hers. The waiters, idle in the restaurant at that hour, grinned at the sight of so much gayety in two such superior-looking young people. And it certainly did look like a love affair—an engagement. Nor is it surprising that Peter, full of the sense of having done her quite a favor and not without risk to himself, should have again become hopeful that this girl—"such a stunner—and so dead square, too"—might be thinking more favorably of him.

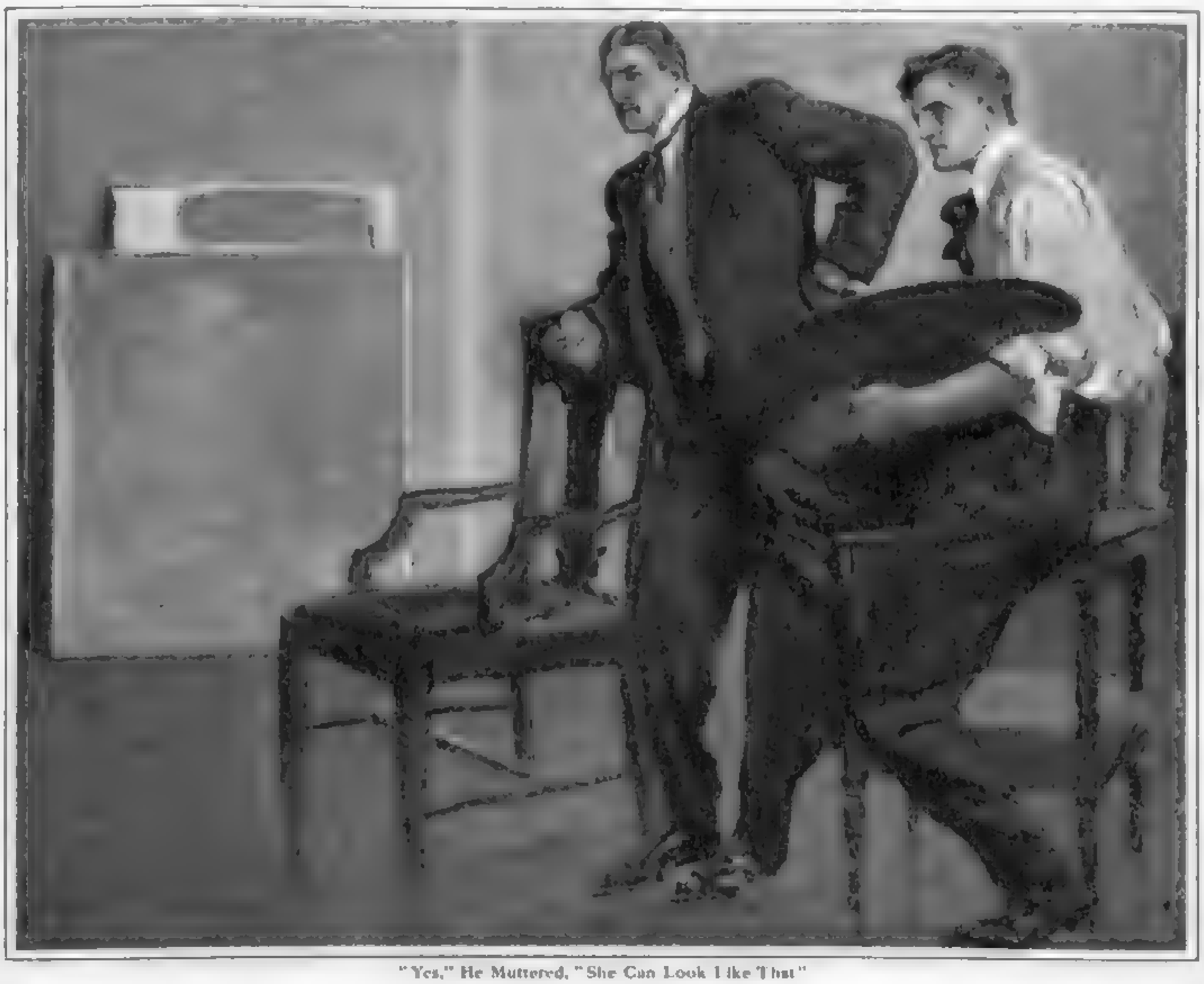
"Now that these things are straightened out, Beatrice," said he, "and as you've got over your notions about Wade—why not give *me* a chance?"

She laughed. "Allie's affianced!" mocked she.

"I've told you that ——"

"But," interrupted she, "I never told you that I was—was cured—of Roger Wade."

"But you are. And he's off your conscience."



"Yes," He Muttered, "She Can Look Like That"

Beatrice's eyes had an expression that sent a pang—and a thrill, too—through him. "Peter—I love him," she said with quiet intensity—Dan Richmond intensity. "And you know what that means with me."

He paled, stared at his cup. "I wish to God I didn't," he muttered.

"Now, Peter, you don't mean that and you know it. The only reason you keep after me is because you've always been used to having your own way and you hate to be baffled."

"That's all the reason you stick on after Wade," retorted he.

She laughed. "I'll admit that has something to do with it. But not all, Hanky. And the other part's the important part."

"You must know he's after your money," said he, looking down sourly.

"And you?" retorted she.

"Oh, I," said he with Vanderkief hauteur. "I fancy I'm above suspicion."

"Father says that the people who do the queerest tricks are the ones that're above suspicion—and take advantage of it. My, but you're red, Hanky. And while we're suspecting —— Did you get those bonds for me just because you ——"

"Don't say that, Beatrice!" he cried. "Honest, I didn't. I wasn't trying to collect."

"I believe you," said she. "Please don't do anything to make me doubt."

"I won't. I throw up the sponge. I'll not annoy you any more."

"You'll be friends?"

"I'd hate to lose *your* friendship," said he with his slow, heavy earnestness. "It's the thing I've got that's most worth while."

XVI

BEATRICE had carefully avoided learning anything at all about the Wauchong Railway before investing nearly half her fortune in its bonds. She wished to spare herself the temptation to hesitate; and she was too fond of money as a means, too alive to its value, too well trained in the matter of foolish investments, to trust her newly-developed virtue far. But now that the thing was done she made thorough inquiry into the affairs of the railway. It did a losing passenger business; it had made its money—very satisfactory earnings—by reason of its northern terminal being in a group of rich coal mines. Her father had ruined the road by so juggling traffic agreements with the coal companies that the Wauchong's whole paying freight business was at a stroke transferred to another road. The bonds were next to worthless. On the face of the facts she had spent forty-one thousand dollars for a few ounces of waste paper.

She was glad to find, on searching her heart, that she had not the faintest feeling of regret for her action. It gave her a gratifying opinion of herself to discover that, on the contrary, she regarded her investment with satisfaction and pride. But these feelings did not clash with a strong desire to recover the lost forty-one thousand, if that could be brought about. She gave the matter a great deal of anxious and intelligent thought. The only plan that came to her and seemed at all practicable was to let it leak out in Wall Street that a big block of the bonds had been taken at more than par by Daniel Richmond's daughter *after* the wiping out of the road's revenues. This news would probably boom the bonds and stocks if sent out adroitly. But Beatrice decided against the scheme; she could not forget the losses to the innocent it would involve. Perhaps the time had been—and not so very long ago, either—when this view of the affair would not have occurred to her. But since then she had experienced, had suffered, had learned. With a sigh she put the bundle of bonds away in her safety-deposit box and entered their cost to profit and loss. Her total income was now reduced to just under twenty-seven hundred a year. "And I need at least that many thousand," thought she. "Let us see what this dressmaking scheme has in it."

And she proceeded to revolve Valentine's project with a deliberate, pessimistic, flaw-seeing scrutiny that would have commanded the admiration of her father and would have increased his amazement that one so strong in the head could be so weak in the heart. She questioned and cross-questioned Valentine, who, for all her cleverness, had far too much of the optimist in her composition. Beatrice had learned from her father that hope, an invaluable ally when the struggle is on, is an enemy, the worst of enemies—a traitor and a destroyer—if admitted to the counsels when the struggle is planning. So, she took the worst possible view of every phase of the proposed enterprise, and insisted that all calculation be based upon the theory that they would lose money from the start, would lose heavily, must prepare themselves to hold out for the longest possible period against not only bad business, but also bad luck.

Meanwhile, Peter was engaged in strenuous combat with a generous impulse which seemed to him as out of place in his mind as an eaglet in the brood of a hen. But the impulse would not expel; it lingered obstinately, fascinating him, as the idea of doing something unconventional sometimes seizes upon and obsesses a primly-conventional woman. Finally, it fairly dragged him into a kind of rake's progress of generosity—for good has its rapid road no less than evil. It put him alone in his speediest auto and drove him along the dusty highways of Northern New Jersey until he came to Deer Spring—to a charming old farmhouse in its farthermost outskirts.

He went up the flowery lane to the old-fashioned porch, so cool, so quiet, so restful, behind its odorous veils of blooming creepers. A little exercise with the big brass dragon's-head that had served as knocker for the best part of a century, and a pleasant-looking old woman came round the corner of the house, wiping her hands on her kitchen apron. Said Peter:

"Is Mr. Wade at home?"

"Not just now," replied she, her head thrown far back that she might inspect him through the spectacles on the end of her long, thin nose. "I reckon most likely he's up to the studio."

"Where is it?"

"You follow the path back of the house—through

(Continued on Page 35)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 15, 1910

Cannon, McCall and the Magazines

SPEAKER CANNON has never appeared to us, as he has to so many of his friends, in a glow of rosy light and with an aureole of perfect political purity around his brow. Nor yet has he come to us, as he has to his enemies, in a stench of sulphur and fresh from the pit, exposing the cloven hoof to our horrified gaze. Somewhere between the two extremes we have found an exceedingly practical politician of the old school, regular and reactionary in the full sense of the words, paying in kind those who are for and those who are against him. The real trouble with the Speaker is that he belongs to the Silurian Age of American politics. But, though we cannot assent to all that Representative McCall has to say, we are glad to print his article on Cannonism, both because the fighting has been a little one-sided of late and because anything that so able and fearless a Congressman as Mr. McCall has to urge is entitled to consideration.

We must, however, emphatically dissent from that portion of Mr. McCall's article in which he speaks of the magazines, this being a subject on which we lay claim to a more special knowledge than we have in the case of Uncle Joe. Mr. McCall shares the President's error—both opinions, of course, being reflections of the Postmaster-General's report, and that in turn being a reflection of his subordinates' views. All three maintain that the Government, in carrying the magazines at a rate of one cent the pound, subsidizes them to the extent of the deficit.

Before us, as we write, there is an after-dinner speech of the Honorable J. G. Cannon, printed, on motion of Senator Hale, as a public document and mailed broadcast under frank. This is the Kansas City speech in which he attacks the so-called insurgent members of his party. Again, we learn from our morning paper that a document prepared by Representative Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, designed to show that protection is the bulwark of prosperity, and printed at public expense on motion of Senator Lodge, has been recalled for correction. We mention these two cases because they are the most recent examples of how partisan political documents are printed and mailed at the public expense. Every year tons of speeches which have no real relation to public business are carried free, and help swell the large deficit caused by transporting the Government's own mail.

We simply mention this in passing. A volume could be written about the franking privilege and the queer ways in which it has been used and abused. Under present conditions it amounts to a subsidy to politicians, by which they are able to present partisan party and campaign arguments to their constituents. The fact that most of them find their way to the waste basket unread only emphasizes the triple waste of paper, ink and postage at the public expense.

Log-Rolling and Waterways

PRESIDENT TAFT, it is said, will veto any attempt to launch a large scheme of waterway improvement at this session of Congress.

For this, perhaps, the best friends of the waterways can hardly blame him. The way to begin is not with a national appropriation bill, but with a national plan. The Congressional intention appeared to be to deal with river and canal improvement as with the tariff—by the log-rolling and pork-barrel method. Smith would support Jones' appropriation if Jones would vote for Smith's, just as Western wool Senators vote for any tariff that New England wants in return for New England's support of excessive duties on raw wool. The horrors of that method are written large upon American legislation, the latest tariff revision being only one instance out of many. By following it in the past Uncle Sam has already wasted—upon canals, rivers and harbors—as many million dollars as are now needed to start a great and useful scheme of inland navigation.

First in size and importance among proposed waterway improvements is the Lakes-to-Gulf plan, upon which much preliminary work has already been done. It should be possible to further this project without opening a general pork barrel, and we should be pleased to see the President insist upon it. But if the feat is really beyond the reach of Congressional virtue and intelligence we must wait until the level of those qualities rises a bit—always remembering that an opportunity to elevate them will be afforded at the next Congressional elections.

Reform by Bomb

IN WRITING that heading it was not recent events in Russia, India and Korea that we had in mind. We mean, rather, the more familiar process of selecting an eminent but undesirable citizen and touching him off with a can of journalistic dynamite.

This method is, no doubt, useful and necessary upon some occasions. As a means of protest it is often very effective. The concrete, personal story catches the public mind and rivets attention in a way that must ultimately be beneficial. But as an end, rather than a means, it is wholly objectionable. The exploded person, in almost every case, was no worse than thousands of others. In most cases he had been doing something that had been tolerated and half sanctioned by long-continued custom. In every case some entirely innocent people suffer with him. If the operation goes no further than simply to blow him up personally it is useless; for so long as the system that produced and sustained him remains intact some other bureaucrat will instantly step into his place. There were life-insurance scandals and exposures long before the last one. There will be sugar-weighing frauds twenty years hence, unless a different moral atmosphere surrounds the docks. Under reform administrations in cities graft has flourished.

Never by assassination, but only by an upheaval of the people, has political liberty been achieved. The only reform that lasts results from a higher state of the public mind and conscience. As an educational means, blowing up individuals may be useful; but if the condition that produced the individual is unchanged it will produce his successor. Therefore, gently, brother, gently! Blow in sorrow, not in glee; drop a tear upon the fuse. Even if that tear happens now and then to put it out, perhaps nothing will be lost in the final account.

Taking and Making Citizens

THE number of aliens admitted to the country in 1909—including some who had previously been here and gone home—again crossed the million mark.

The total was not much smaller than in the record years 1906 and 1907, and much larger than in 1908. As in the former years, those from eastern and southern Europe predominated.

Meanwhile, the outgo of aliens was only about half as large as in the year before. Total immigration since 1820 now almost reaches the respectable figure of thirty millions, equal to about one-third the present population. But the dream that the United States will presently become a "nation of foreigners" is no nearer realization than it was when a small shipload of English pilgrims constituted the original "native" stock.

Against this inflow, consisting mostly of crude labor, stands the emigration to Canada, during the year, of seventy-two thousand citizens of the United States, who are said to have taken with them an average of a thousand dollars apiece—besides an industrial skill and a political experience that ought to be worth considerably more than that, per capita, to the country of their adoption.

In this particular international trade we take in the raw material and we send out the finished product. Hence, some economists view it with apprehension. But to fabricate citizens, making the less efficient more efficient, ought to be what this country is for. Those who go into the Canadian Northwest may take some money with them, but the land that they improved and the larger part of the values that they created in earning the money will remain here.

Profit-Sharing and Small Pay

SEVEN years ago the Steel Corporation announced a "profit-sharing" plan. In brief, employees were privileged to purchase stock of the corporation at about the market price, paying therefor in installments extending over three years. Such employees as held for five years the stock so purchased, remaining in the service of the corporation the while, would receive a bonus amounting to five dollars per annum on each share. As the regular dividend on the preferred stock is seven per cent, this would give the employee twelve per cent a year on his money, or somewhat more if he bought the stock under par.

This offer has been renewed each year. Referring to the corporation's annual reports we find that a hundred and sixteen thousand separate subscriptions have been received from employees under the plan and over two hundred thousand shares of stock allotted. But the last report says that less than twenty-three thousand employees now hold stock, wholly or partly paid for, which was purchased under the plan. This is about one-tenth of the corporation's employees.

Very likely some of the earlier purchasers have sold their stock, tempted by the high prices recently prevailing. But the bigger fact, undoubtedly, is that only the more fortunate, better-paid employees were able to take advantage of the offer. The great mass—nine-tenths of the whole—were not in a position to benefit by it. They couldn't spare the purchase money from their meager pay. And these employees were exactly the ones who most needed bonuses.

The opulent citizen's advice to the young man upon how to succeed used generally to begin: "First save a thousand dollars; the rest is easy." This advice is very good. But as to how a man with wife and children can perform the initial feat on twelve dollars a week—the hazards of train-robbery being practically prohibitive—the opulent citizen is silent.

The Returns on Savings

BEFORE January first most savings-banks in Greater New York were paying four per cent interest on deposits. The first of the year one of the oldest and largest of them reduced the rate to three and a half per cent. Others, it is expected, will take like action. As these banks hold well toward a billion and a half of deposits, to reduce the interest rate by one-half of one per cent means to curtail depositors' incomes by about seven million dollars a year.

The New York banks, of course, pay depositors whatever their money will earn in the safest investments. In Chicago, for example, where the savings-banks are operated for the profit of the stockholders, depositors receive only three per cent. Meanwhile, the price of staple commodities still advances and is already within a very small fraction of the highest mark ever recorded. In other words, the purchasing power of the depositor's income is less by a third than it was twelve years ago.

One of the largest commercial banks in New York paid its stockholders forty per cent in dividends in 1909. Earnings at that rate upon the capital stock of big commercial banks are by no means phenomenal. Last year this same bank paid an extra dividend of one hundred per cent, while eight years ago it broke the record by declaring an extra dividend of nineteen hundred per cent—which, however, represented accumulated profits of past years.

This bank, of course, uses about four dollars of its depositors' money to each dollar of its own, hence the profits. The notable disproportion between the earnings of the capital of the investor or depositor and the profits of the big employers of that capital creates a rather important capital-and-labor problem within the field of capital itself.

The Way of Privilege

IT IS recalled that when Charles I found the Commons unwilling to vote supplies without first discussing grievances he called upon the nobles to furnish the Crown military service or its equivalent in money, as they were bound to do. That was exactly the condition upon which they received their nobility and their lands. Estates were given them in order that they might support the Government in its time of need. Their service to the Government was the consideration implied in the title deeds.

It is the descendants of those same nobles—with a liberal addition of rich brewers, bankers, manufacturers and successful politicians—holding the same lands, who recently breached the Constitution and invited a revolution, rather than yield to the Commons and pay taxes upon the lands.

Not that privilege as enjoyed and practiced by the British nobility is essentially different from privilege anywhere else. Their case might stand as a parable of privilege in general. At first, the only obligation was that which lay upon them to support the Government. But the only obligation they can now see is that of the Government to support them.

Something similar in the attitude of the most devoted adherents of tariff privilege in this country will recur to the memory of most readers who are in the habit of following current events.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Mann Who Objects

SOME cogent reasoner remarked, years ago, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, and the statement has never been contradicted successfully. Proceeding along these lines, but bringing the logic to a finer point, permit me to assert that it takes all sorts of people to make a House of Representatives. And I challenge refutation.

Who gainsays? None. Very well, then, the asseveration stands, and we pass rapidly to the middle of the hall, where we observe the Honorable James R. Mann, of Illinois, who is one sort, to say the least. If you will examine Mr. Mann closely you will observe he has an ingrowing consciousness of responsibility and an outgrowing set of whiskers, both members of this club. Indeed, Mr. Mann is Sovereign Grand Commander of the Congressional Sacred Sense of Duty Association, keeper of the great seal and custodian of the password, which is: "I object!"

In an aggregation like the House of Representatives, where unanimous consent is the medium whereby many members hope to put over their little bills for measures affecting themselves, their constituents and their districts, somebody has to object, or legislation would be entirely too easy and care-free. It is not within the purview of the gaze of Mr. Mann that legislation should be a gay and frivolous pastime. He is stern and forbidding in his aspect and his ideas. Thus, when some patriot thinks to sneak across a little bridge bill, or a few claims, or something like that, Mann can always be found guarding the interests of the Nation, objecting freely, except in such cases as concern the enterprises of a few who shall be nameless here, but who may be described simply as friends of Uncle Joe.

"No Favor Sways Him"

All legislation is compromise, which is why so many legislators are compromised; but that is neither here nor there. The idea is that there must be a well-defined system of give and take in order to secure results. I would not go so far as to say that the majority in Congress, as at present constituted, works that plan out on the principle of giving nothing and taking everything; but on second thought it is not very far to go, so I say it. And in operating along these broad and beneficent lines it becomes necessary to have various mechanicians—we used to call them mechanics before automobile days—to do various things in order that the whole may be harmonious.

Normally, your Uncle Joseph Cannon and his lieutenants in the House are the kindliest and most genial of men. They radiate sunshine all day long. They positively refuse to hurt the feelings of anybody, with the exception of the insurgents, and the insurgents seem to be a singularly callous lot. And when a member comes along and says he desires to call up a bill affecting his district or his people, which is all right and regular, naturally Uncle Joe and his gracious satellites say: "Why, go ahead, old chap. Call it up. Certainly. It's all right. We are always glad to do anything we can to help the boys along."

Cheered by the bright outlook, the member calls up his bill. He sees nothing but the benignant smile of Uncle Joe and the beaming faces of John Dalzell and Sereno E. Payne. It is all right. But hark! Over in the middle of the hall there rises the stern and implacable Mann, the austere and immovable Mann.

"I object!" he barks.

It is all over. And when the member makes his complaint to the commiserating Uncle Joe he learns it is all Jim Mann's fault, that nothing can be done with him. He just sits there and objects and objects, and there is positively no use talking to him, which is true. It isn't a bit of use in the world to talk to him until next day, when he gets his list of things he is to object to from dear, kindly, not to say side-stepping, Uncle Joe

Mann the Official Objector

THERE are many patriots who are so tender-hearted that they hate to do anything to hurt the feelings of another patriot or retard his projects. Uncle Joe and his merry men are in that class. They cannot bear to wound the susceptibilities of any colleague. So they get Jim Mann to do it for them.

Mann doesn't care. He is actuated by that sacred sense of duty. When he gets on the legislative job all bills look alike to him, and all friendships cease. It is his task to object, and he objects so long as the list holds out. Nothing can get past him. He is there, cold to appeals, unmindful of tears, unmoved by threats and disdaining cajolery. You'd think, to watch and hear him on one of these times, that the only two words in the Mann vocabulary were "I object," and that he had to say those words every so often to keep his vocal cords from atrophying.

Oh, he's stern all right, stern to a rigorous severity. You can see that from his picture. Those cold gray eyes and those cold gray whiskers make up a gelid ensemble that gives one the shivers when it is working in an objecting fest. Many an impetuous member with a pet measure has dashed against that rigid contour and reeled back in a pet and without his pet. As the poet says: "No favor sways him and no fear shall awe." He is there to object at such times as seem proper and against such things as are on the list, and he will not budge.

Of course, Mr. Joseph Gurney Cannon is wise enough for all practical purposes, and somewhat cagey when he picks out the men to carry on his great work of helping the majority to rule. He picked out Mann for his objector and he got the capital prize the first time. There isn't another person in that majority who is so well fitted as Mann for the post. The only way to stop him when he gets to objecting is with an axe, and they do not furnish axes in the stationery room.

Being so valuable to the smooth working of the machine, Mann takes what latitude he chooses. He was strong in support of the majority in the fight over the rules, at the beginning of the special session of the present Congress last March, and voted with the Cannon forces for the rules and for Cannon for Speaker. Usually, he is regular; but when the final vote on the tariff bill came along Mann voted each time against the bill. Also, he stirred up the animals a while ago by putting in some bills of his own, amending the tariff, and he wouldn't stop, even when requested, showing that his fixed quality of mind operates both ways.

He is an able citizen, with a big grasp on public questions, a clear view of the needs of the country and a mind that works accurately and quickly. He talks well, is an adroit debater and a persistent and intelligent investigator. He takes part in most of the big discussions in the House and tackles anybody or anything that comes along. He was born in Illinois, educated in Chicago and, when he was admitted to the bar, went to live in what was then the village of Hyde Park. It wasn't long before he jumped into politics, and he has been very successful in remaining in ever since.

He was village attorney for Hyde Park, member of the school board, and when Chicago expanded and took in the village he became an alderman for the thirty-second ward. Presently he was master in chancery in the Superior Court of Cook County, then general attorney for the South Park Board and, after that, came to Congress, where he is now serving his seventh term. He is very natty in his dress and keeps both his trousers and his whiskers carefully creased.

Of course, Jim Tawney's regular job is watchdog of the Treasury, and Tawney cuts down an estimate with less compunction than any chairman of Appropriations we have had for many a day. However, he can't be watching all the time, and Jim Mann helps out on occasions with his inexhaustible and unrivaled line of objections. It is an art with him now. He can compress that fatal word into four letters, "'Bj'ct," and get away with his objection with more finality than the statesman who rises and says ponderously: "Mr. Speaker, I rise in my place to say that I must object." Occasionally he objects when it isn't on the list to object. At such times the Cannon boys only smile sadly and say: "Oh, well, Jim must have his little fun." Which seems to be the fact.

The Art Gallery Annex

T. N. BARNSDELL, the big Pittsburgh oil operator, was in New York one day and saw what he thought was a fine oil painting in the window of an art shop.

"How do you like that, Bill?" he asked a friend who was with him.

"Fine," said Bill.

"Well, then, let's go in and buy it."

So they went in and Barnsdell not only bought the picture he fancied for twenty-five hundred dollars, but found another he liked and paid seventeen hundred and fifty dollars for that.

A year or so later Bill, the friend who was with him, visited Barnsdell at his house. He found some fine pictures on the walls, but not the two he assisted in selecting.

"T. N.," said Bill, "where are those pictures we bought that day in New York? I don't see them here."

"Hush," whispered Barnsdell, "that's a kind of sore subject with me. You see, my women-folks, who know something about pictures, didn't exactly approve of those pictures and they are hanging in the barn."

The Frog and the Puddle

GEORGE R. PECK, the general counsel of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, lived in Topeka, Kansas, in his early days as a lawyer and, while living there, made his first visit to England.

Of course he bought some English clothes, as does everybody. When he got home to Topeka he put on one of his English suits and started down the street. He soon found that the waistcoat was too big, the coat too low in the collar and too large, and four or five inches too big about the chest.

Peck wriggled and twisted about in his clothes and finally said to a friend: "By George, I don't know what's the matter with this suit of mine. It fitted me all right in London."

"You must remember," replied the friend, "that you are not so big a man in Topeka as you were in London."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative Sam McCall, of Massachusetts, who used to be an editor, once wrote a life of Thaddeus Stevens.

¶ Senator Hale, of Maine, goes from Washington to Maine two or three times each winter just to get a little sniff of cold weather.

¶ The house in which Senator Root, of New York, former Secretary of State, was born, at Hamilton College, is now Knox Hall, a dormitory.

¶ Before Joaquin Miller went regularly into the poet business he was an editor, a lawyer and a county judge in Oregon. His full name is Cincinnatus Heine Miller, by the way.

¶ Representative Denby, of Michigan, was a gunner's mate, third-class, on board the Yosemite during the war with Spain, serving with the Detroit Naval Reserve during those iron days.

This is the Advertisement

Hunt's Superior Quality
CALIFORNIA FRUITS

The above illustration shows the three labels used on
HUNT'S QUALITY FRUITS

Our Specialties

Hunt's Supreme Quality, the finest California fruit, absolutely unequaled by any canned fruit.

Hunt's Superior Quality, superior in every respect and surpassed only by *Hunt's Supreme Quality.*

Hunt's Staple Quality, very excellent fruit but smaller and in lighter syrup.

THE National demand for rigid care and absolutely whole
general and insistent. Every fact which can be of service i
The facts here given, though not generally known, are of the
be read by every user of canned fruits in the United State
by the Consumer, who is the most interested of all.
two methods of canning fruits. One of these methods, *T*
ation in preparing a food product—the other, *The Common*

The Quality Method

Uses only ***selected, tree-ripened, full flavored, fruit*** and pure cane sugar syrup.

Uses ***absolutely clean methods*** in every department, and gives the minutest attention to every detail of inspection, assorting and canning.

Uses the ***Knife-Peeling*** process exclusively; does not use caustic soda, lye or any other chemical in any part of the preparation of the canned product.

Hunt's Qu

are the highest grade of Cali
finest canned fruit obtainable anywhere-

Read Carefully

We do not use the lye-peeling or any other chemical process in the canning of our fruit. In canning peaches, which represent fully 50 per cent of the total canned fruit product of the United States, it is the practice of most canneries to use the lye or caustic soda peeling process by which they save 1½ or 2 cents a can.

Lye Process

In the lye process, the fruit is thrown into a solution of boiling caustic soda, and is stewed in this lye until the skins are eaten loose, after which it goes through several washings to take away the skins. This process permits the use of unripe fruit, and while the lye artificially colors the green fruit and gives it the appearance of ripe fruit, a lye-peeled peach has none of the rich, delicious flavor found in **Hunt's Quality Peaches.**

Make This Test

Take a peach from a can purchased at random; wash away the syrup; then taste it. If it is tasteless and pulpy, it is a lye-peeled peach. Now do the same with a **Hunt's Quality** peach. You will find it has the delicious, dainty flavor that you get when you pick a ripe peach right off the tree.

From Chosen Orchards

Not every orchard, even in glorious California, produces fruit good enough to go into **Hunt's Quality Fruits.** Our organized field force knowing every orchard and the fruits they yield, season after season, secures for **Hunt's Quality Fruits** the crop of the best of California orchards.

Rigid Inspection

Our inspectors watch the fruit carefully during the various stages of the canning process, from the time it arrives at the cannery to the final labeling. We employ the same workmen and women year after year, and the benefit of the services of experienced help in our various departments has resulted in an organization equaled by no other California Cannery.

HUNT B

LARGEST CANNERS OF HIGHE

San Francis

CANN

Hayward, Alameda Co., California

Member of the American Association for

we have been Advertising

ome methods in the preparation of food products has become
ı this fight for ***pure food*** should be given the widest publicity.
utmost importance in this struggle. This advertisement should
. It should be read by the Wholesaler, by the Retailer, and
The purpose of this announcement is to show that there are
Quality Method, regards quality as the foremost consider-
Method, considers profits more sacred than wholesome food.

The Common Method

Uses ***green, unripe*** fruit because it is more easily and therefore less expensively handled than ripe fruit.

Uses ***unselected fruit*** because to sort carefully and to reject undesirable fruit costs money.

Uses ***Caustic Soda*** or Lye process for peeling peaches, because it is 1½ or 2 cents a can cheaper than knife-peeling.

ality Fruits

fornia canned fruit and the
—this statement is based on these facts:

Choicest Fruit

All the fruit used by us is not only the best procurable, but it is most carefully assorted for quality and size. Nothing but the very highest grade fruit and the purest cane sugar syrup goes into the cans labeled

Hunt's Staple Quality
Which is good

Hunt's Superior Quality
Which is better

Hunt's Supreme Quality
Which is the best

Absolute cleanliness is maintained in every part of our cannery, and the utmost care is rigidly enforced to insure sweet and wholesome products.

The Government Should Stop this Lye Process

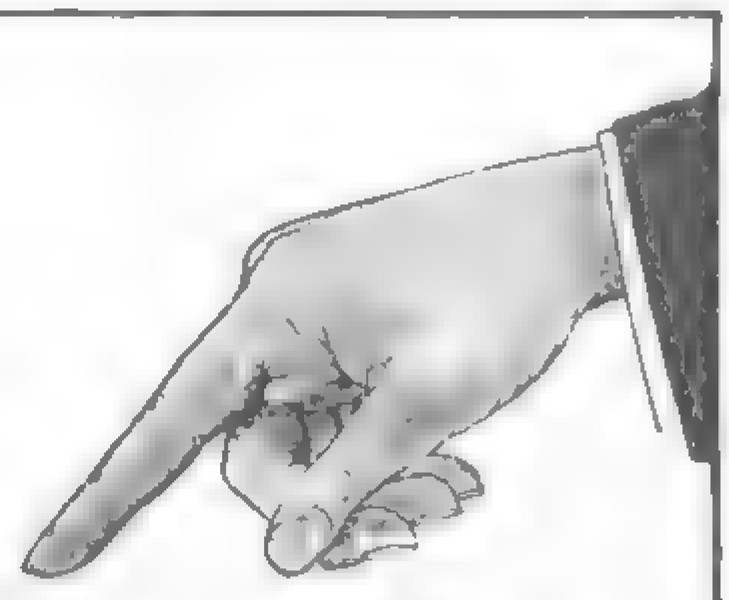
We have endeavored to have the Department of Agriculture compel the canners who use the lye-peeling process to so state on the labels of their cans. Canners do not use this caustic soda stewing to improve their fruit; if they thought that, they would gladly announce it. This lye process is used simply to reduce their costs—a saving to the canner but not to the consumer.

Dealers and Consumers it is Now Up To You

We have placed the facts before you. It is now up to you, the dealers and consumers of the United States, to decide. If you want fruit put up under ideal conditions and under a system of extreme watchfulness, care and attention, ask for and insist upon getting **Hunt's Quality Fruits.** Especially insist upon it if you regard quality and flavor as more important to you than the profits of some economical fruit canners.

ROS. CO.
T GRADE CALIFORNIA FRUITS
o, California
ERIES
Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co., California
he Promotion of Purity in Food Products

Read This



To save a cent and a half or two cents a can, it is the practice of many canneries to peel peaches by immersing them in a boiling solution of caustic soda or common lye, instead of having them peeled by knife.

Do you like the idea of eating peaches boiled in lye?

Are you willing that you and your children should eat lye-peeled fruit to save a little money for some canner of fruits?

Now Read This

In preparing **Hunt's Quality Fruits** we use only tree-ripened fruit. We use knife-peeling exclusively and in every branch of our work use methods which will most perfectly contribute to wholesome results.

Until the Department of Agriculture or Congress compels all the canners to state on their labels whether they use chemicals in the preparation of their products, and whether they use lye-peeled fruits, the way to protect yourself from such fruit is to demand and insist upon

Hunt's Quality Fruits

with this signature J.H. Hunt on every can

We have published a pretty booklet of *"Hunt's California Canned Fruits"* which will be mailed free. Fill out this coupon. Mail today.

Messrs. Hunt Bros. Co.,
San Francisco, Cal
Gentlemen:—Kindly mail me a copy of "Hunt's California Canned Fruits."
Name
Street Address
Town
County
State

The Senator's Secretary

LIKE as not the Honorable Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, was a bit bored—to say nothing of the Honorable Augustus Octavius Bacon, of Georgia, and the Honorable John Warwick Daniel, of Virginia—when he found that all these years he has been walking by a picture of Thomas Jefferson in the Senate corridor that was labeled Patrick Henry, and that Patrick's name was under the picture of the immortal Thomas.

You see, Senator Bailey and Senator Bacon and Senator Daniel and many other Democratic Senators specialize on Thomas Jefferson. Whenever there is nothing else doing, or whenever the majority is about to perpetrate an outrage on the defenseless but vocal minority, then one of these eminent orators usually comes to bat with a few perfervid remarks about Jefferson, what his ideas of government were, and how it would all be changed if the Ship of State had not drifted from her moorings and planted her foot where the hand of Jefferson had never intended her to soar.

To hear these impassioned orators tell it, you'd think they knew more about Jefferson than Jefferson did himself; and as for his principles, they can recite them by the hour. However, for fourteen years, or such a matter, the picture of Jefferson has hung in the corridor on the Democratic side labeled Patrick Henry, and likewise the portrait of P. Henry has borne the name of Thomas. Not a Jeffersonian expert among all the Democratic Jeffersonian experts found it out. It remained for Eugene Chafin, the Prohibition candidate for President in the 1908 campaign, to discover the error. He strolled through the corridor one day and stopped in front of the portrait labeled "Thomas Jefferson."

"Counterfeit," he said. "That's not Jefferson. That's somebody else."

He walked along and came to the alleged Patrick Henry. "Here's Jefferson," said Chafin, and it was even so. They hustled about and changed the labels, while inside the chamber somebody was invoking Jefferson, invoking him to beat the band. All of which goes to show that the Democratic Jefferson experts must study non-illustrated editions of Jefferson's papers.

The Style and Title of Mr. Knox

Sooner or later we shall have a State Department that will take no slurs from any Foreign Office in the world. We are gradually getting some class. For the past five or six months any person who wrote a letter to the Secretary of State and addressed it "Mister Knox," or "P. C. Knox," or "Secretary Knox," or anything like that, has found in his reply a neatly-printed slip suggesting that the right way to communicate with the Secretary of State is to address him as "The Honorable, the Secretary of State." It seems that we have been entirely too familiar, and that it must be stopped.

What we desire is formality. We are going to have it, too, or know the reason why. Mr. Knox had decided ideas about the State Department when he took it over, and he is putting them into effect. Knowing for some months before he retired as Senator from Pennsylvania that he was to be Secretary of State, he put through a few little things in Congress to help his plan along. Of course, he was not allowed to have his Permanent Under Secretary by title, but he got the job just the same, and put Hoyt in it as Counselor, or something like that. Also, he got a good big appropriation, and he is using it to establish new bureaus, organize new divisions and, generally, to galvanize the department of which he is the head.

When Gresham was made Secretary of State he found that all official communications were written on blue paper in longhand, and he abolished that in about a minute and put in typewriters. Typewriters still remain, but we have a few touches that are interesting. There is that line when a subordinate writes a letter: "I am, sir, your obedient servant for Mr. Knox," that we think is pretty nifty, and no nation on earth can beat us when it comes to closing a communication to a representative of a foreign Government: "With renewed assurances of my most distinguished consideration, I have the honor, sir, to be your most obedient servant." Rather lays over "Yours truly," don't you think?

Moreover, Secretary Knox has gone further than any of his predecessors in the way of getting skilled men for diplomatic positions. Always, heretofore, even after the consular force was put in the Civil Service, the people who went to diplomatic posts went for political or social reasons. This cannot be helped in a Government like ours, so far as the appointments of Ministers and Ambassadors are concerned, but the plan now is to put all places below the rank of Minister on a merit basis. It is intimated, even, that the Ministers will be included in good time.

The secretaries of our embassies and legations hereafter appointed must pass examinations. Young men who want to go into the diplomatic service will be asked to tell what they know and what qualifications they have for foreign service aside from rich papas or political pulls. If they pass they will be made third secretaries and promoted from time to time as they prove up. The vacancies in the higher grades will be filled from the lower grades.

More English Than the English

There are a good many secretaries of our legations and embassies abroad who have about as many qualifications for their posts as a similar number of educated hens. Most of them are rich, and went into the service, through complaisance on the part of the appointing powers, to have an ostensible occupation fitting in refinement and importance. A curious thing about a good many of the secretaries from this country in our embassies and legations abroad is that they take on the viewpoint of the country to which they are accredited instead of retaining their American one, and get to be quite impossible to their own countrymen. When an Englishman comes to this country as an attaché of the British Embassy he remains an Englishman, notwithstanding his associations with Americans; but when an American goes to London he ordinarily becomes as English as any of those about him. Of course, this is not always true, but it usually is. What Mr. Knox is trying to do is to establish a foreign service made up of men fitted by brains, equipment and ambition to do the work that is required, sure of their places, and not merely in office because of their social position or their money. And more power to him.

Many an American citizen, traveling abroad, has bumped against third, second and even first secretaries of American legations and embassies who have set the traveling Americans on edge by their affectations, their snobbishness and their general lack of Americanism. The only reason for the appointment of a good many of these diplomatists has been that influence enough has been brought to bear, probably because the people at home were tired of having them around. Their only thought is the social end of the game, which in itself is a good reason for examining them before they go, to see if they have any qualifications aside from small talk and the cut of a coat.

Of course, this isn't universal. There are a lot of young Americans abroad, in the legations and embassies, who are clean-cut, alert, ambitious young fellows. Still, a good many of them are content to live on what papa or mamma will send them, and use the places only for what social standing they can get out of them.

Once in a while, though, you find a man who, instead of being content to drift along in this way, makes heroic efforts to do something for himself, notwithstanding his handicap of wealth, position and all that. There are some in the diplomatic service and some in public life in this country. A striking instance is Representative Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts. Gardner is a good deal of a chap. He has a lot of ability, a fine grasp of public questions, talks well, debates intelligently, interests himself in the best legislation and works hard every day. He is no drone, no trifler, no dude.

Still, he has his troubles. A friend of his told them in this wise the other day: "Gussie Gardner," he said, "is a victim of environment. If he were a poor man he would have twice the reputation he has now, for he is an able man and a good fellow. His grandfather, Augustus Gardner, was a shoemaker in Salem, Massachusetts, who worked there for many years, accumulating some money. The grandfather went to Gloucester and bought an interest in a fishing boat. He prospered. Pretty soon he owned the entire boat. Then he bought others and, presently, he had a great fleet. He grew to be a very rich man for those days.

"When the present Augustus Gardner, the Representative, went to Harvard he was labeled at once the grandson of the famous and rich Augustus Gardner. No matter what he tried to do it was never Augustus P. Gardner who was doing it, but the grandson of the late Augustus Gardner. Well, time passed along and Gussie graduated from Harvard. That was in 1886, and he went to Boston to live. While there he had plenty of money, was considerably in society, and belonged to the best clubs. Did he arrive in Boston as himself? He did not. All the time that he lived in Boston he was known as the nephew of Mrs. Jack Gardner, the most remarkable woman in that city. He tried to make his identity stick as Augustus P. Gardner, but it was no use. He was Mrs. Jack Gardner's nephew.

"He married the daughter of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and, after a time, was elected to the House of Representatives. He has done good work in Congress, has been an able legislator, but is he the Honorable Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts? He is not, except when he signs his name. He is Gussie Gardner, the son-in-law of Senator Lodge. That is the Congressional viewpoint. Now, what I want to know, and what Gardner would like to find out, is when in Heaven's name is Gardner coming in on his own hook? When will they begin to look at him as if he were playing off his own bat? I am afraid never; but it is a shame, just the same, for he deserves better things."

The President Sees Washington

President Taft has developed a pleasing habit of strolling out of the White House of an evening and taking a walk through the dusk, with any companion he can grab on short notice. Sometimes the secret-service men follow him, and sometimes he eludes them. The two secret-service men assigned to watch over Mr. Taft are the cleverest, the most alert, the most cautious chaps imaginable. They are quiet, unobtrusive, but they pay strict attention to their business. Any person trying to get near to the President to do him harm would be dealt with energetically.

A time ago Mr. Taft and Captain Butt got out and walked down through the Mall to the Peace Monument, and back up Pennsylvania Avenue. The President misses his exercise. He hasn't had much time for riding or for golf lately, and he must be at it all the time to keep his flesh where he wants it. He dropped into the Capitol one Sunday, with his brother, Charles P., and spent an hour looking around.

Taft had a good time looking around, and he was as interested as a boy. Then he went back to the White House a-kiting and was freshened up for the rest of the day. Whatever any person may think of Mr. Taft's policies or his politics, there is no person who can fail to like his intensely human side. He is interested in everything. He likes to tell a story and to hear one. He jokes with his friends and even joshes some of his visitors. He is having just as bully a time as President Roosevelt, only in another way, and one more fitted, perhaps, to his physical construction. When he plays golf you can hear him laugh over half the course. He calls just the same people by the first name that he called by the first name when he was Secretary of War, puts on less lugs as President than any we've had for some time.

He does not work rapidly, but is what is known as a digger. He goes to the bottom of every problem. That is why there has been so much delay in getting under way in his Administration, but his friends say that when he does get his lines all drawn and his plans all laid he will start a few things that will keep his opponents busy for a long and heated time.

CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION HOME FARM

Outdoor Furniture

built from concrete made from Atlas Portland Cement gives you fascinating work to do in your spare time. With our free book of instructions and specifications you can at small cost, and under your own supervision, make urns, sundials, fences, posts, seats, steps, walks and other outdoor furniture and improvements, which will last as long as time. The book

"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm"

should be in the hands of every owner of a small place, suburban, country or farm.

Other valuable books in the Atlas Cement Library:

Concrete Houses and Cottages	Vol. I. Large Houses	$1.00
	Vol. II. Small Houses	1.00
Concrete in Highway Construction		1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction	(delivery charge)	.10
Concrete in Railroad Construction		1.00
Concrete Cottages		Free
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ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

should always be bought or specified. It is the standard brand; pure and of uniform quality, and is made only from genuine Portland cement rock. "Atlas" is the cement bought for the Panama Canal.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
Dept. 62 30 Broad Street, New York

Largest output of any Cement Company in the World—over 50,000 barrels per day.

CONCRETE GARAGES
CONCRETE
PORTLAND
ATLAS
CEMENT
NONE JUST AS GOOD

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

HATS for MEN

Knapp-Felt

THE SHACKLETON

THE "Shackleton" is a new soft hat designed for midwinter and early Spring wear, in town or country, for business or sport.

The trim lines of the brim are shaped by C & K handwork and the distinctive character cannot be successfully imitated by the common method of shaping on a wooden form. The superb quality of Knapp-Felt and the expert workmanship insure the greatest possible satisfaction.

Knapp-Felt Soft Hats and Derbies are made in two grades, $6 and $4. Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

54th YEAR
HIGH-GRADE
Albrecht Furs
Northern Caught. "From Trapper to Wearer, Direct"

At After-Holiday Prices

1910 Model 80 and [illegible] Muff [illegible]

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY FURS. [illegible] of fur weather yet to come, and the finest furs in the world to be had at

15% OFF REGULAR PRICES

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Some Advantages of Buying
Albrecht Furs

We buy raw furs *direct from the trappers.*

We make them up in our own [illegible], sanitary [illegible]

You get highest quality *guaranteed furs*

You pay *lower prices* than are asked for inferior goods.

Send 4c in stamps to-day for our 44 page Illustrated Catalog No. 30

Finest fur fashion book ever published. All about names, colors, and wearing qualities of furs. Photographs, in colors, from *actual furs.* Simple instructions for home measurement, etc.

Satisfaction Positively Guaranteed or Money Promptly Refunded.

E. ALBRECHT & SON, 6th & Minnesota Sts., Station P, St. Paul, Minn.

A Proposition to Young Men

Do you want to learn how success comes to him who is prepared to take advantage of opportunity when it presents itself? My free booklet tells the story in a few words of how insurance brought me a business partnership and a home. Write me and I will send you a copy free

H. THOMPSON HYDE, 125 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn.

OUT-OF-DOORS

What We Have in the Savings-Bank

PERHAPS the first sermons to spendthrift America were preached long ago by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, whose voice at that time was one crying in the wilderness. President Cleveland was the first to begin our policy of forest reserves. President McKinley continued it mildly. Under President Roosevelt public reserves, for the good of the whole people, were set apart with an energy and to an extent that caused certain persons to gasp with alarm. What President Taft is going to do nobody knows, not even Mr. Aldrich; but between his forerunners more has been done to start a nestegg for the American people than, perhaps, is realized by all of the American people themselves.

Even though some of our forest reserves have already been cut over by lumbermen and just as much of the Indian reservations has been or is being cut over, the lumbermen have not raised any opposing voice to the recent idea of making these forest reserves also game reserves, or refuges. As a matter of fact, we have quite a little strip of the United States set apart for our children, with some faint hope that therein may be found a few specimens of our formerly abundant fishes and game animals.

The year 1908, the last year of President Roosevelt's Administration, was notable for its additions to our savings account. In that year the American Bison Society secured twenty thousand acres near Ravalli, Montana, where the experiment of raising buffalo will be continued. The Mount Olympus National Monument, of Washington, established in that year, embraces six hundred thousand acres, and the Superior National Forest Reserve includes nearly a million acres more of well-watered quasi-wilderness. One might almost be ready to add to the list the Goat Mountain Park, of British Columbia, which was only established by the Canadian Government at the instance of two Americans, Mr. J. M. Phillips and Dr. W. T. Hornaday.

The acreage of our state forest or game parks is very considerable, and may be tabulated with fair accuracy as below:

Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming	2,142,720 acres
Chickamauga and Chattanooga National and Military, Tennessee	6,195 acres
Sequoia, California	160,000 acres
Yosemite, California	967,680 acres
Mount Rainier, Washington	207,360 acres
Crater Lake, Oregon	159,360 acres
Game Cañon Game Preserve	2,019,000 acres
Mount Olympus National Monument	600,000 acres
Superior Game and Forest Preserve	909,743 acres
Wichita Forest and Game Preserve	57,120 acres
Wichita National Bison Range	9,760 acres
Montana National Bison Range, fenced range, for captive game herds	20,000 acres
Total	7,258,938 acres

In North Dakota we have a couple of plumage and game bird refuges, in Michigan two, in Wyoming one. We might look across the border to Canada and learn very much in the matter of wild-fowl refuges. Perhaps it is not generally known that Canada, with one-tenth our population, less than one-tenth of our destructiveness, has set aside, thus early in her history, far more land than we have for the savings account of her people. The Canadian record, leaving out several wild-fowl refuges, is something like this:

Rocky Mountains Park, Alberta	2,764,800 acres
Yoho Park, Alberta	1,799,680 acres
Glacier Park, Alberta	1,474,560 acres
Buffalo Park, Alberta (for captive bison)	884,000 acres
Elk Island Park, Alberta (for captive bison)	40,960 acres
Jasper Park, Alberta	3,488,000 acres
East Kootenay Preserve, British Columbia (Goat Mountain Park)	288,000 acres
Yalokom Mountains, Lillooet District, British Columbia	192,000 acres
Total	10,432,000 acres

A comparison of the Canadian lumbering laws with those of America will show that we Americans are not business people and never have been. We were simply lucky in the original hands we held, and did not know how to play them. A comparison of the game laws of the two countries shows that Canadians are law-abiding and that we are wholly lawless. Most humiliating of all is the comparison between the outdoor savings accounts.

With such areas as we have set apart we might do more than we have, and we might increase the acreage of such reserves. Each reservation of land, for whatever purpose it is made, ought also to be a perpetual game refuge. Glacier Park, on the crest of the Rockies, ought to be a game refuge. Also, we certainly ought to have a great game refuge for the Alaska brown grizzly, including the greater western part of the Northwestern Alaska peninsula; and there assuredly ought to be a vast game refuge set apart around Mount McKinley, which Doctor Cook either did or did not climb. In a half-hearted way, these two measures have been introduced in Congress, under the initiative of one or two sportsmen who are acquainted with Alaska conditions. Where is the big-minded Congressman who will put it through? Never mind about the coal deposits this time.

Refuges for Wild Game

Perhaps not every one knows that we have fifty-three bird refuges, all established by Theodore Roosevelt. The total acreage of these bird reserves is not very large, and they are made up of lands otherwise worthless. It is possible that Presidents Cleveland and McKinley thought of the commercial value of forest reserves. President Roosevelt seems to have been almost alone in the idea of preserving our wild fowl and plumage birds for the sake of the birds themselves. He also was one of the first to realize that a game refuge, sacred the year around, is better than any amount of game laws, especially when the latter are not enforced. The Mount Olympus Monument—shrewdly established by President Roosevelt under a clause of an old law permitting the setting aside of any "monumental feature of Nature" that seems worthy thereof—will mean the preservation of that splendid species of elk known as the Roosevelt Elk. The Yellowstone Park, although it has not saved the buffalo, has increased bear and elk to a wonderful extent. The Superior Preserve ought to increase moose in the same way. It is astonishing how quickly wild game learn where they are safe, and it is astonishing how quickly the numbers of wild game increase in such protected regions. This game-refuge idea, properly carried out, would render unnecessary that perpetual protection for certain species which some of our naturalists seem to think is the correct thing today. One is not ready to agree that the pronghorn antelope, or the bighorn sheep, or the white goat needs to be protected forever and kept under taboo as a sacred show animal. They need only common-sense handling, abundant refuges, and laws that really shall be laws. Of course it is generally understood that giving the Wyoming elk perpetual protection was simply a clerical error in the legislature. One does not yield to any man in the desire to see the savings account of America increased, but one comes to believe that, perhaps, the most practical way of doing that is to establish permanent refuges rather than to pass more unenforced laws.

A great many states are establishing forest reserves which easily could be made game refuges also. New York has in her northern forest regions one million five hundred thousand acres set aside, and that state is appropriating more and more money, so that eventually the whole Adirondack region will be a forest reserve. Wisconsin has three hundred and fourteen thousand acres reserved, and ought to have one million six hundred thousand. Pennsylvania already has six hundred thousand acres reserved, and is adding to her admirable bank account from time to time. Slashed-off Michigan feels she can set aside two hundred thousand acres as a reserve. Minnesota, the more recent scene of lumbering operations, should increase her forty thousand acres. In each one of these state

The Reason Why

THERE are good reasons why Campbell's Tomato Soup is the most delicious you ever tasted.

The finest tomatoes in the world grow right here in New Jersey almost at our doors. And we get the pick of the growth—large solid handsome specimens raised specially for us from seed that matures them evenly red-ripe.

They are pulled from the vines in the cool early morning—when at their best; and brought directly to us. And within five hours they are made into

Campbell's
Tomato Soup

We wash them in crystal-pure water piped from bed-rock. And we strain out not only the skin and seeds, but every vestige of the harsh core-fibre that grows in all tomatoes. We use only the pure meaty part and clear juice with all their natural flavor. That is why Campbell's Tomato Soup is so rich and creamy, and has such a fresh spicy relish and aroma.

No one—not even you—could make such soup without these gardens right at hand; without our costly apparatus; or without our priceless formula. Money will not produce better.

If any of Campbell's Soups are not satisfactory the grocer returns your money. Is there any better guarantee than that?

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's
Soup

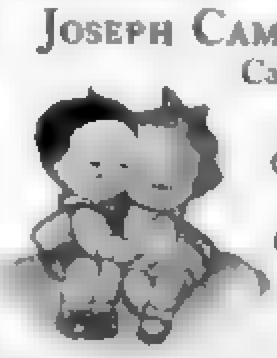
Tomato
Vegetable
Ox Tail
Mock Turtle
Chicken
Mulligatawny
Tomato Okra
Clam Chowder
Clam Bouillon
Celery
Beef
Julienne
Asparagus
Consommé
Pea
Bouillon
Printanier
Pepper Pot
Mutton Broth
Vermicelli Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's Menu Book describes many inviting ways to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup and the other 20 kinds. Shall we send you a copy—free?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



Of all good things,
I love just two:
Campbell's luscious *Soups,*
And you.

There's Comfort and Style in
Present
"Nufangl"
Trousers

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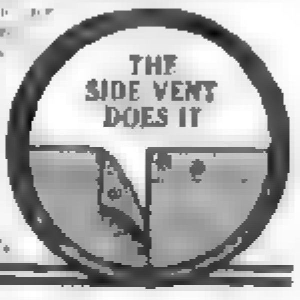
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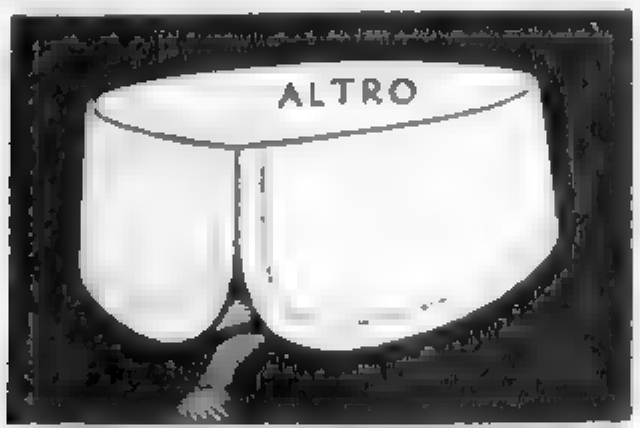

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reserves, as in each one of our national reserves, there could be established a perpetual game refuge.

This, and much more, certainly would be done if the Government at Washington or at the state capital really knew anything about the terrible insistence of the American people on outdoor sports. They want something to kill; will go anywhere to kill it. In five years there will hardly be left a big game animal alive west of the Mississippi River, unless on some protected tract. Has the Government at Washington, in its plan for a commercial nestegg, reflected upon the necessity for including wild game under the same sheltering cloak that it offers to wild trees? Asking such questions at times one becomes disgusted, knowing that the answer will be of a commercialism wholly without intelligence or thrift.

Here are some of the things which, in the belief of many thoughtful sportsmen and naturalists, ought to be done here in the United States: We should make every one of our forest reserves also a game reserve, and we should establish many game refuges that are not forest reserves. We should encourage the creation of a state game park or preserve in Estes Park, Colorado, and we should beseech Mr. Joseph Cannon to allow us to establish the Appalachian national reserve, not only as a forest, but as a game refuge. We ought to abolish the use of wild game as a marketable commodity. We ought to prohibit the carrying of a gun by any unnaturalized alien. We ought to have a gun-license law in every state, and ought by national law to prohibit spring shooting in every part of the United States. Local game laws have proved themselves to be worthless in America. Perpetual game refuges and universal game seasons, all across the country, seem to be the only hope of the solution of the out-of-doors question in America.

Whatever the "interests" may say against the Administration of President Roosevelt, and however the members of the opposing political party may revile him, the average American, who at heart thinks just about the same way Theodore Roosevelt does, will be apt to remember him for a few of the minor and less known things that he did in the savings-bank line. Here are just a few which politicians have overlooked:

The North American Conservation Commission of 1909, which declared for game protection. The Wichita Game Refuge of Oklahoma, in 1902. The Alaska Game Laws of 1902 and 1907. The extension of the Yellowstone Park buffalo herd, in 1902, and the vigorous protective measures in that park, as shown in 1907 and 1908. The prohibiting of hunting or trapping on the military reservation of Fort Niobrara of 1908. The Grand Cañon Game Refuge in Arizona, in 1906. The Montana National Bison Range Law, 1908, and strengthening measures, passed in 1909. The creation, in 1909, of the Mount Olympus National Monument of Washington, and the Superior National Forest and Game Preserve in Minnesota. Lastly, the establishment of fifty-three Federal bird refuges.

That sort of record is easy to explain.

CANNONISM

(Continued from Page 4)

that way in real war. At any rate, Mr. Clark thought he saw, after his first surprise, a chance for a real victory, and instead of stopping to talk about it and opening his proposition to all sorts of amendments he made straight for the goal line. But he failed to reach it. The motion for the previous question does not of itself end debate and amendment. It is simply a device for giving the House a chance to declare whether it has had enough of both. In this case a majority thought Mr. Clark too enthusiastic. It voted him down, thereby terminating his leadership, and his interregnum ended as haplessly as it had begun unexpectedly. But it will serve a useful purpose if it may convey a warning to gentlemen who, in the seclusion of newspaper offices, are ready to revise rules they have never seen, and if it may lead them to devote a little patient study to the structure and the real meaning of a procedure which for more than a century has been laboriously built up for the good government of the American people and the preservation of their liberties.

The previous question is not a device of Mr. Cannon's contriving. It existed in a very mild form in the first Congress, and as the membership of the House increased and the business of the country grew the previous question was of necessity made more effective, and it reached its present form two generations ago. It would be interesting to note the effect upon the country if it were done away with for a single Congress. The Senate has reached the point in numbers where meritorious measures are sometimes abandoned, because of the threat to waste time in debate and make the transaction of business impossible. But the Senate is only one-fourth the size of the House. A minority of ordinary proportions in the latter body could talk to the end of a Congress, if not of time, if it desired to do so, and it could compel the adoption of any program that it proposed, or prevent the transaction of any business.

The Speaker, then, has little or nothing to do with imposing the limitation upon debate and amendment brought about by the previous question, but what of the transaction of business and the determining of its order? Here is where we are to find the very citadel of Cannonism, the arms and the chariot of the Czar. It is a far-spread notion that the order of business is determined by the nod of the Speaker, that nothing is called up without his consent, and that the majority obediently votes for whatever he wills shall pass. As to the order of business, the truth is that it is determined by rules that leave the Speaker only a very limited discretion. There are more than twenty-five thousand bills introduced in each Congress, and while there is an absolute equality among members, there must be an aristocracy among measures. Some must of necessity have the preference. The great appropriation bills and other measures vital to the general welfare must have the right-of-way. This precedence has been nicely worked out by long usage and is determined by the rule. When members rise in their places to make privileged motions the Speaker has no discretion. He must recognize them. And a very large part of the time of the House is consumed by privileged business. The appropriation bills carry a billion dollars each year, and the House must average to spend in the short session twenty million dollars every day. These bills consume far the greater part of the short session, when the House is in Committee of the Whole and the Speaker is not in the chair. As to the suggestion that the Speaker instructs the chairmen of the Committee of the Whole how to rule, the notion would, I fancy, surprise any one of the many men called upon to preside over the committee.

Then the rules set aside certain days for private bills and for the business of the District of Columbia, of which Congress is the local legislature. And in addition to all this, the question of consideration may be raised against any bill, privileged or non-privileged, and a majority of the House may refuse to consider it. Business is, of course, often transacted by unanimous consent. If the Speaker declines to recognize a member to ask such consent, he is in effect only objecting as any member has the right to do, the Speaker himself included. Under Mr. Reed's last Speakership a Populist member from Nebraska became aggrieved at something, and announced that he should object to all requests for unanimous consent. And each morning, as the Speaker would put the requests of members to the House, the gentleman from Nebraska would object. After two or three days of this procedure, instead of the Speaker's room being thronged with members seeking recognition to ask unanimous consent, it was deserted and the desk of the member from Nebraska was surrounded by members asking him not to object. And, as Mr. Dalzell said, the gentleman from Nebraska then became the Czar of the House. Under a rule adopted during the present Congress a calendar of requests for unanimous consent is established, which must be regularly called. This will relieve the Speaker of much importunity, but it remains to be seen whether it will prove a public benefit. On the theory that what is everybody's business is nobody's, much bad legislation has been passed by unanimous consent,

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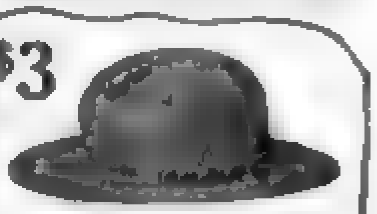

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and Speakers had become cautious in according recognition. And unless some member here and there shall, under the new practice, patriotically study such bills in advance, as the Speakers have done, and in suitable cases heroically interpose objections, without regard to his own popularity or the success of his own pet schemes, the change will not prove a wise one. On two days in each month motions may be made to suspend the rules and pass bills. This is the one case where the Speaker's prerogative of permitting business to be taken up is practically unlimited, and, strangely enough, comparatively little criticism is now heard of its exercise.

The Speaker is a member of the Committee on Rules, which has the power to bring in at any time a special order relating to procedure, but such an order must be passed by a majority of the House before it becomes operative. This puts it in the power of the House to deal with a filibuster or with any other extraordinary condition, or to take up some important bill out of its order. If it were not for this power the House would be a slave to its own calendar, and both parties when in power have sanctioned its exercise. Upon the question whether the Speaker should be a member of this committee, as much in my opinion can be said against it as for it, but in regard to the question of Cannonism it is pertinent to remember that the Speakers have been upon this committee for more than half a century.

As to his power to pass measures that he favors, the Speaker has his vote as a Representative, and quite often he has been found to be with the minority. There was never a more unbending man, nor one of higher intellectual capacity, in the Speaker's chair than Thomas B. Reed. He was strongly opposed to the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. And yet, although the measure was non-privileged and he was opposed to it as Speaker and as Representative, it was taken up and passed. His immediate successor, General Henderson, was a strong and popular Speaker. As the Administration leader in the House he made the utmost effort to carry out the program for Cuban reciprocity. It was a measure of great political importance and one upon which an adverse vote would have sealed the fate of any ministry under the parliamentary system. And yet, in a House strongly Republican, and in spite of everything the Speaker could do, an amendment killing the bill was passed by a large majority. And in this very Congress the man who succeeded General Henderson in office, Speaker Cannon, took the floor and made an impassioned speech for a great interest in his own district, and the House proceeded to vote him down by an overwhelming majority. If one stopped to think one would scarcely imagine that the Representatives of American constituencies would show themselves abject slaves of any man; and one has only to look carefully at the history of the House to see that the notion has no basis in fact. If the Speaker is a leader, it is only when he keeps himself in line with a majority of the House.

The Speaker as Watchdog

There is a function of the Speaker that is not commonly appreciated. Under the six years of Mr. Cannon's Speakership good and bad schemes upon our depleted national treasury, involving an aggregate amount of more than half a billion dollars, have been postponed or killed. Many of these schemes had patriotic and some of them interested supporters. But all alike, the patriot and the self-seeker, will under this supposed sway of what is called Cannonism charge their repulse up to the Speaker. Some good bills fail to overcome the conservatism or the inertia of Congress, and other bills, bad or questionable, do not pass; and with the many who are interested in them it is easy to load the responsibility upon the Speaker, for, of course, he is the autocrat of the House. And when the darling project of the individual member is not reached, or falls by the wayside—the little private claim of a constituent, trying to fasten itself upon the treasury, or the dredging of a creek or harbor, or the building of a post-office—quite too often the member in question is willing to absolve himself at the expense of the Speaker and to throw the responsibility upon the autocrat in the chair. And this is the unappreciated function of the Speaker. He may be a leader, but in the vernacular of the time he is also a nation's "goat."

But there is far too much of importance to be said about the American Speakership and its development to permit of a full treatment within the compass of this article. A great deal has been written and spoken upon the subject, much of it intelligent and candid, and much of it, too, apparently calling into play little beyond the ability to shriek "bloody tyranny." Our Speakership is an American institution, and as the political parties have alternately secured possession of it they have maintained it substantially unchanged. Those who would create a Speaker upon the British model do not keep in mind the fundamental difference between the two systems of government. In England the leading minister of the Crown in the House of Commons is the leader of that body. There is a blending of the legislative and executive departments. The government leader, surrounded by a cordon of powerful ministers, represents the Crown and also directs the affairs of the House. Under such a system it would be most incongruous to have a leader in the chair, and the man chosen as Speaker is usually a man respectable in point of talent, but one who has not been a leader. And as to the private members—let me say in passing—who make up the great mass of the House and whose condition is so much regretted by those who deplore our own system, the private member is one whom Aristotle would probably have defined as a "voting animal." In point of independence and opportunity his position is not comparable with that of the American Representative.

The Leader of the House

But in America we have no such blending of governmental functions as is characteristic of Great Britain. Here the Constitution creates separate departments. We have Congress at one end of the Avenue passing the laws, and the President at the other end executing them, and each is independent of the other. But there must be unity to a government like ours, and while its great departments are coördinate and equal, they cannot work at cross purposes, but must understand each other and pull together in matters of vital concern. An apparent gap in our Constitution, seen in the very independence of our departments, has seemed to require the evolution of a leader, who might in the first instance, at least, represent the legislative department, as the President does the executive.

The Vice-President has not thus far developed into an officer of commanding political importance. He presides over the Senate, but he is not chosen by it and is not even a member of it, and it is natural that he should receive no encouragement to exercise more than the barest powers conferred upon him by the Constitution.

Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that the Speaker should come to represent preëminently the legislative department, and it is a somewhat superfluous learning that would curiously attribute the political development of the office to a desire to follow the colonial models. He is chosen by his colleagues out of the membership of the numerous legislative body made up of Representatives chosen directly by the people. And coincidently with the development of political parties in the United States the Speaker appeared as a political leader. He undoubtedly has been useful in promoting that degree of understanding between the legislative and executive departments necessary to harmonious action upon vital policies of government. And those Speakers have most successfully performed that function who did not concern themselves too much with petty details, and who realized that they were the leaders of equals, whose opinions they represented but did not create. It may be that abstractly some other sort of Speakership would be better, but it would require to accompany it other important changes in our system. The American Speakership is a development moulded by more than a century of fierce struggle, controlled now by one party and now by another, and it is better fitted to our needs than would be an importation from a different kind of government. For it takes very little of political philosophy to discern the superiority of those governmental agencies that are a growth and an adaptation to the conditions encountered in actual experience.

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GOOD MEN AND TRUE

(Continued from Page 11)

George frequented the real-estate section on legitimate, if trivial, pretexts connected with Hibler's business; demanding vacation from that legal luminary on his arrival. Pringle waxed talkative with visiting and resident cowmen, among whom exists a curious freemasonry, informal but highly effective.

Moreover, Pringle disregarded his own explicit instructions. Such cowmen as he knew well—and trusted—began to infest Juarez. Their mere orders—for he gave them no reasons—were to watch either Thorpe or Patterson if they visited the Mexican city; also any obnoxiously fat men with whom they should hold conference, and to report progress.

The four friends between them watched Thorpe in all his doings, dogged his footsteps by night and by day—passed him from one to the other like the button in the game—with such vigilance that at the end of the week they had discovered no single thing to their help

Thorpe loitered through life in sybaritic fashion; rose late, fared sumptuously; gave a little time to the real-estate office in which he was investing partner; more to political conferences. In the afternoons he rode or motored; sometimes he dropped in to the Fire Company's bowling alley instead, combating a certain tendency to corpulence.

For the rest there was dinner at his club; bridge with a select coterie, or perhaps the theater; occasionally, a social function. And the day usually ended with a visit to the big Turkish Baths on Franklin Street, another precaution against fatness. Nothing could be more open and aboveboard than this respectable gentleman's walk and auto.

Patterson's doings were much the same, save that he shunned the little entertainments where the Judge shone with a warm and mellow splendor, and ventured often into that quarter of the town that was Leo's particular care, breaking rather more than his full quota of windows. He made also a brief trip to Silver City, on which occasion Pringle again violated his own orders by sending red-headed Joe Cowan, cowboy, of Organ, as an observer for the G. M. A. T.—to no benefit to the society.

Patterson had gone to look over a mining proposition for a client.

Only one thing had occurred so far which the most besotted optimist could interpret as even a possible confirmation of their suspicions.

One night, the fourth of their surveillance, Judge Thorpe took a late street car for Juarez, foregoing the baths. When he alighted from it, at Calle San Rafael, John Wesley Pringle also left the car on the farther side and walked smartly away.

Thorpe having turned eastward, Pringle came back and trailed along far behind. He dared not follow closely; if Thorpe's suspicions should be aroused it would go hard with Jeff. He preferred to risk losing his man rather than to risk the consequences of an alarm.

And lose him he did. The Judge turned to the left at Terrasas Street. Pringle was just a little too far behind. He made haste to come up, but when he reached the corner the Judge was out of sight; nor could he catch the trail again. And the Judge returned to El Paso without being seen again.

Of the other labors of the four friends during this weary time; of myriad casual questions that came to naught; of unnumbered fat men traced, unsuspecting, to their blameless homes; of hope deferred, disappointments, fastings, vain vigils, and all their acts—behold! are they not written in the book of Lost Endeavor?

. . . .

Meanwhile Jeff read many books, he practiced his typewriting, he baited Mac mercilessly, he experimented with new dishes procured by that trusty henchman; and day by day he noted in the papers little personals:

"Understand situation perfectly that quick move will jeopardize"; "Making haste slowly to come to aid of party, whereabouts unknown sit steady"; and others, variously worded to report no progress, to extol the difficult virtue of patience and to recommend its practice—always with a fragment from one of the catchword sentences for an identification tag.

At last, on a happy day, there came to the Judge's office, demanding and receiving brief audience, a fat man with an indictable face; a man disreputable, vast and unkempt, with a sloven's shoebrush for beard. Him, so propitiously ill-favored, Aughinbaugh dogged to Leo's satrapy. There Leo took cognizance of him and, after a window-breaking progress, companied him to Juarez.

Mindful of Pringle's adventure and mishap with the Judge he took a long chance. Reasoning that, if their theories held good, this man would take the same route the Judge did, Leo left the car at the first street before San Rafael and followed it eastward till he came to Calle Terrasas. After heartbreaking delay he had the satisfaction of seeing his man turn the corner above and come lurching on his way. Apparently the delay had not been totally unconnected with the wineshops en route.

Leo took refuge in a curio store, buying things he did not in the least want. Emerging with his compulsory parcels, he followed in the wake of the unwieldy leviathan to the International Hotel. Leo entered shortly after him, ordered supper and went into eclipse behind a paper. The big man took another at the bar, called for his key and stumbled upstairs.

Supper over, Leo loafed aimlessly; and so became involved in many games of pool with a person in a voluble plaid vest—who beat him shamefully. After this hanger-on had been encouraged a few times, a careless mention of the big man on the bat elicited the information that the big man's name was Borrowman, that he was off his schedule by reason of his hilarity, since he usually did night work—running a stationary engine, the pool shark thought, or something like that—that he was a sulky swine and several other things.

Ballinger lost enough more games and departed to 'phone Aughinbaugh. Not getting him, he next sent urgent summons to Billy Beebe's hotel, the whereabouts of John Wesley being problematical in the extreme. Mr. Beebe was not in; but the clerk would deliver any message when he came. So Leo made an appointment, naming a hostelry in the block adjacent to the International, whither he repaired, engaged a room and kept sharp watch till Billy came.

After consultation, Billy registered at the International. Borrowman had not seen him before, whereas he might easily remember Ballinger's face and become suspicious. This was no ordinary chase: an alarm meant, in this case, not a mere temporary setback, but irremediable disaster. Leo went to El Paso, left an ad. with the papers, the purport of the same being that the search was "getting warm for enemy of good men and true," and then hunted up Pringle and Aughinbaugh. They returned to Juarez and there separated, to a loitering patrol of the streets east, south and north of the International House.

Billy passed a tedious evening in the office and barroom of the International. At midnight Borrowman had not shown up as expected; it began to look as though his work had gone by the board for that night. But he came down shortly before one, little the worse for his liquor, and set forth at once.

When Borrowman came out he turned east at the first corner. A little in front of him was a slim and sauntering youth—Aughinbaugh by name—who presently quickened his pace and drew ahead, keeping straight on. Far behind Beebe brought up the rear, and on the next streets, paralleling the quarry's course, came Pringle on the north and Ballinger on the south, with varying gaits; one or the other waiting at each corner till the chase had crossed between them.

So the pursuit drew on for blocks. Aughinbaugh was far ahead, when, near the town's edge, Borrowman turned to the left again, northward to the river. The chase wheeled with him—Pringle, a block to the north, crossed the street openly and walked briskly ahead; Billy turned riverward on the street west of him; Aughinbaugh brought up the east side, and Ballinger fell in behind.

There was no more doubling. Pringle, in front, saw the river close ahead. The end must be near; he turned east into a side street and disappeared. Borrowman kept straight on; Ballinger, hidden in a doorway, close behind, saw him enter an

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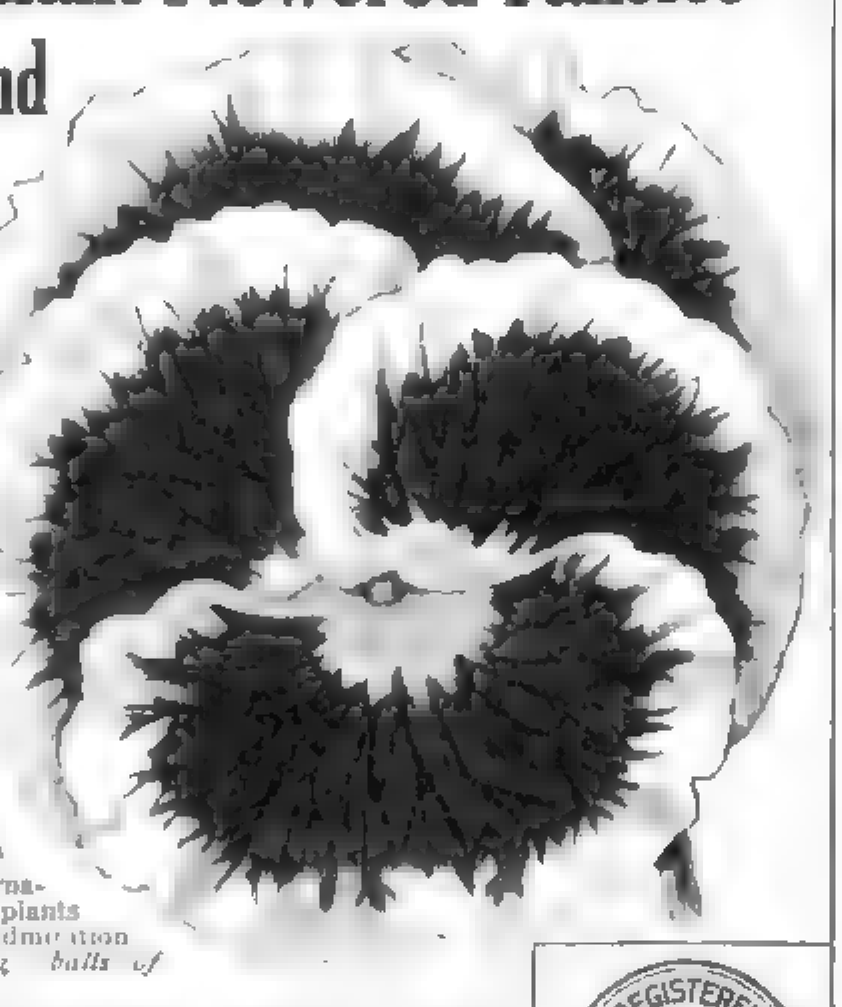

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adobe house on the river bank. It was a dark and shuttered house; no light appeared from within, but smoke was rising from the chimney.

Ballinger turned back, rounded the block and so foregathered with Aughinbaugh and Pringle. After a long wait Beebe joined them, guided at the last by sundry guarded whistlings; slowly, stealthily, tiptoe, they glided through the rustling shadows to reconnoiter.

The old adobe was flat-roofed and one-storied, as usual. They found chinks in the shuttered windows. No fire was to be seen; the smoke came from an underground room; the hunt was over.

Billy plucked Pringle by the sleeve and bent over, clasping Leo in a fond embrace. After wordless investigation of this human stairway, by sense of touch, Pringle stepped from Billy's back to Ballinger's broad shoulders, and so wriggled to the roof with noiseless caution.

After an hour-long infinity he reappeared, bulked black and startling against the starlight; descended, led his little flock to the safety of the open *playa* by the river bank and made exultant oration:

"Jeff's there! Having the time of his life! Chimney goes straight down; I could hear every word they said. They're a clever gang of all-round crooks, counterfeiters, smugglers and what-not. Thorpe is the brains. They have a stand-in with some of the officials and police. This cellar was used as a warehouse for storing Chinamen, to be smuggled across in boatload lots. The other man on guard is fat, as we expected, and better looking than Borrowman. He was hopping mad at Borrowman for getting full and leaving him on guard overtime; threatened him with discipline, gave him a tongue-lashing—Jeff egging him on, enjoying himself very much and urging Borrowman not to stand such abuse. He wouldn't trust Jeff to Borrowman till he was comparatively sober; cussed him again and made him turn in to sleep it off. So of course they'll both be here all night."

"Why, how can you tell that this other man is better looking than Borrowman?" asked George, puzzled. "You couldn't possibly see him."

"Suppose I didn't—I've seen Borrowman, haven't I?" retorted Pringle triumphantly.

"What else did you gather?" asked Billy.

"Well, not much except that we had it all figured out about right. They kept him there at first to make him join 'em. He wouldn't, and what they are keeping him for instead of wiping him out I don't just see. I'd sure hate to have to keep him. And now, boys, us for El Paso, U. S. A. No more to be done here tonight."

"How are we going to get him out without getting him slightly killed?" demanded George. "I can sit down in an office and study things out, all right—I learned deduction from observing Hibler's methods of settling up estates. But when it comes to violent action I don't know which foot goes first."

"Easiest thing there is," said Pringle. "We'll put him wise by a personal. Tomorrow we'll keep out of sight for a day to give him time to see it. We'll get a hook, a line and a gun, wait till only one man is with Jeff, till Jeff is standing by the fire, and till he gives us the signal we mention in our little ad. Then we let the gun down the chimney to him and he'll do the rest. Why, it's the only way! There ain't no other way, and couldn't be. Two days more and the jig is strictly up. Let's go home and sleep those two days."

This was Wednesday in the wee sma' hours. On Friday Jeff found this communication in his morning paper:

> *Run to earth hear everything by hot air now is time for party to aid himself tonight at nine sharp be at fire signal when ready by cowboy's lament hold fast all six fine friends I give you.*

Jeff was pleased. Yet this was the hardest day of his captivity. He made things very unpleasant for Borrowman, who was on guard, his drunk having disarranged the previous schedule. The day dragged slowly on. Mac came at seven and Borrowman left as soon as supper was cooked.

Jeff had let the fire run low. He stood with his back to it, carrying on an earnest conversation with Mac, who sat on the bed.

"What time is it, Mac?"

"Eight-feefty."

"Most bedtime," said Jeff, yawning. "Can't you manage to stick it out till this time tomorrow night?" he demanded querulously. "That'll put it back the way it was, so Borrowman'll be on while I'm asleep. That filthy brute ain't fit for a gentleman to associate with. Besides, he'll be letting me get away."

"He's all that and worse," said Mac, grinning toothsomely, "but he'll na let ye get away. Man, I jalouse he fair aches to kill ye. Ye treat him with much disrespect. Ye'll na get away from him or me, neither. We'll hold you here till crack o' doom, if need be."

"Oh, yes, I'll escape sooner or later, of course," said Jeff pleasantly. "And that reminds me—I'll be wanting a hat before long. I wish you'd get me a good one. You didn't fetch mine here, you know. I suppose the barrel of Broderick's gun cut it. Certainly it did. How else could it have cut my head open so? Get a J. B., 7¼, four-inch brim, pearl gray. It'll supply a long-wanted felt."

"Ye'll need no hat. Ye canna escape. It is na possible. If ye do, ye may e'en take my hat, for I'll no be needin' it mair."

"Oh, well, I'll not argue with you. It just ruffles you up, without convincing you of your error," said Jeff. "But you're wrong." He turned his face to the fire and lightly hummed the first line of the Cowboy's Lament:

As I rode down the Latern in Barin ——

Immediately the long, blue barrel of a .45 came into his view from down the chimney. Jeff disengaged it from the hook and slipped it under his coat. He jerked the line slightly; it was drawn up. Jeff left the fire and sat down, facing Mac across the table.

"Mac what?" he demanded. "We've spent a good many pleasant days together, but I don't know your name till this very yet. Mac what?"

"It is no new thing for men of my blood to be nameless," said Mac composedly. His voice took on a tone of pride; his bearing was not without a certain dignity. "For generations we were a race proscribit, outlawed, homeless and nameless. The curse of yon wild man Ishmael was ours, and the portion of unblessed Esau—to live by the sword alone wi' the dews of heaven for dwelling-place. Who hasna heard of the Gregara?"

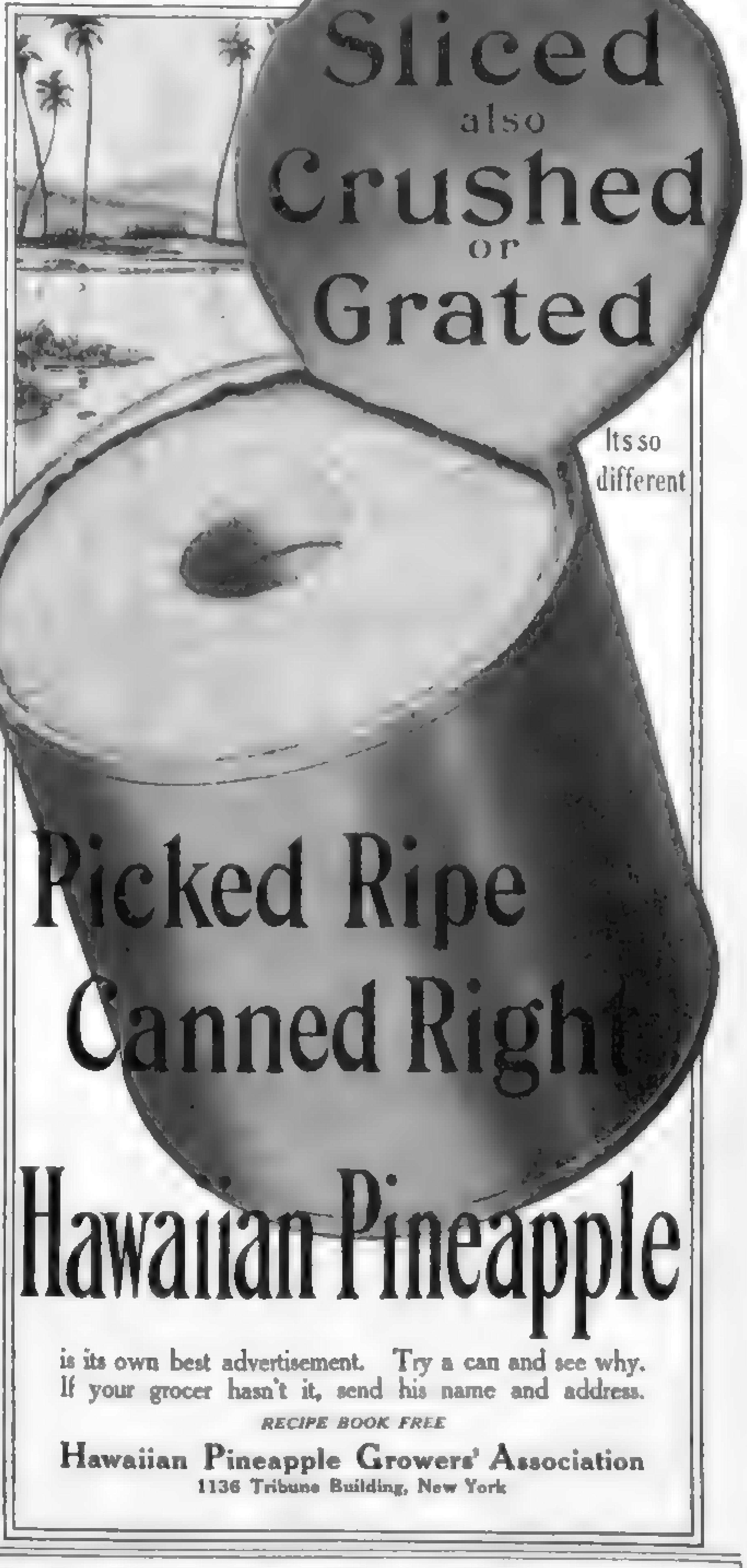
"Oh! So you're a MacGregor? Well, Mr. MacGregor, it is likewise said in that same book that they who take up the sword shall perish by the sword," said Jeff, fondling the gun handle beneath the table. "It seems almost a pity that an exception should be made in your case. For you have your points; I'll not deny it. Of course, you richly deserve to be hung on the same scaffold with Thorpe. But you are so much the more wholesome scoundrel of the two, so straightforward and thoroughgoing in your villainy, that I must admit that I shall feel a certain regret at seeing you make such an unsatisfactory end. Besides, you don't deserve it from me. If Thorpe had listened to you I would never have escaped to hang you both."

"Let me tell you then," said MacGregor with spirit, "that I could hang in no better company. And I shall na stumble on the gallows-steps. Dinna trouble yourself. If I could hang for him it would be na mair than he has deservit at my hands. He has been staunch wi' me. Wi' wealth and name to lose, he broke me out of San Saba prison wi' his own hands, where else I had been rotting now. But we talk foolishness." He tamped tobacco into his pipe, struck a match and held it over the bowl.

"I assure you that I do not," said Jeff earnestly. The long barrel leaped to level with sinister exultance, as he rose. "Hold your hands there, Mr. MacGregor—it'll warm your fingers."

The MacGregor held his fingers there, eying the unwavering blue barrel steadily. He kept his pipe going. Bransford could not withhold his admiration for such surly, indomitable courage. Making a wary circuit to the rear of the defeated warrior, and keeping him covered, he gingerly reached forth to take the MacGregor gun. "Now you can take 'em down. Come on, boys—all clear!" he said, raising his voice.

Sound of running feet from above; the outer door smashed open. Mac flung his hat over to Jeff and sat glowering in wordless rage. Footsteps hurried down the stairs and the passageway. An axe hewed at the door. It crashed in; Pringle, gun



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in hand, burst through the splintered woodwork; the others pressed behind. John Wesley leaned upon his axe, fumbled at his coat pocket, and extended the famous leather bottle:

"Well, Brutus, old pal, we meet again! Shall we smile?"

. . . .

"Now, we must get to work," said Jeff, after hurried mutual explanations. "The natural impulse is to throw the customs house into the river, to link arms and walk up Main Street, five abreast, pushing the policemen off of the curb, raising our feet high and bringing them down ker-smack—hay-foot, straw-foot, right foot, left: now is the time for all good men—and the rest of it But, perhaps, it wouldn't be wise. We've got to catch Thorpe off his guard—and that may be hard to do ——"

Wes' pulled him down and whispered in his ear. Jeff's face became radiant.

"And after we have him safe we'll get the others. Let's go down to the bank and steal a boat. Boys, this is Mr. MacGregor. We'll take him with us. Mac, you'd better tie a handkerchief around your head. You'll take cold."

"Ye canna take a man from Mexico without extradeetion papers. It's fair keednappin'," said Mac with a leer.

"So we can't, so we can't," said Jeff pleasantly. "Not live men. Go first. If you don't come quietly ——"

"Dinna tell me," said the MacGregor scornfully. "Would I no have done as much for you? But let me tell you one thing—and that is that ye are showing small thanks to Thorpe for sparing your life."

"Fudge! I didn't ask him for my life and I owe him no gratitude," said Jeff. "It was a square contract. I was to hang him if I could escape—and I had practically escaped when he agreed to it, except for the mere detail of time. I am doing nothing unfair. Go on!"

"You're right, 'twas a contract—I'll say nae mair," admitted Mac grudgingly, and went up the stair.

Once on the street, however, he paused. "Mr. Bransford, there have been kindly passages atween us. Let me have a word more."

"Well?" said Jeff.

The outlaw sat him down on a crumbling wall. "I value your good opeenion, Mr. Bransford, and I would not have ye judge that fear held me from fightin' ye, drop or no drop. 'Twould have done no good to any one and I should certainly have been killed. Man, ye've a grand idea of strategy yourself. I wouldna hae ye think I'm daft enough to throw away my life to no good purpose. But here the case is verra diff'rent. There are no thick walls now to muffle the noise: ye canna keel me wi'oot muckle deesturbance, bringing the police on ye. Thorpe has friends here, verra alert folk—and 'gin he gets wind o' any deesturbance at just this place—ye see!" He wagged his head in slow cunning; he drew in a long breath. "*Ho!*" he bellowed. "*Ho! Murder!*"

"Damnation!" said Jeff, and sprang at his throat. The others had his arms: they pulled him down, fighting savagely, turned him over, piled on his back, and gagged him. But it was too late. Two policemen were already running down the street. The neighbors, however, kept prudently within doors.

"Jeff, you and Pringle hike for the U. S. A.," gasped Leo. "Get Thorpe, anyhow. I'll tap this devil dumb, and stay here and stand the gaff, to give you a start."

"Hold on! Don't do it," said Beebe. "Let me talk to the policemen. Do you tie Mr. MacGregor up."

"Talk to—why you can't even speak Spanish!" said Pringle

"You don't know me. Watch!" said Billy.

Without waiting for further remonstrance he went to meet the advancing officers. They halted; there was a short colloquy and, to the amazement of the three friends, they turned amicably back together and passed from sight at the next corner.

"Let me make a suggestion," said Aughinbaugh. "Lug this gentleman back to Jeff's quarters, tie him up tight, and I think I can undertake to keep him while you get your man. As soon as you have Thorpe, see Tillotson's lawyers and let them swear out warrants for the arrest of Patterson and Krouse, and then take steps to secure Borrowman and Mr. MacGregor legally. You might send some one—or two, or three—over right away, in case Mr. Borrowman drops in. He might eat me if he found me there alone. For myself, I am not sorry to remain in the background. I have no desire for prominence. You fellows are going back to Rainbow—and you're used to trouble anyway, so it's all very well for you. But I have to stay here and I'm a legal-minded person, anyway. I've no desire to make a lot of enemies There's no knowing how many leading lights may be implicated in this thing when they go to turning state's evidence."

Here he was interrupted by a kick from the gagged prisoner. It was not a vicious kick and evidently meant only to attract attention. They bent over him. He was shaking his head; in the starlight his eyes blazed denial.

"I didn't mean you," said George, respectfully and apologetically. "I'm sure you wouldn't do such a thing. But Borrowman might, and Patterson will be even more likely to betray the others to save his own neck."

The eyes expressed gloomy agreement. At Pringle's urging, Mac consented to walk back down to the underground room. That wily veteran evidently reserved his stubbornness till there was a chance to accomplish something by it. They were binding him to the bed when Billy rejoined them. "Well! Wherever did you learn Spanish, Billy?" said Pringle curiously.

"It wasn't Spanish—not exactly," said that accomplished linguist modestly. "It was a sort of Esperanto. I met them with a cocked revolver in one hand and a roll of bills in the other. They took the bills."

Jeff's sprightly spirits were somewhat dampened. "Whoever would have looked for such stubborn loyalty from this battered old rascal?" he demanded, sighing. "Even Thorpe is not altogether to be despised—or pitied. He had a friend. By Heavens, Mac! I'll take every precaution to hold fast to you—but I find it in my heart to hope you get away in spite of me." He bent over and met the dauntless eyes; he laid his fingers on Mac's hair, almost tenderly. "I'll tell him, old man," he whispered.

. . . .

Judge Thorpe was particularly well pleased with himself. After a prosperous and profitable day and a pleasant evening at his club he bethought himself of his old relentless enemy, obesity, and made his way to the Turkish baths.

He had been boiled, baked and basted, and now lay swathed in linen on a marble slab, blissfully drowsy, waiting to be curried. He was more than half asleep when the operator came.

When the currying process began, however, the Judge noticed that the hostler seemed anything but an expert. Why had they not sent Gibbons as usual? He opened his eyes, intending remonstrance, but closed them immediately; they were playing tricks on him. A curious thing! The white-tunicked attendant, seen through the curling spirals of steam, looked startlingly like his prisoner in Juarez. The Judge's heart skipped a beat or two and then started with a fearful thumping.

The rubber plied his mitten briskly; the Judge opened his eyes again. Of course the prisoner was safe; the illusion was doubtless the effect of the perspiration beading his eyelashes. The billowy vapor parted, the industrious attendant bent impersonally over him with a severe, benevolent look—Good Heavens!

The Judge's heart died horribly within him, his tongue was dry, his bones turned to water and his flesh to a quivering jelly. He cast a beseeching look to the open door Beyond it, looking idly in, were three men in street clothes. They entered, ranging themselves silently against the wall. They looked amused. Thorpe's lips moved, but no words came.

Jeff Bransford rubbed away assiduously; there was a quizzical glint in his pleasant brown eyes. "My wife, Judge," he said cheerfully, jerking his head to introduce Beebe, "and my two boys, Wes' and Leo. Fine, well-grown boys, aren't they?" He prodded the Judge's ribs with a jocular thumb "Say, Judge—how about that presentiment now?"

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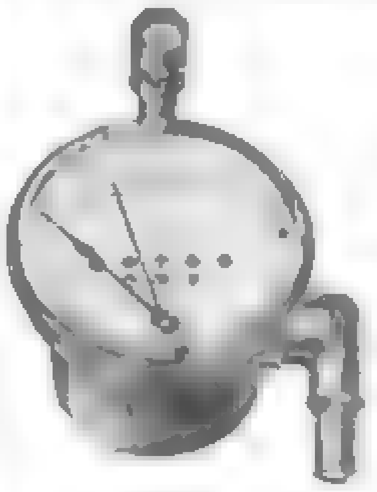

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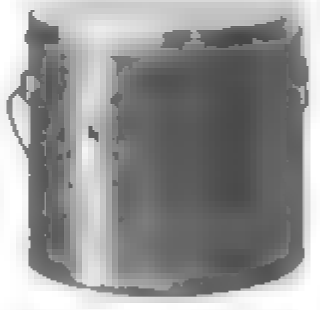

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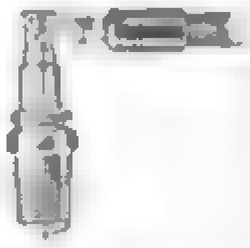

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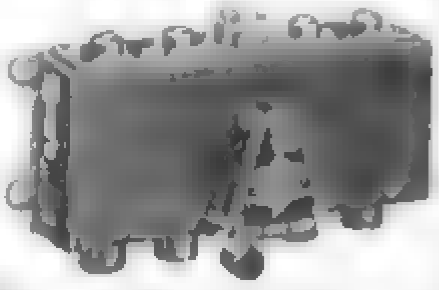

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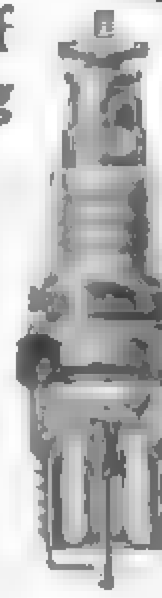

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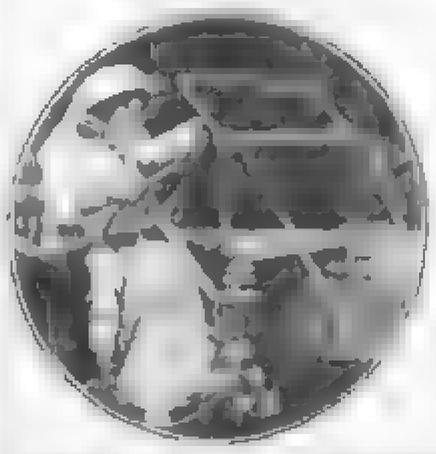

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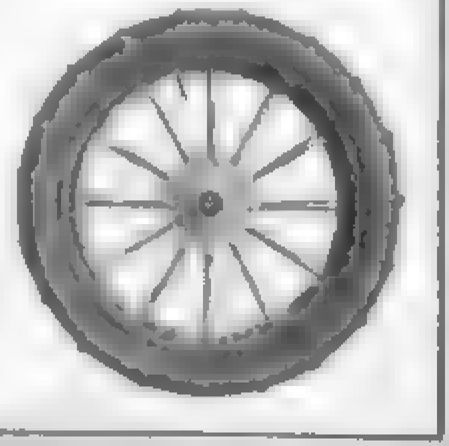

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THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

tall and was a decided blond, while Chester Prosnauer, whom he knew by sight only, was as large as Marks Pasinsky himself.

"Who could that be, I wonder?" Abe murmured.

"It was a gentleman staying over at the Altringham," the clerk said.

"Then it couldn't be them," Abe concluded. "If Pasinsky comes back you should please tell him to wait. I will be back here at six, sure."

He made immediately for the business premises of Mandleberger Brothers & Co., where he found Simon Kuhner hard at work in his office.

"Hallo, Abe!" Kuhner cried as Abe entered. "They told me you was a fit subject for crutches when I asked for you the other day."

"Who told you?" Abe said without further preface. "Marks Pasinsky?"

"Marks Pasinsky?" Kuhner repeated. "Why, no. He didn't mention your name, Abe. Do you know Marks Pasinsky, too?"

"Do I know him, too?" Abe almost shrieked. "A question! Ain't he selling goods for me?"

"Is he?" Kuhner said.

"Is he!" Abe cried. "Why, you don't mean to tell me that feller ain't been in here yet?"

"Sure he was in here," Kuhner replied, "but he didn't say nothing about selling goods for you. In fact, he got a fine order from me, Abe, for a concern which I never done business with before. People by the name Sammet Brothers. What's the matter, Abe? Are you sick?"

Abe gurgled once or twice and clutched at his collar.

"Did you got the samples here what he shows you?" he managed to gasp.

"Why, Abe, what's troubling you?" Kuhner said. "A sick man like you shouldn't be attending to business at all."

"Never mind me," Abe cried. "What about them samples, Kuhner?"

"He left some samples with me, and I was to ship 'em to Sammet Brothers."

"Did you ship 'em yet?" Abe exclaimed.

"Why, what's the matter, Abe?" Kuhner commenced soothingly.

"The matter is," Abe shouted, "them samples is my samples, and there's some monkey business here."

"Monkey business!" Kuhner said. "What sort of monkey business?"

"I don't know," Abe replied, "but I'm going to find out right away. Promise me you wouldn't ship them samples till I come back."

"Sure I will promise you, Abe," Kuhner declared. "When will you be back?"

"Tomorrow morning some time," Abe concluded as he rose to leave. "I got to see a lawyer and make this here feller Pasinsky arrested."

"Don't do nothing rash, Abe," Kuhner advised.

"I won't do nothing rash," Abe promised. "I'll kill him, that's what I'll do."

He took the stairs three at a jump and fairly ran to the drygoods store of the Arcade Mercantile Company.

"Mr. Prosnauer," he cried as he burst into Prosnauer's office in the cloak department, "my name is Mr. Potash, of Potash & Perlmutter, from New York. Did you seen it my salesman, Marks Pasinsky?"

"Sit down, Mr. Potash," Prosnauer said, "and don't excite yourself."

"I ain't exciting myself," Abe exclaimed. "I don't got to excite myself, Mr. Prosnauer. I am excited enough already when I think to myself that that lowlife Pasinsky takes my samples out of my store and comes here with my money and gets an order from you for four thousand dollars for Klinger & Klein."

"Not so fast, Mr. Potash," Prosnauer began. "I've known Marks Pasinsky for a number of years. He and I play auction pinocle together every Saturday night when he is in Chicago, and ——"

"Auction pinocle!" Abe interrupted, throwing up his hands. "*Das fehlt nur noch!*"

"As I was saying, Mr. Potash," Prosnauer went on with a withering glance at Abe, "those samples are outside, and Pasinsky has asked me to ship them to Klinger & Klein, and ——"

"Ship 'em!" Abe cried. "You shouldn't ship nothing. Them samples belongs to me."

"How do I know that?" Prosnauer asked. "Is your name engraved on 'em?"

"All right," Abe cried, jumping to his feet. "All right, Mr. Prosnauer. If you are going to make jokes with me I got nothing to say, but I give you warning that you should do absolutely nothing with them samples till I send a sheriff round for them."

"Now you're making threats," said Prosnauer.

"With people like Marks Pasinsky," Abe retorted as he paused at the door, "I don't got to make no threats. I know who I am dealing with, Mr. Prosnauer, and so, instead I should make threats I go right away and see a lawyer, and he will deliver the goods. That's all I got to say."

"Hold on there, Potash," Prosnauer cried. "It ain't necessary for you to see a lawyer. Prove to me that you own the samples and you can have 'em."

Abe hesitated.

"Well," he said, "if you would hold it them samples till tomorrow noon, Mr. Prosnauer, I'll give you all the proofs you want."

"Very well," Prosnauer said. "I'll hold them. When will you be back?"

"Before twelve tomorrow," Abe replied. "Believe me, Mr. Prosnauer, I ain't so stuck on paying lawyers. If I can settle this thing up nice and friendly I would do so."

They shook hands, and Abe retraced his steps to the hotel, where he again inquired for Marks Pasinsky.

"He hasn't come back yet, Mr. Potash," the clerk said, and Abe retired to the writing-room and smoked a cigar by way of a sedative.

From six o'clock that evening until midnight he smoked so many sedative cigars and made so many fruitless inquiries at the desk for Marks Pasinsky, that his own nerves as well as the night clerk's were completely shattered. Before Abe retired he paid a farewell visit to the desk, and both he and the clerk gave vent to their emotions in a great deal of spirited profanity.

There was no rest for Abe that night, and when at length he fell asleep it was almost daylight. He awoke at nine and, dressing himself fireman fashion, he hurried to the desk.

"What time did Marks Pasinsky come in?" he asked the clerk.

"Why, Mr. Pasinsky didn't come in at all," the clerk replied.

Abe pushed his hat back from his forehead.

"Say, young feller," he said, "do you got the gall to tell me that Marks Pasinsky ain't come back since he went over to the Altringham with that short, dark feller yesterday afternoon?"

"Call me a liar, why don't you?" the clerk retorted.

"You're a fresh young feller!" Abe exclaimed. "Couldn't you answer a civil question?"

"Ah, don't be worrying me with your troubles!" the clerk snarled. "Go over to the Altringham yourself, if you think I'm stringing you."

Abe turned without another word and hustled over to the Altringham.

"Do you know a feller by the name Marks Pasinsky?" he asked the clerk.

"Is he a guest of the house?" the clerk said.

"He's a big feller with a stovepipe hat and curly hair," Abe replied, "and he came in here yesterday afternoon with a short, dark feller what is stopping here. This here Pasinsky is stopping where I am, but he ain't showed up all night, and I guess he's stayed here with that short, dark feller."

The clerk touched a bell.

"Front," he said, "show this gentleman up to eighty-nine."

"Eighty-nine?" Abe cried. "Who's up in eighty-nine?"

"Tall, curly-haired gentleman came in here yesterday afternoon with a short, dark gentleman name of Katzen and ——"

Abe clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Arthur Katzen!" he cried.

The clerk nodded.

"Short, dark feller," Abe murmured as he followed the bell-boy. "Why didn't I think of Arthur Katzen before?"

He entered the elevator, feeling as though he were walking in his sleep; nor

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did the jolt with which he was shot up to the eighth floor awaken him. His conductor led him down the corridor and was about to knock at room eighty-nine when Abe seized him by the arm.

"Hold on," Abe whispered. "The door is open."

They tiptoed up to the half-open door and, holding himself well within the shadow of the corridor, Abe peeped in. It was ten o'clock of a sunny fall day, but the dark shades of room eighty-nine were drawn and the electric lights were blazing away as though it were still midnight. Beneath the lights was a small, oblong table at which sat three men, and in front of each of them stood a small pile of chips. Marks Pasinsky was dealing.

"A-ah, Katzen, you ruined that hand," Marks Pasinsky said as he flipped out the cards three at a time. "Why didn't you lead it out the ace of *Schüppe* right at the start? What did you expect to do with it? Eat it?"

Katzen nodded sleepily.

"The way I feel now, Pasinsky, I could eat most anything," he retorted. "I could eat a round trip, if I had a cup of coffee with it, so hungry I am. Let's have some supper."

"Supper!" Pasinsky cried. "What do you want supper for? The game is young yet."

"Shall I tell you something?" the third hand—a stranger to Abe—said. "You both played that hand like *Strohschneider*. Pasinsky sits there with two nines of trump in his hand and don't lead 'em through me. You could have beat me by a million very easy."

He waved his hand with the palm outward and flapped his four fingers derisively.

"You call yourself a pinocle player!" he jeered, and fell to twisting his huge red mustache with his fingers.

Abe nodded an involuntary approval, and then as silently as they had arrived he and the bell-boy retreated toward the elevator shaft.

"Dem guys is card fiends all right," the bell-boy commented. "Dey started in at five o'clock last night."

As they waited for the elevator the strains of a piano came from the floor below.

"What's that?" Abe exclaimed.

"Dat's anudder member of de gang," the bell-boy replied. "Dat's Mr. Rabiner. He quit a big loser about one o'clock dis mornin'."

Abe handed his informant a dime.

"Take me to his room," he said.

VI

THE bell-boy led the way to the seventh floor and conducted Abe to the door of Rabiner's room.

"Dat's a pretty sad spiel dat guy is tearin' off," he commented. "It makes me tink of a dago funeral."

Abe nodded. He knocked at the door, and Liszt's transcription of the *Liebestod* ceased immediately.

"Well?" Mozart Rabiner cried and, for answer, Abe opened the door.

"Hallo, Moe!" he said. "You don't know me. What? I'm Abe Potash."

"Oh, hello, Potash!" Rabiner said, rising from the piano stool.

"That's some pretty mournful music you was giving us, Moe," Abe went on. "Sounds like business was poor already. Ain't you working no more?"

"I am and I ain't," Mozart replied. "I'm supposed to be selling goods for Klinger & Klein, but since I only sold it one bill in two weeks I ain't got much hopes that I'll get enough more money out of 'em to move me out of town."

"What do you make next, Moe?" Abe asked.

"St. Paul and Minneapolis," Mozart replied.

Abe handed him a large cigar and, lighting the mate to it, puffed away complacently.

"That was a pretty good order you got it from Proenauer which Sol Klinger tells me about," he said.

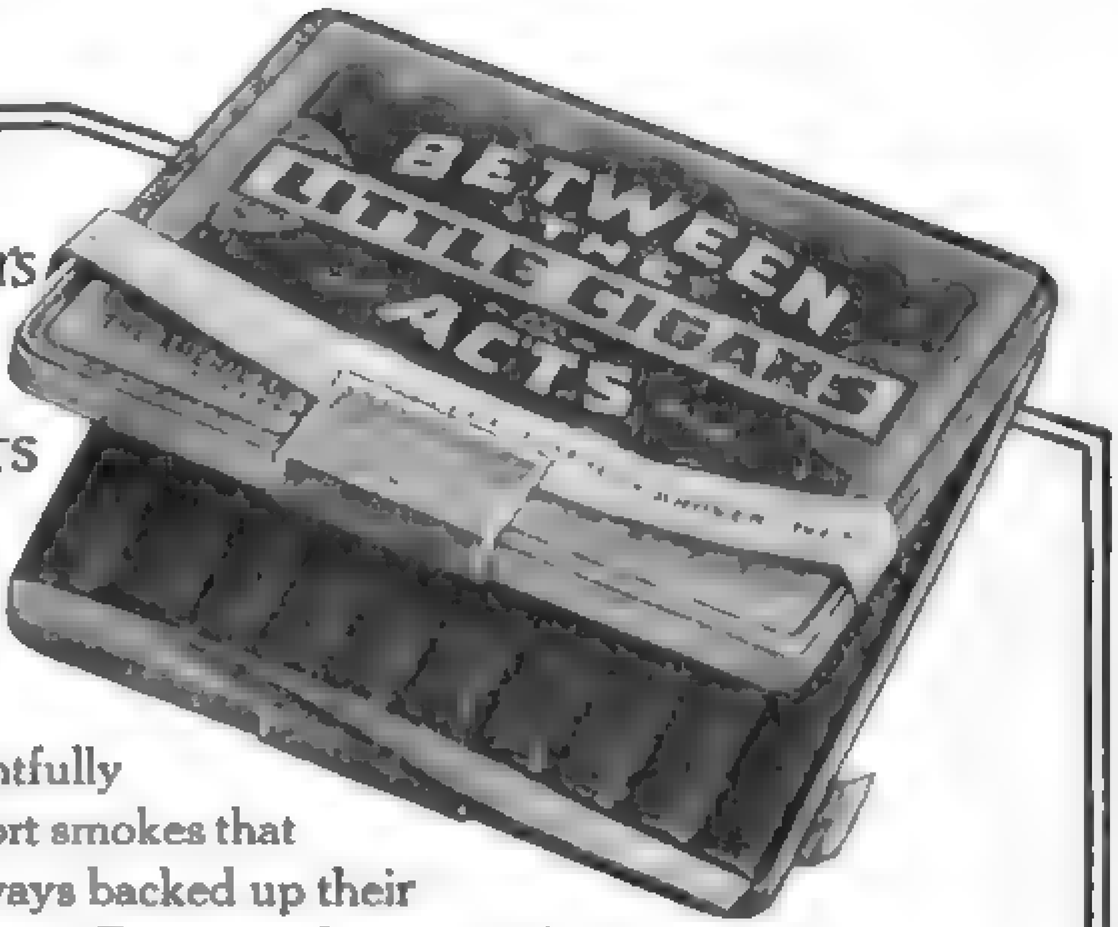
Mozart nodded sadly.

"Looky here, Moe," Abe went on, "how much money do you need to move you?"

Mozart lifted his eyebrows and shrugged hopelessly.

"More as you would lend me, Potash," he said. "So what's the use talking about it?"

"Well, I was going to say," Abe continued, "if it was something what you



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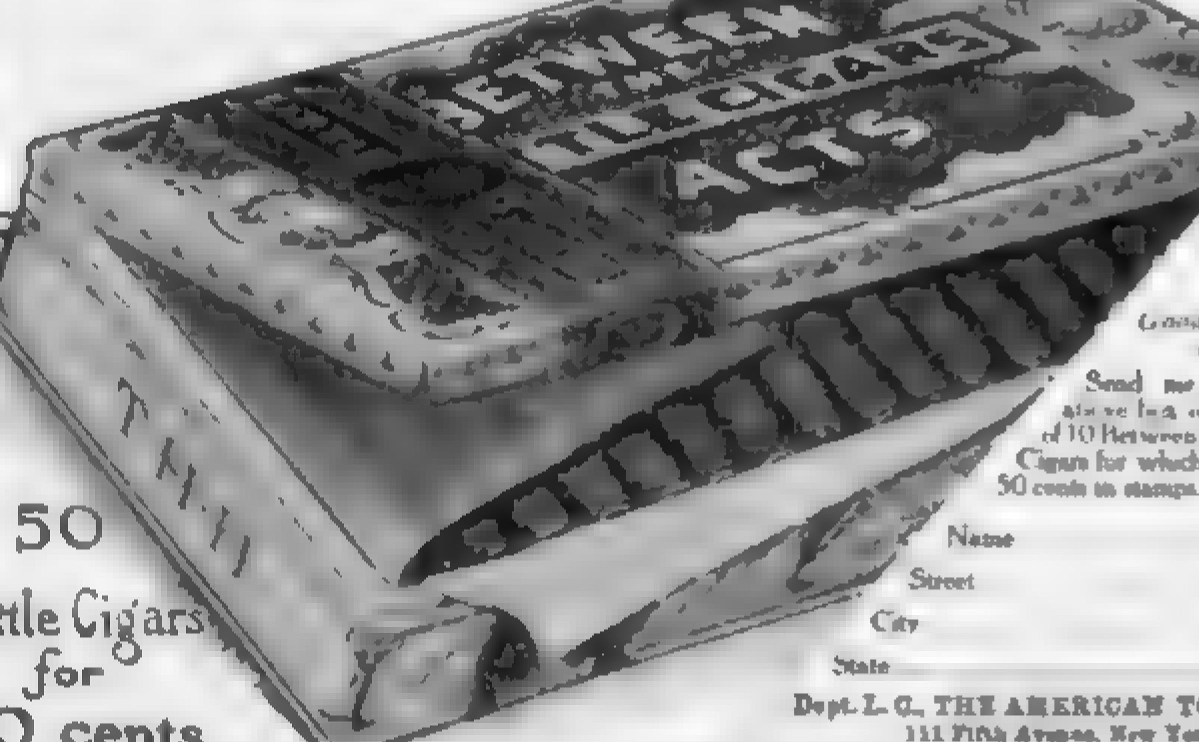

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might call within reason, Moe, I might advance it if ——"

"If what?" Moe inquired.

"If you would tell me the insides of just how you got it that order from Prosnauer."

Mozart gave a deprecatory wave of his right hand.

"You don't got to bribe me to tell you that, Potash," he said, "because I ain't got no concern in that order no longer. I give up my commission there to a feller by the name Ignatz Kresnick."

"A white-face feller with a big red mustache?" Abe asked

"That's him," Mozart replied. "The luck that feller Kresnick got it is something you wouldn't believe at all. He could fall down a sewer manhole and come up in a dress suit and a clean shave already. He cleans me out last night two hundred dollars and the commission on that Prosnauer order."

"But you didn't get that order in the first place, Moe," Abe said. "Marks Pasinsky got the order."

"Sure, I know," Mozart replied, "but he got set back a couple of four hundred hands last Tuesday night with Katzen and me in the game, and the way he settles up his losings is that Katzen and me should take his commissions on a couple of orders which he says he is going to get from Simon Kuhner, of Mandleberger Brothers & Co., and Chester Prosnauer, of the Arcade Mercantile Company. Sure enough, he gets the orders from both of 'em the very next morning. That's the kind of salesman he is."

"But why didn't Pasinsky send us along the orders, Moe," Abe protested, "and we could fix up about the commissions later? Why should he sent it the orders to Klinger & Klein and Sammet Brothers?"

"Well, you see, business was poor with me and I wanted to make good, being as this was my first trip with the concern; so, as a favor to me Pasinsky turns over the whole order to me," Mozart explained; "and then, when Katzen sees that he wants the other order sent to his concern, too."

"But this was Pasinsky's first trip by us, also," Abe cried.

"I know it," Mozart said, "but Pasinsky says that he didn't care, because a good salesman like him could always find it an opening somewhere, and anyway he wasn't stuck on working for a piker concern like yours."

Abe rose with his eyes ablaze.

"That settles it," he said, jamming his hat on his head. "I'm going for a policeman. I'll teach that sucker to steal my orders!"

He bounced out of the room and, as he rang for the elevator, Isolde's lament once more issued from beneath Mozart Rabiner's fingers:

Mild und leise wie er lächelt
Wie das Auge hold er öffnet

While from the floor above came the full, round tones of the salesman, Marks Pasinsky.

"Sixty queens," he said.

VII

ABE ran out of the hotel lobby straight into the arms of a short, stout person.

"Excuse me," Abe replied.

"I'll excuse you, Potash," said the short, stout person, "but I wouldn't run like that if I got it the rheumatism so bad."

Abe looked at the speaker and gasped. It was B. Gans.

"What are you doing in Chicago, Potash?" Gans asked.

"You should ask me that," Abe snorted indignantly. "If it wouldn't be for you I wouldn't never got to leave New York."

"What do you mean?" Gans asked.

"I mean you gives me a good reference for this feller Marks Pasinsky," Abe shouted. "And even now I am on my way out for a policeman to make this here Pasinsky arrested."

B. Gans whistled. He surrendered to a bell-boy the small valise he carried and clutched Abe's arm.

"I wouldn't do that," he said "Come inside the café and tell me all about it."

Abe shook himself free.

"Why shouldn't I make him arrested?" he insisted. "He's a thief. He stole my samples."

"Well, he stole my samples, too, oncet," B. Gans replied. "Come inside the café and I'll give you a little sad story what I got, too."

A moment later they were seated at a marble-top table.

"Yes, Abe," B. Gans went on after they had given the order, "Marks Pasinsky stole my samples, too. Let's hear your story first."

Straightway Abe unfolded to B. Gans the tale of Marks Pasinsky's adventure with Mozart Rabiner and Arthur Katzen, and also told him how the orders based on Potash & Perlmutter's sample line had found their way into the respective establishments of Sammet Brothers and Klinger & Klein.

"Well, by jimminy!" B. Gans commented, "that's just the story I got to tell it you.

"This feller does the selfsame funny business with my samples. He gets orders from a couple of big concerns in St. Louis and then he gambles them away to a feller called Levy. So what do I do, Potash? I goes to work and has 'em both arrested, and then them two fellers turns around and fixes up a story and the first thing you know the police judge lets 'em go. Well, Potash, them two fellers goes down to New York and hires a lawyer, by the name Henry D. Feldman, and sue me in the courts yet that I made them false arrested. Cost me a thousand dollars to settle it, and I also got to agree that if anybody inquires about Pasinsky I should say only that he is a good salesman—which is the truth, Potash, because he is a good salesman—and that the reason he left me is by mutual consent, y'understand?"

Abe nodded.

"That's a fine piece of work, that Marks Pasinsky," he commented. "I wish I had never seen him already. What shall I do, Gans? I am in a fine mess."

"No, you ain't yet," B. Gans replied. "Prosnauer and Kuhner knows me, Potash, and I am willing, as long as I got you into this, I will get you out of it. I will go with you myself, Potash, and I think I got influence enough in the trade that I could easy get them to give you back them samples."

"I know you can," Abe said enthusiastically, "and if you would put it to 'em strong enough I think we could swing back to us them orders from Sammet Brothers and Klinger & Klein."

"That I will do for you, also," B. Gans agreed. "But now, Potash, I got troubles ahead of me, too."

"How's that?" Abe inquired, much interested.

"I got it a lowlife what I hired for a salesman, also," he replied, "and three weeks ago that feller left my place with my samples and I ain't heard a word from him since. If I got to search every gambling-house in Chicago I will find that loafer; and when I do find him, Potash, I will crack his neck for him."

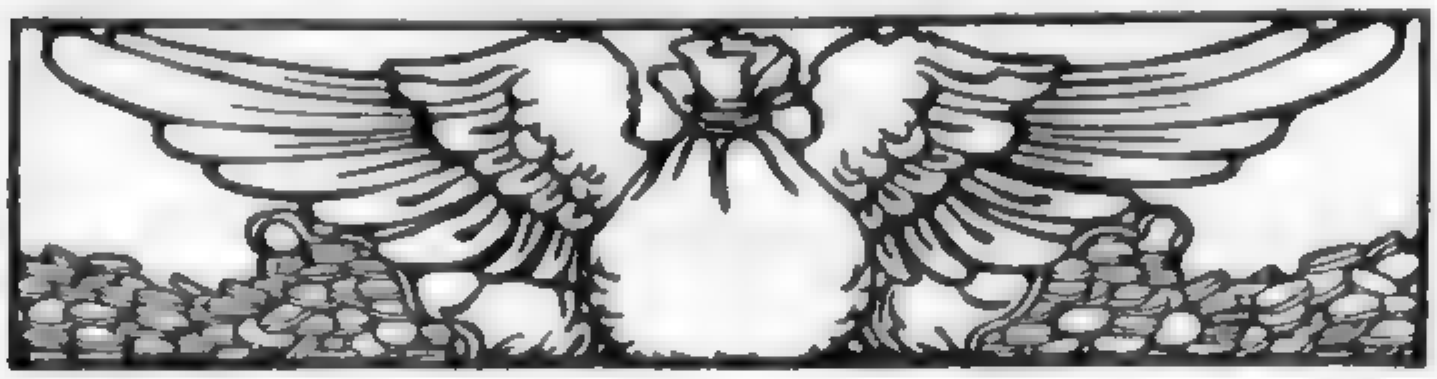
"I wouldn't do nothing rash, Gans," Abe advised. "What for a looking feller is this salesman of yours?"

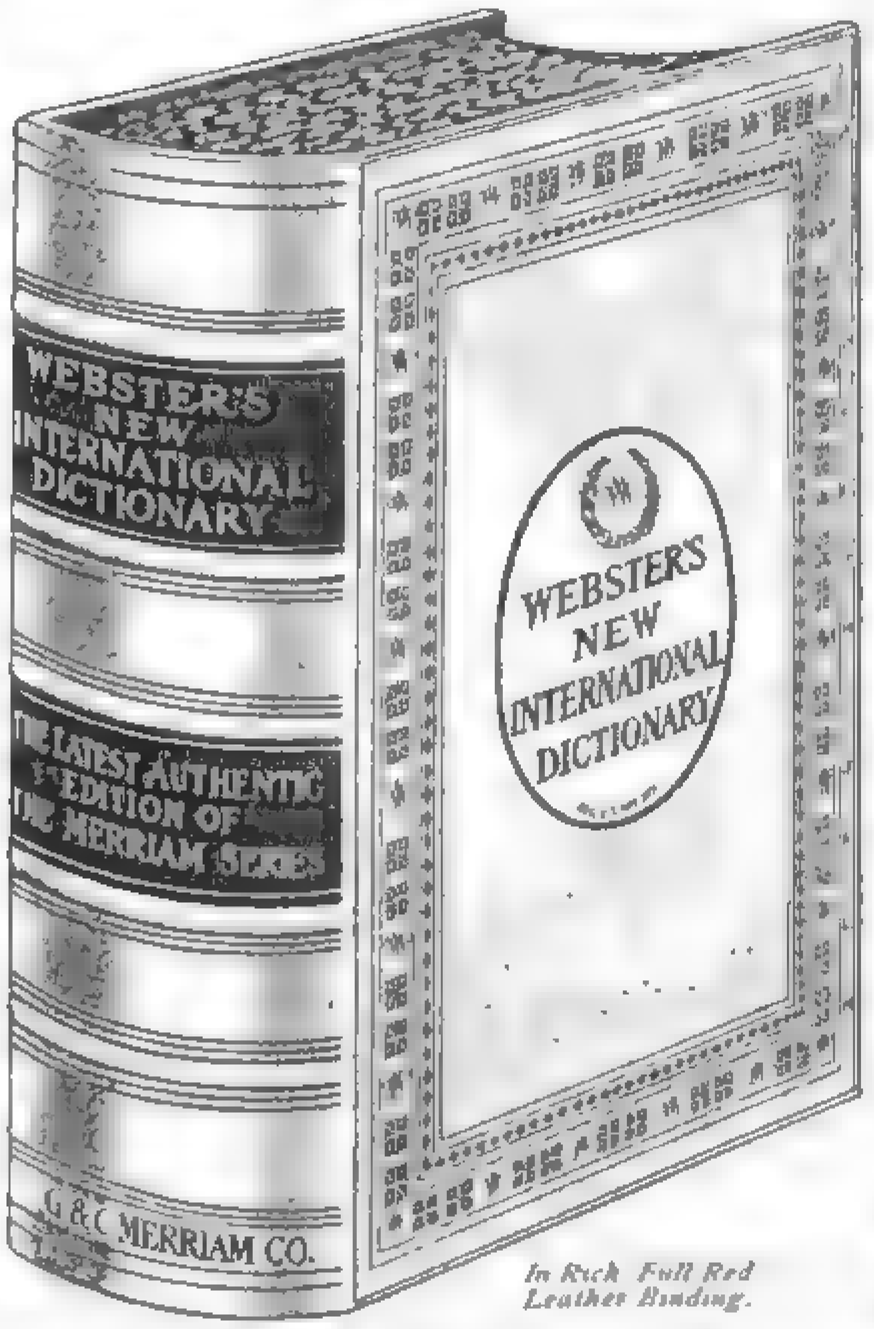
"He's a tall, white-faced loafer with a big red mustache," Gans replied, "and his name is Ignatz Kresnick."

Abe jumped to his feet.

"Come with me," he cried. Together they took the elevator to the eighth floor and, as Ignatz Kresnick dealt the cards for the five-hundredth time in that game, all unconscious of his fast-approaching Nemesis, Mozart Rabiner played the concluding measures of the *Liebestod* softly, slowly, like a benediction:

Ertrinken —
Versinken —
Unbewusst —
Hochste Lust.





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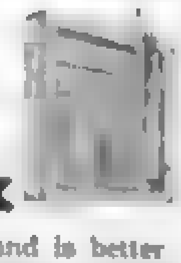

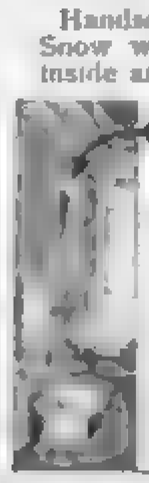

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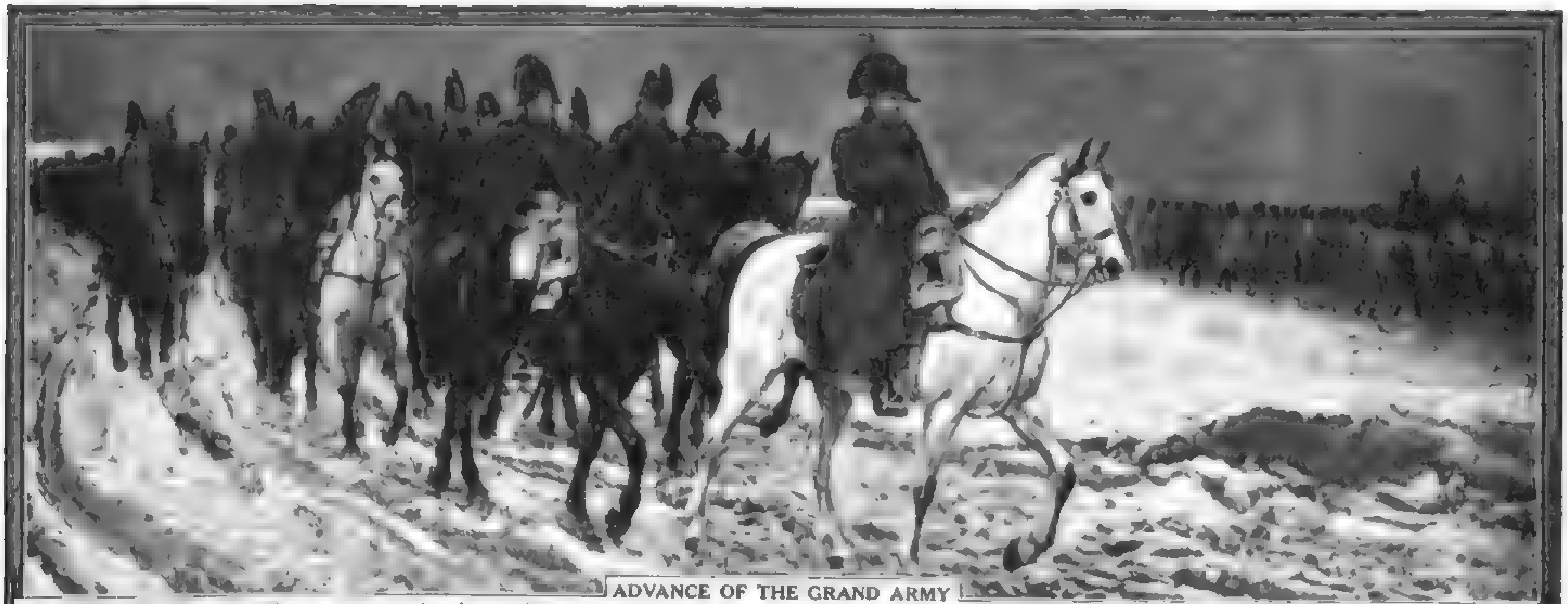

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ENGLISH SPORT

(Concluded from Page 15)

The wide disparity between amateur and professional or commercial sport in Great Britain may be seen by a comparison of these figures with those given earlier covering the more prominent field-trial doings of the sporting dogs. As to the morals of the doggy world, either in Great Britain or America, the less said about it the better. Everything is fair in love, war or a dog sale, and both bench shows and field trials have as their animating purpose the sale of dogs. So, to less extent, do the shows devoted to that other good friend of man, the sporting or society horse. We do something in a social way with horse shows in our provincial land, but our figures would not make much of a showing compared to those of England. The international horse show held at Olympia, London, in the London season, means the circulation of £50,000, more than £10,000 being given in prize-money at that one show. No doubt £80,000 is offered in prize-money at the hundred or so first-rate shows held during the season, which lasts from February till November. The amount invested in show horses must approach £250,000. Top hats, spats, monocles and gowns are not included in these figures.

A grand summary covering the cost of sports for one year in Great Britain may be given in the following figures:

	Invested	Annual Expenditure
Turf	£ 4,000,000	£ 3,698,000
Shooting		7,246,707
Dog shows		914,653
Coursing		217,536
Hunting		15,520,600
Field trials (sporting dogs)		6,000
Polo	750,000	165,000
Fishing	750,000	550,000
Yachting	5,000,000	1,800,000
Coaching	150,000	50,000
Horse shows	250,000	80,000
Sports of the people	10,000,000	15,000,000
		£45,248,496

The sum of, say, $226,000,000, which is put into mere sports, certainly seems large to the man who has not thought much about it. It is slightly more than Great Britain puts into all her other forms of religion combined. It would help her out in the Dreadnought game, or pay part of her public debt, or put many of her vast armies of the unemployed at work. To us, however, the interesting question is upon the influence of this sporting tendency upon the British character. Is it, indeed, true that this love of sport makes the English nation the noblest and the fairest-minded in the world? While one would be happy to accept all the British dicta as to British excellence, the reputation of the Englishman the world over as a hard loser is too well known to require much comment.

Our Own Sporting Interests

Could we, upon the other hand, frame this proposition for ourselves and with modesty equal to the English describe ourselves as the greatest and fairest-minded sportsmen in the world? Both modesty and lack of records forbid our answering that question.

In shooting and fishing we Americans have been somewhat interested as a people, as a few industrial details might prove. We manufacture into sporting gear, each year, nine and one-third million pounds of iron and steel, sixteen and one-third million pounds of copper and brass, seventeen and one-half million pounds of lead. Each year we use seven and one-half million yards of canvas for sporting coats and leggings. We make up seventeen million feet of lumber annually into boxes for shipping sporting material, and use half a million pounds of nails in the boxes. We make between nine and ten million pounds of sporting powder each year.

We use half a million pounds of rubber in sporting boots, and as much of iron and steel in powder-cans. We employ twenty-seven thousand persons in making fishlines and fishhooks. We use about a million and a half pounds of leather in gun cases and boxes each year, and in making cartridges and pasteboard boxes we require 64,000,000 pounds of rags. It takes 1200 men to write the sporting news of America, and 119,000 persons to make sporting goods. We use each year 661,492,000 pounds of raw and manufactured material, and to ship this we need 33,000 cars and 1332 locomotives. The rentals of our sporting factories amount to nearly $3,000,000 a year, which of course does not cover the house rent of the laborers.

What we spend in total in all the other branches of sport is difficult to guess, but if in shooting and fishing alone we spend $175,000,000 annually it is very likely that we would double that figure if all our activities were tabulated, as was the case with the English figures quoted above. And yet with us sport is a pastime and not a religion, and this is a democracy instead of a monarchy.

Handicapped as we are, we have struggled along. The America's Cup still remains with us. Mr. Gotch discovered his interesting toe-hold on a Western farm. Whether the sable Mr. Johnson or the burly Mr. Jeffries shall prove the better man, they both grew in this unworthy and wholly provincial country. In shotgun matters we have never found enough English competition to interest us. Once in a while we have won a rifle match, and, of course, in average popular skill with the rifle there can be no comparison between this country and Great Britain, where there is no room to shoot a rifle without endangering a neighbor's cow. In track athletics, and on the turf as well, we occasionally have landed a winner—in England, of course, purely by accident. The memory of the Olympian games is still fresh in American minds.

Undoing the Knots

I do not think, at the present, of any other ways of inserting a knot into the tail of the British lion, but having in a calm and dispassionate way effected the foregoing loops, let us see if we cannot, by some process of vaselined ratiocination, either undo these knots or more gently explain their presence, without attempting to answer the general and quite difficult question: Why is an Englishman?

Great Britain is a funny proposition. Her record is somewhat written on the face of the earth. The center of the world's commerce is on that little river Thames. The money of the world lies in the apron of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and the old lady sets the ultimate price of United States Steel Common. The Englishman has done things all over the world, and is still doing them. Yet the English know they are not liked, and that drives them back still deeper under the shell of reserve. England's great men know it is necessary for her to develop her fighting qualities. She needs friends, but does not know how to make them, or often chills them by coldness or superciliousness. This is partly because of tradition, partly because of territorial situation, partly because of the continual wars and rumors of wars all over the world. The absolute truth is that England is in an ultramarine blue funk all the time. Her organizations of Boy Scouts, somewhat pathetic when seen marching on macadam roads among peaceful herds of kine, prove this. Her ravings over the Imperial defense by the colonies prove it. Her daily papers prove it all the time. The continual flash of martial uniforms and the blare of martial music prove it continually. The tattered and historic banners in her ancient cathedrals, the brass tablets in her memorial stones, also prove it, in that they show how needful England considers it to teach her sons martial valor and the general desirability of taking the palm and eke the bun.

The general game of grabbing off the bun is a business in which all nations and all men are more or less interested. There is license for acceptance of the great moral maxim that the longest pole gets the persimmons.

Not to leave the loop too tightly tied in the tail of the revered lion, and to make full apology for any statement that may seem innocently wide of charity, one hastens to make amends by saying that the Englishman is the most pleasant sportsman in the world—so long as he wins.

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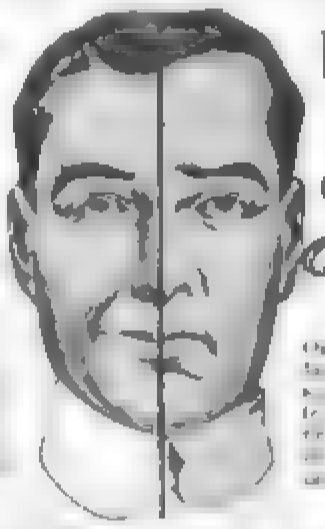

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WHITE MAGIC

(Continued from Page 17)

the woods and the hollow, then up the round-top hill. You'll have to walk. It's about a mile and a half."

"Is there any place where I could"—Peter stopped and blushed; he had caught himself just in time to prevent the word "hide" from slipping out—"where I could put my machine?"

"There's the shed behind the house."

"Thank you." And he sprang away to get the auto tucked out of sight. When this was accomplished his mind became somewhat easier and he set out for the studio. He got on fairly well with himself—until he stood face to face with the big artist. Wade regarded him inscrutably: Peter regarded Wade with an expression which, in a woman, would have betokened an impending fit of hysteria.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Wade?" said he.

"I remember you perfectly," Roger replied.

"I—I called on a matter of—that is, not exactly of—well—a matter."

"Will you come in?" said Roger, standing aside.

"Thank you—I'll be glad to," was Peter's eager reply.

Within, his eyes made for a covered canvas on an easel in the middle of the big room. "Is that by any chance Mr. Richmond's picture?" asked he.

"Mr. Richmond's picture?" said Roger. "I know nothing of any picture of Mr. Richmond."

"*For* Mr. Richmond."

"Neither of nor for."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Peter. "I rather hoped you'd let me have a look at it. You know, I was engaged to Miss Richmond."

Roger continued in his waiting attitude. Peter felt himself dwindling before this large, dark calm. He shifted uneasily from leg to leg, opened and shut his mouth several times, finally burst out: "I say, what an ass you must think me." And he gave Roger an honest, pathetic look of appeal—an ingenuous plea for mercy.

The large, dark calm was rippled by a smile—a very human smile that made young Peter instantly feel that he was talking with a young human being just like himself.

"I did want to look at the picture," said he. "You know the one I mean—the picture of *her*."

Roger's gaze wavered a little, steadied. "I'm sorry—but it's not finished," said he.

"Oh—I see. And, naturally, you do not want anybody to look at it. Well—I'll come another time—if I may."

Roger bowed.

Peter was desperate. He puffed furiously at his cigarette, finally burst out: "Did you know that Miss Richmond and her father had quarreled?"

"Really?" said Roger politely, and so far as Peter could judge the news did not interest him in the least.

"Yes—they've quarreled—and she's left home—is living alone at a hotel in New York—says she's never going back."

Peter was not sure, but he thought he saw a something or other flash across the artist's face, like a huge, swift-swimming fish near the surface of opaque water. He felt encouraged to go on.

"I think I ought to tell you. Miss Richmond and I *were* engaged. It's been broken off. Her father is furious. She's in love with another man." Peter glanced at Roger's inscrutable eyes, blushed, glanced down again. "She has sacrificed everything for this other man. It's really stunning, the way she did it—and a lot more I can't tell you. And I do believe she'll stick—will not go back—though she's got next to nothing. You know her—know what a fine girl she is."

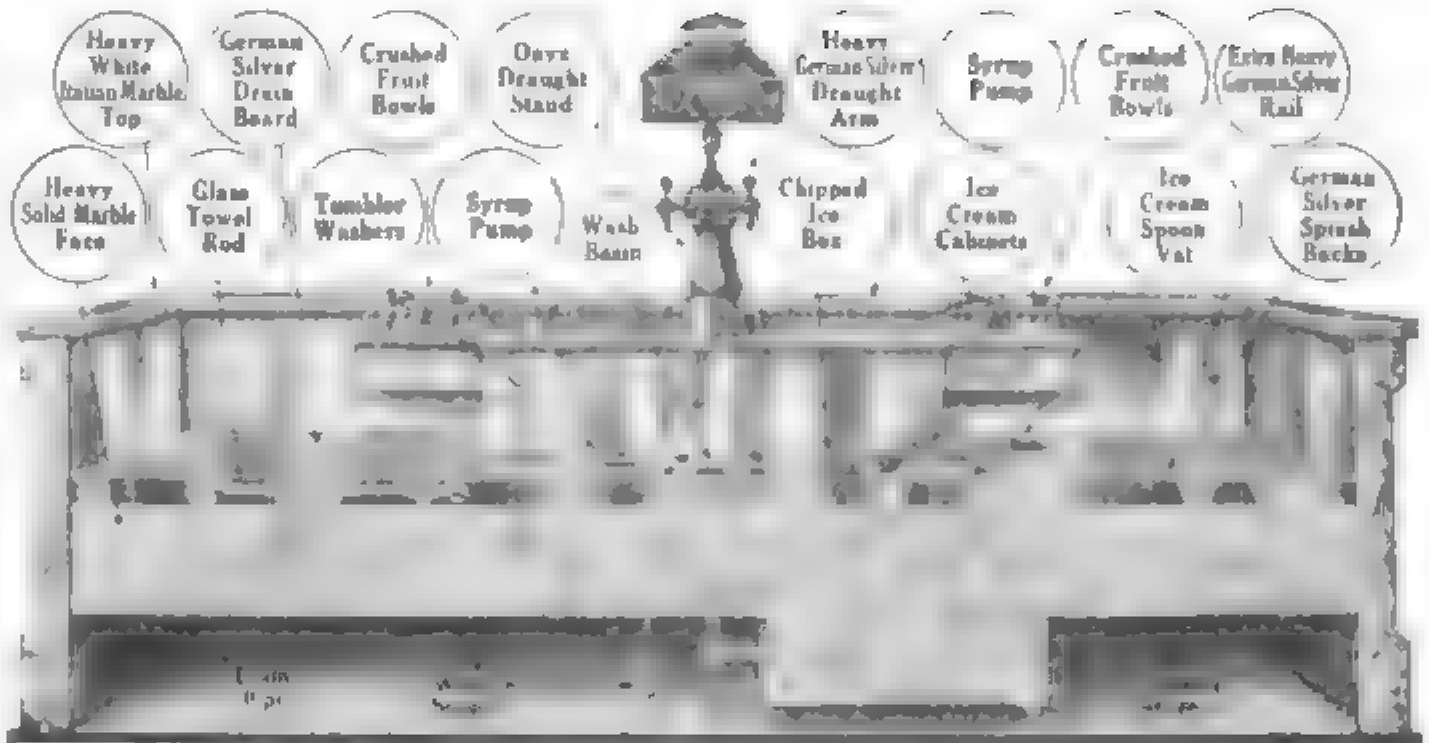
"Yes, indeed," said Roger cordially.

"She's at the Wolcott—if you care to call. I guess she's rather lonely, as all her old pals are shying off. You see, her father's a deadly-dangerous sort—liable to do up anybody that sided with her."

Roger, his gaze upon a far, unseen country, was pale and somber.

"I do hope you'll look in on her, Wade," said Peter. "She'd appreciate it."

Wade's eyes slowly turned with his returning thoughts until they centered upon the eyes of young Vanderkief. Suddenly, Roger's face was illuminated by that splendid smile of his. He grasped



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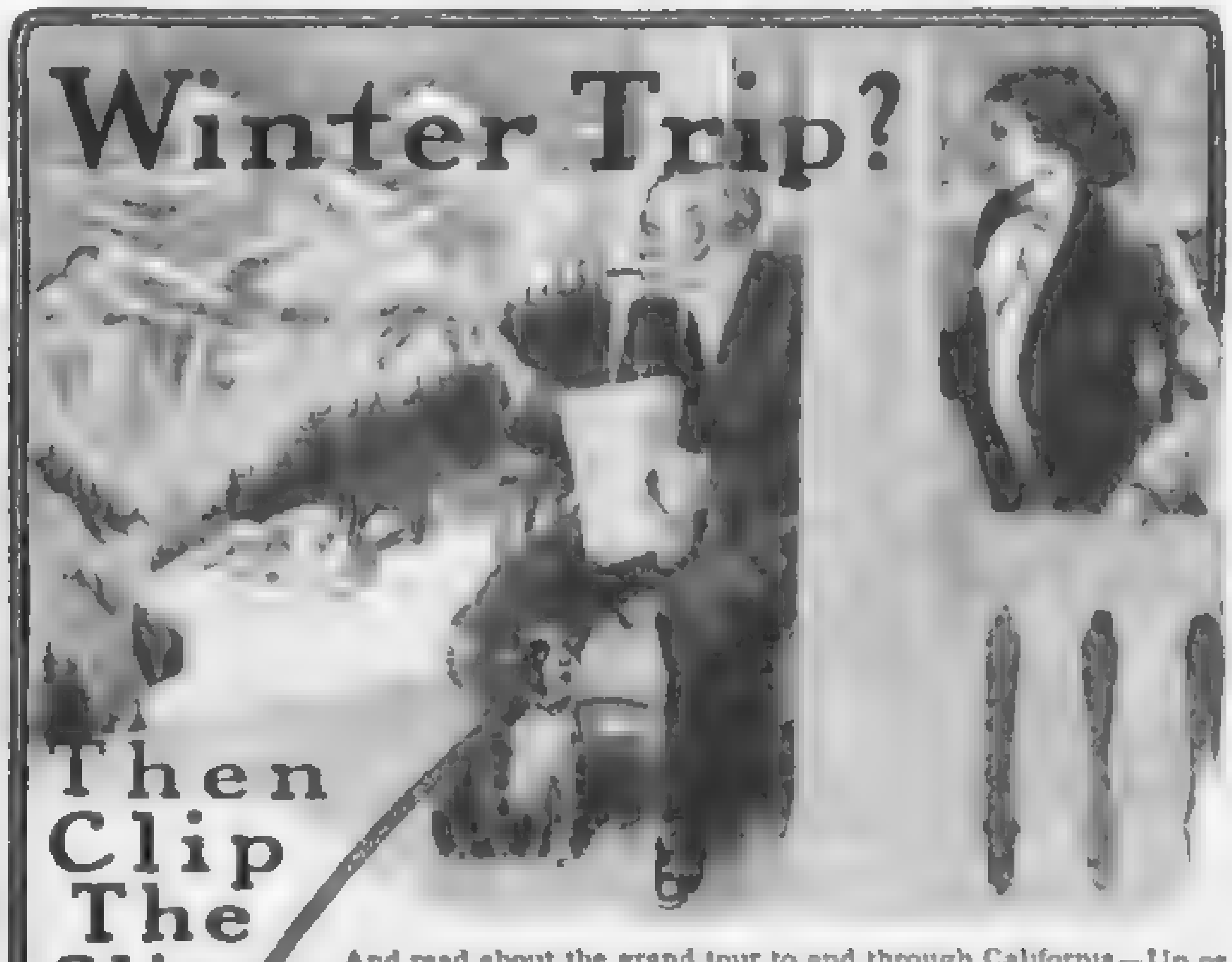

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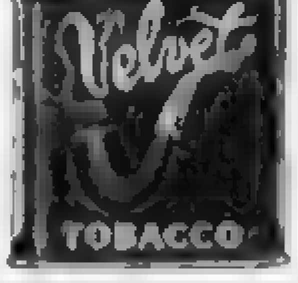

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Peter by the hand "I'm glad to know you," said he. "And I beg your pardon for things I've thought about you"

"Oh, that's all right," cried Peter "I'm not a dog in the manger, you know. And I tell you, she's got a stiff stretch ahead of her downright rough. Of course, she's no fool. Still, it wouldn't be possible for any woman of her age and her bringing-up to realize what she was bumping into, dropping out of her class, sacking her father and trying to scratch along on worse than nothing. When you've got tastes a little money's only an aggravation. Won't you try one of my cigarettes?"

"Delighted," said Roger, taking one.

"Well, I must move on," proceeded Peter. "You don't mind my butting in?"

"Not in the least. It was a fine, friendly—decent thing to do. . . . Would you like to see the picture?"

And without giving Peter time to reply, or himself a chance to repent the impulse, he flung aside the drapery over the easel in the middle of the room. He and Peter gazed in silence. It was a glorious vision of morning in the springtime. Upon lake and cataract, upon tree and bush and stone, sparkled the radiance of the birthday of summer. That radiance seemed to come from the figure of a young girl in a canoe, her paddle poised for the stroke—an attitude of exquisite grace, a figure alive in every line of flesh and drapery—a face shedding the soft luster of the bright hopes and dreams and joys that are summed up in the thrilling word, youth. Roger was right in thinking it his best work, his best expression of that intense joy of life which he was ever striving to put upon canvas.

Peter gave a long, furtive sigh. "Yes," he muttered, "she can look like that." He had seen her look just so, once—when she told him she loved the artist and would never change. Queer, that any one could so love that she got happiness out of giving love, even though it was unreturned. Queer—yet, there it was. Roger, with a sudden gesture, re-covered the canvas. Peter stood motionless, staring at where the picture had been—it was still there for him. He roused himself, looked at the painter with frank admiration and respect. "That's worth while!" said he. "No wonder she ——"

Roger's frown checked him. "She's more of a—a person than any one I ever saw," he went on after a moment, in an awed undertone. "If she'd let me I'd be crazy about her. As it is, while I know I can never get her, everything's stopped short with me until I'm sure she's out of reach—married to some one else. I'm a better man for having known her, for having loved her."

Roger was standing with arms folded upon his broad chest—powerful arms bare to the elbow. He seemed lost in reverie.

"Thank you for showing me that," said Peter gratefully and humbly. "I'd wish to own it if it wasn't that—well, I'd never be able to get any peace of mind if I had that about. I'd stare at it till I went crazy."

Roger flushed a deep red.

Peter got himself together with a shake of his big frame. "I'm off, now. You'll not say anything about my having called—not to her or any one?"

"I do not see any one," said Roger in a constrained voice.

"But you'll surely——" began Peter, but he halted on the threshold of impertinence. "Well—I hope you'll look in at the Wolcott and cheer her up. Good-by. Thank you again."

The young men shook hands with the friendliness of intimacy. Roger went with Peter to the door, where they shook hands again. As Peter was turning away he happened to glance down into the woods to the left. There, beating a hasty, not to say undignified, retreat, was Daniel Richmond!

"Now, what do you think of that?" cried Peter. "What the devil is *he* doing here?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Roger indifferently.

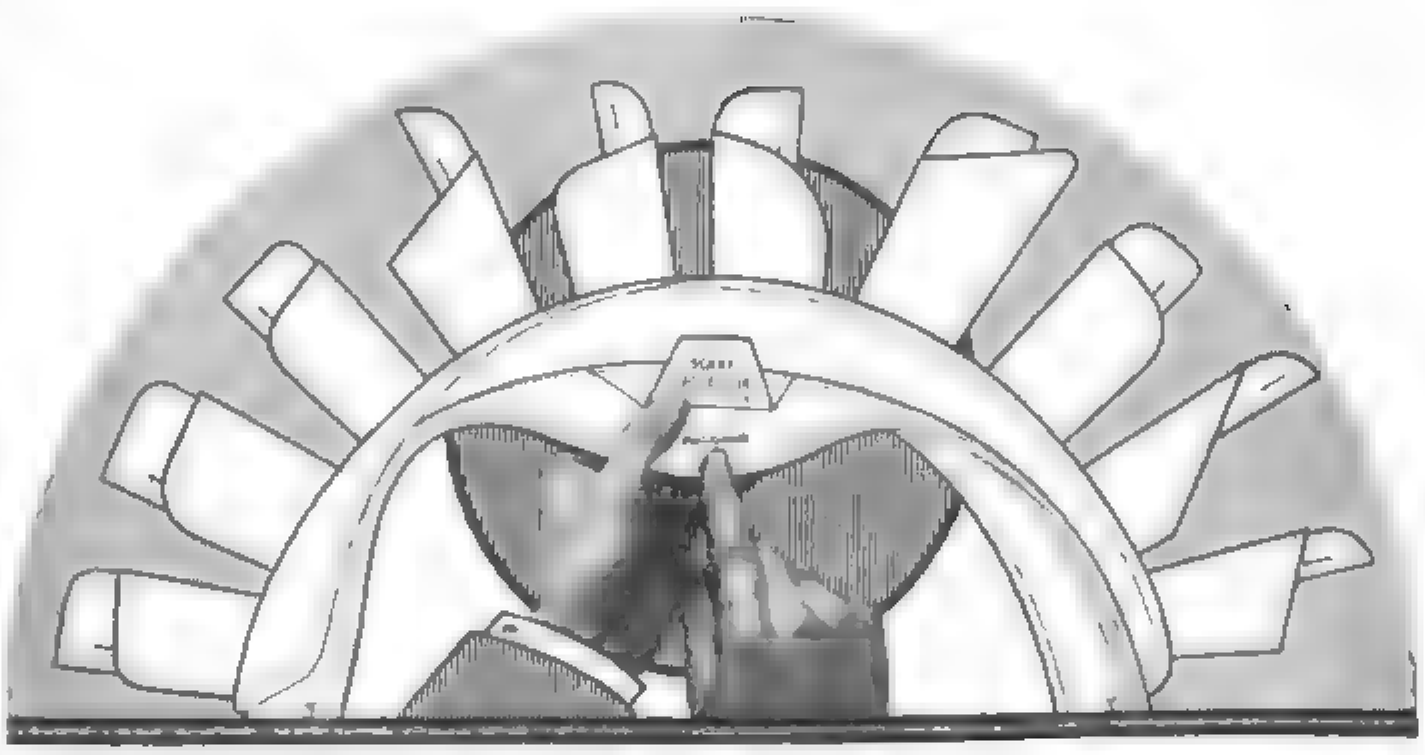
"No doubt he recognized me," Peter went on. "He's got me scared to a panic—for fear he'll half ruin me—just out of a general insanity of meanness. If he asks you what I was doing here say I came to buy the picture. You don't know how much trouble he could make for me."

"I'll probably not see him."

"Do—for her sake, do," urged Peter. "Be civil to him. Try to soften him down. You ought to do it for her—honest, you ought."

"That's true," said Roger gravely.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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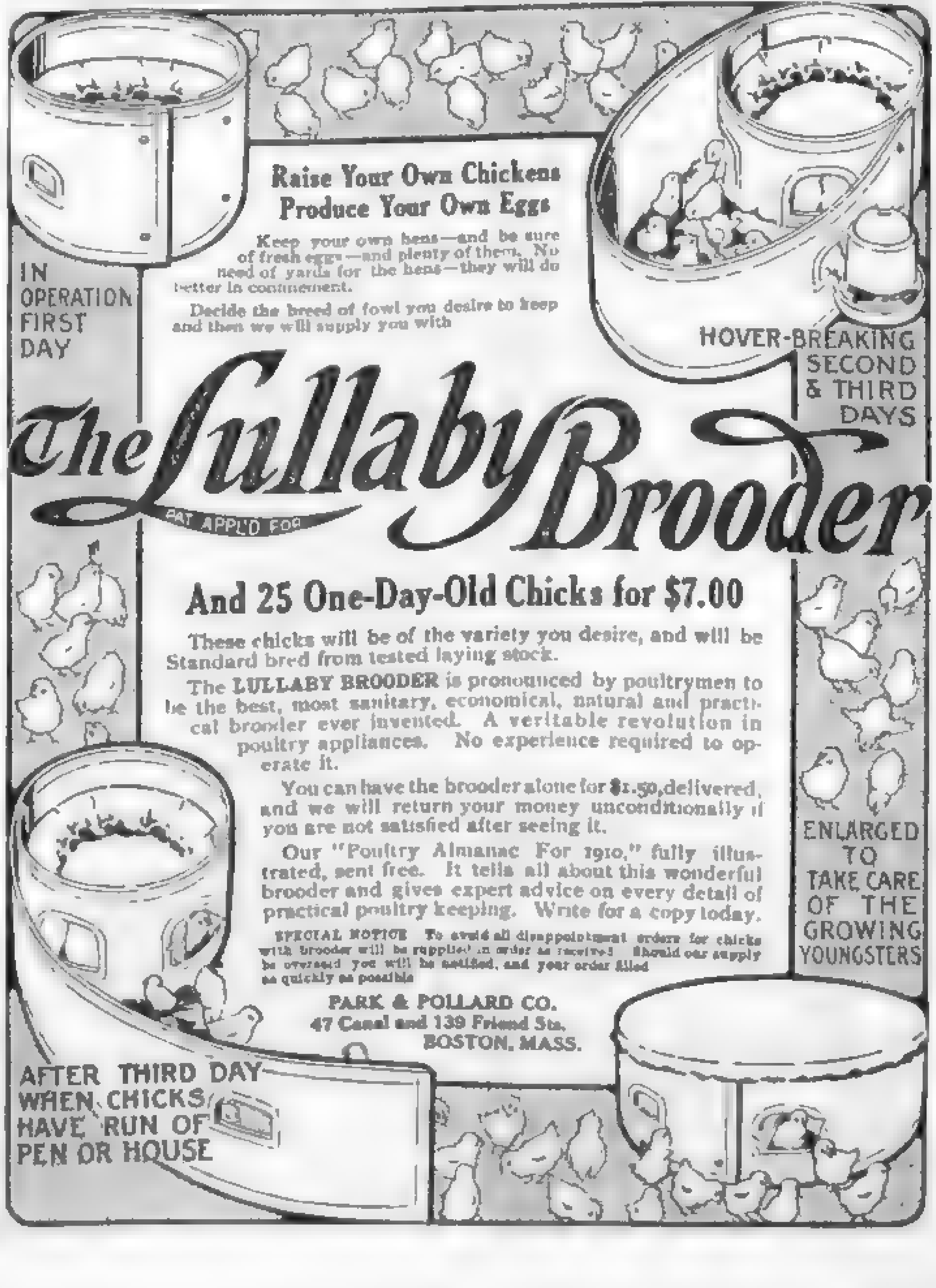
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"'Why,' somebody replied, 'we have to have artesian wells there in order to furnish water for the river we are improving.'"

The Jokes That Come in Dreams

AN EXERCISE IN VAUDEVILLE

Oho, the jokes! Those funny jokes
That come to us in dreams!
The merriment their fun evokes
Is measured up in screams.
We laugh until our poor sides ache,
Until the welkin splits,
And from our tops to toes we shake
As with a dozen fits.

Last night, for instance, I dreamed that I was sitting in a subway train running from Bismarck, North Dakota, under the Hudson River to Jacksonville, Florida. On the other side of the car there sat a burly Irishman with blue whiskers, and a bright-green beaver hat on his head, reading Mr. William James' book on Pragmatism, when a very stout Dutchman dressed in the garb of an Elizabethan cavalier, lurching through the aisle, stepped on the Irishman's toe.

"By gorry," roared the Irishman, "Oi'd break your jaw for foive cents!"

"Dot's too expensive," retorted the Dutchman. "My vife Katrina, she do it any day for noddings!"

Laugh? Well, say, I never laughed so much in all my life!
I laughed until the folding bed shut up just like a knife;
And thus, alas that it should be, disturbed my sleeping wife.
I thought it funny at the time. I think it funny now,
Although that folding bed affair involved me in a row.
My wife could never see the point, but still it tickled me!
Oh, Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha! Oh, Tee-Hee-Hee-Hee-Hee!

They say they go by contraries,
These jokes that come at night,
That those that in the gloaming please
Grow flat in morning light.
But those that come to me at least
Are of a different kind,
And when the sun comes up the east
Their laugh remains behind.

Why, only three nights ago I dreamed I went into a delicatessen store on upper Fifth Avenue to get my socks darned by a very clever manicure who ran a soda-water fountain there. As I entered, the brush-boy, carrying little Binks' new silk hat, tripped over a suitcase on the floor and fell squarely on the polished tile, crushing it into a shapeless mass.

"By Jingo!" cried little Binks wrathfully. "If that was my boy I'd lather him till he was black and blue."

"Well," said the barber, handing him a mug and shaving-brush. "There's the lather."

Laugh? Well, say, I do not think I've laughed so hard before.
I laughed until my tears ran down upon my bedroom floor,
And, leaking through the ceil below, they drowned my mother-in-law.
I thought it funny at the time. I think it funny now,
Although that drowning accident involved me in a row.
My wife could hardly see the point, but still it tickled me!
Oh, Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho! Oh, Tee-Hee-Hee-Hee-Hee!

— *Horace Dodd Gastit*

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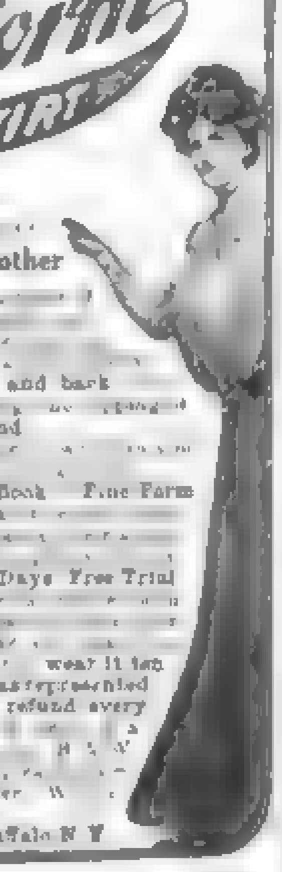

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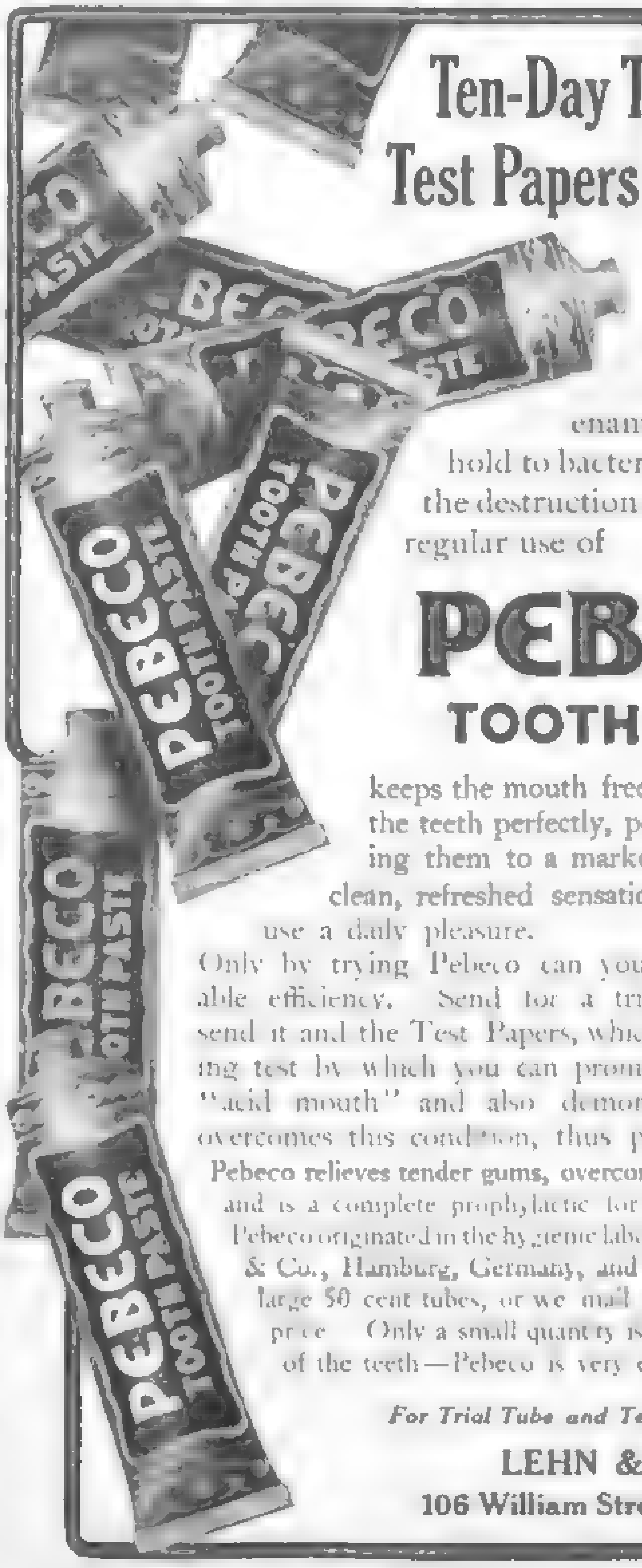

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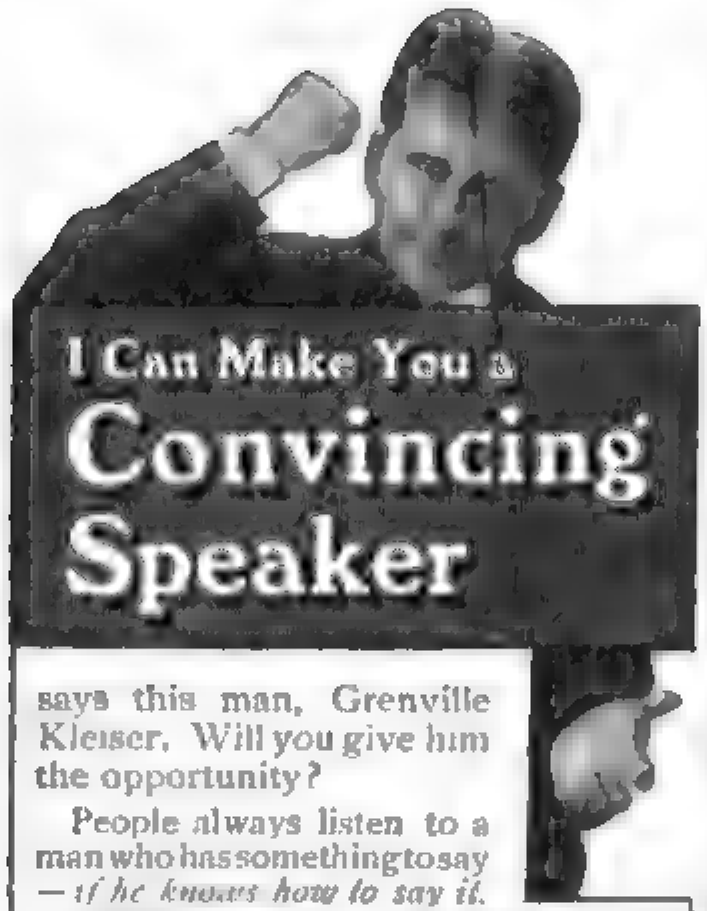

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WHY OUR PLAYS FAIL ABROAD

(Continued from Page 13)

The experience of The Lion and the Mouse was similar to other happenings with American plays. The first night was an ovation. The principals in the play, nightly, had a flattering reception by audiences, and the press extolled their work in unmistakable terms of admiration. But the great British public remained dumb to their blandishments. The play was founded upon a scheme of judicial duplicity that was incomprehensible to them, and so its drama carried no conviction. Seldom had so much praise been lavished on acting, but it was withdrawn in four weeks.

When Bronson Howard produced his comedy, Saratoga, in London, it was entirely rewritten by the late James Albery and made English. It was renamed Brighton, and presented successfully as an English play. When Howard subsequently produced his famous play, The Henrietta, it failed because the audience had never understood or seen this American type, nor could they understand the point of view; his humor was accepted seriously, and so the dramatic balance of the play was upset.

Robert Edeson in Strongheart was yet another disappointing experience. So was the interesting work Paid in Full. The Sothern-Marlowe season, two years ago, resulted in financial sorrow. The public preferred their own brand of Shakspere. Henry Miller's recent disastrous experience in London with The Great Divide, for which the press again had many good words—especially as to Miller's acting—is too recent to require detailed attention.

Among all these offerings, however, was one distinctly American work that ran over a year in London. This was Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Its great success was a surprise, though it has been explained that the caricature of American types of rural characters was regarded in London as representing what the Britisher supposed was the real American—not the American of Broadway, with whom the Londoner was familiar, but the American character at large in his own country. Behind this simple statement lies, I think, the cause of most of the many failures.

English Actors and American

American plays that represent social people of good standing brought to the Englishman no sense of reality. They regarded their own plays, and their manner of playing them, with more favor than the American article; and as for seeing well-bred people on the stage, the London theater could offer varied assortments of well-bred modern life with more realistic skill, betraying a more congenial sense of "class," than the invader. And in this they are quite right. The average London company includes a larger percentage of average well-bred actors than do the American companies. Though native exponents of the histrionic art are capable and admirable actors, with certain qualifications more to the credit of the American, yet the Englishman by birth, education and environment excels in the fact that candidates for the stage come to it from well-to-do conditions in life; and many find on the stage a profession in which they can succeed. In America, on the other hand, there are inducements in so many other fields of endeavor that many men who might have adorned the stage, either as actors or as authors, are drawn to more congenial and more profitable fields of industry. America is a larger country, and opportunities for brains and ability abound to a much greater extent than in the old country.

England has been for years accustomed to drama as it was written for them by Englishmen. One prominent British author said to me once: "I don't care if my plays fail in America; I write for my own countrymen. It is their approval I seek." His attitude is typical.

The same conditions exist in France. The greatest pride a Frenchman feels is in work that represents the thought and feeling of a Frenchman. It is only such creative geniuses as Sardou, Dumas and Bernstein who find popularity everywhere, though in England even they have frequently to be Anglicized. In the case of

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Bernstein's The Thief the entire spirit of the play was jeopardized by transforming all the characters into English types.

It is their predilection for the native drama that urges many English authors and English managers to Anglicize foreign works. Twenty-five to thirty years ago the English stage was largely dependent upon the French. Popular French works were obtained and rigidly Anglicized; and frequently, in the stress of transmogrification, they lost their essential significance. Hundreds of French plays were thus engrafted on the English stage. Buckstone, Boucicault, Robertson and Watts Phillips were fertile in this field. Several of them are credited with the authorship of about three hundred works each. Sardou's big tragedies have been successful through translation. His Dora had to be Anglicized by Clement Scott before it was produced. Scott called it Diplomacy. La Famille Benoîton, another Sardou play, was made into A Fast Family by the late Ben Webster. Georges Ohnet's famous play, The Iron Master, was made into an English drama by Pinero. Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac was a failure in England. That was a French subject. His great play, L'Aiglon, which was so great a success in America with Maude Adams, never found its way to the English stage. Both of these plays dealt with foreign subjects. French companies from Paris frequently play their repertoire in London in their own language. These performances find favor in a small way.

Geography, Not Merit

Though the success of American plays might prove of great advantage to their subsequent exploitation in America, their failure in England would not really work against their prosperity here. It is a matter of geography, not of merit. The value of American successes in this country spreads to all parts of the United States, and an English indorsement is a matter of artistic vanity, not a commercial need.

And so it is that English audiences are predisposed by thought, habit and certain insular qualities or custom—which is also a great factor in France and Germany—toward what concerns life from their own national point of view. There are times, however, when American plays have been known to please English audiences. These were plays in which American characters were satirized, as in the case of the caricatures in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. The American feminine rôle in Clyde Fitch's The Woman in the Case was pleasing because it aroused their derision against the woman. She was thought to be an American type. The embodiment of a noble type of American character is not so agreeable a subject. The Englishman sees the Americans crowd his famous restaurants and his capacious hotels; sees them flaunt their wealth in vulgar display in every direction. This has not served to enhance American character as represented by serious American plays. The English have no liking for lessons in ethics, or dramatic preachments over idealized Americans—or any other foreigners.

Luckily for our stage, the American is far more cosmopolitan in his taste. Plays of any nationality succeed in this country if they are based upon the universal element of human interest; but in England it is only the English drama that flourishes, or drama made into English, and the local or insular point of view cannot be reshaped.

The result of these experiences may modify future attempts on the part of the American actor to conquer England. In painting, in sculpture and in music our great artists find equal favor in Europe with their peers, but in the case of the drama it is more often a local institution, and it is doubtful whether foreign indifference to our plays or players can ever be wholly overcome. The drama is the one art among the four that does not altogether require a cultivated taste or an experienced æstheticism for its appreciation; and I must confess that our dramatic art has not yet been so crystallized into an institution as to warrant universal attention. It serves admirably in this country, and it is being steadily fostered by the extensive national taste for the drama, in which new writers find constant and generous opportunities. Whether any efforts to ingraft our drama or our actors upon the foreign stage are worth while, these experiences will show; but so far the record, in the main, is one of failure.

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Send me a "KEENOH" Automatic Razor Sharpener for ten days' free trial through my dealer named below, to whom, if satisfactory, I will pay $3.50.

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be sure that the basis of it is pure, fresh milk.

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Write for Information Now.

Let us tell you all the details of the plan, the reputation of the company and its officers. The information will cost you nothing.

SECURITY BUILDING CO.
1070 Insurance Building, Rochester, N.Y.

THE SMALL MAN'S MARKET

(Concluded from Page 8)

against a loss. He appreciates this, and will back up even a small manufacturer in such policy, other things being equal, for through years of the bitterest competition he has learned that the other policy leads him nowhere. The American manufacturer has, furthermore, tariff advantages to help him and, as there are no traditions of lower prices connected with his commodity, can ask a reasonable price from the consumer. Those marked differences in margin which to the retailer spell profit on one hand and loss on the other amount to only a few cents one way or the other in the price paid by the customer.

Price protection has several interesting functions.

For one thing, were that English company starting out today with its commodity under a protected-price arrangement, its goods would be safe against the deterioration of bargain-counter cutting. Under the old plan, of course, while the manufacturer has been building prestige for his goods, the retail trade, even against its wishes, but forced on by unrestricted competition, has been tearing it down. From the manufacturer's standpoint, price protection is a means of safeguarding his goods and reputation, so that they may not be used to attract customers for other goods.

Price protection puts the little retailer on an even footing with his largest competitor. For example, if Doctor Molar's tooth powder, a famous brand, originally sold for twenty-five cents a bottle, is marketed without this restriction a great department store can buy a carload and sell it for half the wholesale cost as a bargain attraction, while McKimmie's corner drugstore can do nothing of the sort. Where the price is protected both sell at the same figure and turn the same profit.

Price Restriction

Two salesmen and an inventor organized a small company several years ago to market a little household article of the latter's contrivance. Their capital was small. Arrangements were made to have the goods manufactured by another concern, the inventor was given charge of the office end, and the two salesmen took to the road, placing goods with the retail trade. This invention made its way almost on sight.

"Yes, I can sell those all right," declared the average retailer, after looking at a sample. "But it would be foolish to put in much of a stock or push them hard. As soon as the demand became brisk the department stores over on Main Street would pile 'em up on the bargain counter at half price. Where would I get off at, then?"

For reply the salesman merely turned his sample upside down and exhibited a license notice binding every merchant to sell at a stated price. Within a year the distribution of that article had extended over several states, and today its sales are national. Department stores made this article an attraction by filling windows with it, but they had to sell at the same price as the small merchant in a residence street.

When the manufacturer takes out a patent it gives him a temporary monopoly in manufacturing the article covered, besides permitting him to control its sales. Many restricted-price systems are based on patent rights, the manufacturer appointing every merchant who handles his product a selling agent, with well-defined powers and limitations. It is now common to find these license notices inclosed in patented proprietary articles. Practically the same method has been employed with a copyrighted article—the humorous plaster casts which sprang into wide sale two or three years ago are usually protected in this way.

Other commodities, not patentable, are protected through contracts made between manufacturer and merchant, but the legal rights here are not so well defined, and sometimes such contracts go too far and become restraint of trade. Even where the contract is legal there are usually ways of evading it, and price restriction in such cases eventually comes down to a combat with a few large merchants who try to use the restricted article as a bargain attraction—the fact that its retail price is everywhere maintained makes it tempting, of course.

One of the leading toilet-soap houses puts a minimum retail price on its best-known brand. No merchant is permitted to sell it for less than fourteen cents a cake. Instead of making contracts with the thousands of merchants who handle its goods, however, this house depends upon personal supervision through its selling agents in various cities. Not long ago a Chicago druggist began selling that soap at nine cents. His nearest competitor heard about it, sent a woman to buy a cake, asking for a sales-slip with her purchase, and the soap, with this slip, was sent to the manufacturer. Within a few hours the latter's representative had bought in all the druggist's stock and, thereafter, he was refused more goods at wholesale.

Price protection is a question that may be viewed from different sides. Not every business man is of the same opinion about it. But there is no doubt that the average retailer favors it. He has gone along the road of price-cutting until he came to the jumping-off place and had to turn back. Protected prices not only put him on a fair footing with competitors, but are based upon sound management in his own business. The average retail merchant often has but a vague idea of his own costs of operation. He has been handling many standard commodities on a paper profit so slender that there was nothing left after he had deducted rent, clerks' wages, delivery service and other expenses. The manufacturer who is thoroughly alive to trade conditions will nowadays figure terms and prices in such a way as to give the merchant a satisfactory profit and then help him maintain it. Upon this depend the retailer's coöperation and the growth of the manufacturer's business.

Success in marketing any desirable commodity through the Trade is based on knowledge of mercantile conditions with reference to that particular article. Any capable business man can acquire such knowledge by study, experiment, trade acquaintance. To be compelled to work on small capital is usually an advantage instead of a hardship. That makes it necessary to go slowly and build on real information, where an established house, with abundant capital and wide trade connections, might easily fail through haste.

When ocean carriers were fitted with water ballast, some years ago, there arose new conditions of freight service which displaced many prosperous ship brokers.

From Ships to Mineral Water

A New York ship broker, in middle life, found his business slipping away. He had a large family and small means. Looking about for something else at which to make a living, he remembered a certain mineral water which had restored his wife's health. It came from an obscure spring in the South and had merely a local reputation. He believed in its therapeutic value. Finding a backer, he bought the spring, began bottling the water, and started to build up a trade in it out of its own profits, helped occasionally by an advance from his backer.

This ex-broker followed a famous prizefighter's advice in his business policy. He struck from where his hand was. Being situated in the shipping district, he took an inexpensive office there. Being in New York, he started with the metropolis first.

This ex-broker tackled the metropolis single-handed. He centered his effort on a dozen of the largest grocery and drug houses, wholesale and retail. The leading grocery house waited a year and a half before putting his mineral water in stock, and then only after he had induced the proprietor to use it on his own table. That was his chief selling method—to get the big guns to like it personally by putting it into their homes. When he had landed these dozen houses he had the town. It took time and considerable money and much hard work, but he went straight for the heart of the Trade. The Trade had connections: on its wholesale side, hundreds of lesser dealers who followed the big houses and, on its retail side, staid old customers who had dealt with certain houses into the third generation. When he had won the heart of the Trade the Trade worked for him.

Editor's Note — This is the third of Mr. Collins' articles upon The Small Man's Market.

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Columbus Liquid Wax Finish—the only liquid wax on the market—covers much more surface than common paste and powdered waxes do.

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Why Not a Profitable Retail Business of Your Own?

I know of many places where new stores are needed—and I will tell you about a retail line which will pay handsome profits on small investment—a line sure to lead to the general or department store. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet.

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THE SAXONIA BURNER

lights like any lamp and produces a perfect white gas light from the top of the wick. Burns one-third the oil and gives 3 times the light of ordinary lamp. One-fifth cost of gas, one-tenth cost of electricity. Pays for itself. Chimney and mantle of extra strength, with complete burner for $3, express paid, U. S. Money back if not as represented. Booklet free. **Agents Wanted.**

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Madam, you need never sweep nor dust again—

Rugs and furniture not disturbed—*every particle* of dust and dirt quickly removed—and *all germs*—with the

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Prices: $49.50, $65, $95, $115, $125. Hand Cleaners $35.

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in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models $10 to $27
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TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half usual prices.* Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

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Who Buys Indestructo Trunks?

The National Veneer Products Co.
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Name
Street Address
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State
Merchant's Name
Date

Here's the answer and the proof

PEOPLE who are *known* to buy with discrimination—people *whom you know* to be *successful*—people whose judgment you can depend upon—these are the people who buy Indestructo Trunks.

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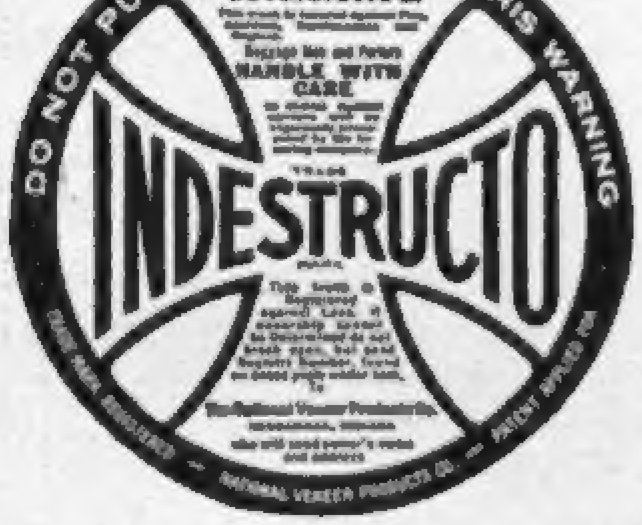
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WARNING
HANDLE WITH CARE
TRADE
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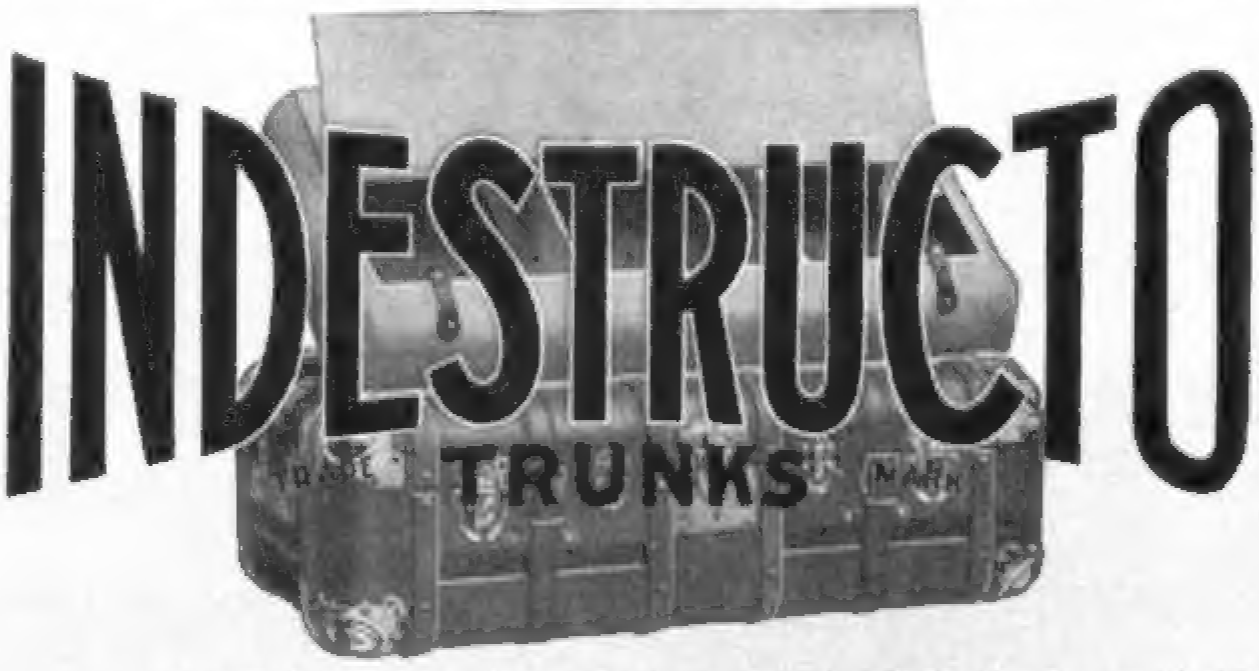
Take an Indestructo with You on Your Early Spring Trip

Indestructo Multi-Ply, Water-proof and Weather-proof Hardwood is the toughest—most elastic—has the greatest resisting qualities of any trunk material in the world.

Hardwood Veneer united by our unique process with a special water-proof and weather-proof cement under enormous pressure makes "Indestructo" Trunks practically jointless—all one piece. An immense advantage in trunk construction. This system was invented, patented and is owned and controlled exclusively by us.



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And also by the best store in every other city where good trunks are sold. There is no substitute for the Indestructo. If you have any trouble in securing the genuine, write us, and we will see that your order is properly filled.

Send for our book, "About a Traveler." A de luxe edition for 1910—Authoritative and entertaining. Beautifully illustrated. Gives invaluable information to travelers about railroads, steamships, hotels, services, tips, expenses, etc. Send us the coupon in a letter, enclosing seven 2c stamps, and we will mail you a copy at once.

The National Veneer Products Company

Station A 5, Mishawaka, Indiana

Hardwood runners on all four sides—fitted with steel shoes—and round steel corners give added strength and rigidity. Almost entirely do away with the possibility of breakage—even in the roughest handling.

Read this Guarantee **We guarantee that "Indestructo" Trunks will stand more abuse—more careless handling—will travel more miles and remain longer in good, serviceable condition without the annoyance and expense of frequent repairs than any other trunk on the market.**

Additional Exclusive Features

In addition, a 5 year free Insurance Policy against Destruction by Fire or Accident, goes with every "Indestructo" Trunk.

Protected Against Loss

The "Warning" shown at the left appears on both ends of every "Indestructo" Trunk.

It is a notice to "baggage smashers" that the trunk is insured; that their company will be held liable for any damage.

The lower half of this "Warning" mark calls attention to the trunk owner's Registry Number.

Oftentimes a trunk is lost in transit. It lies in a baggage room, warehouse or hotel for many months—possibly it is broken open to identify the ownership and sold at auction to pay storage charges.

The purchaser of an "Indestructo" Trunk notifies us on a post card which we furnish with the trunk, numbered to correspond with the number of the trunk, and we register the name of the owner beside the number.

If your "Indestructo" Trunk is ever lost, the number is sent to us to identify ownership and we immediately notify you as to the whereabouts of your trunk.

ABOUT A TRAVELER

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.
Station A 5,
Mishawaka, Ind.

Enclosed are seven 2c stamps. Please send copy of your book "About a Traveler" to

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State ....

My trunk dealer's name and address

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

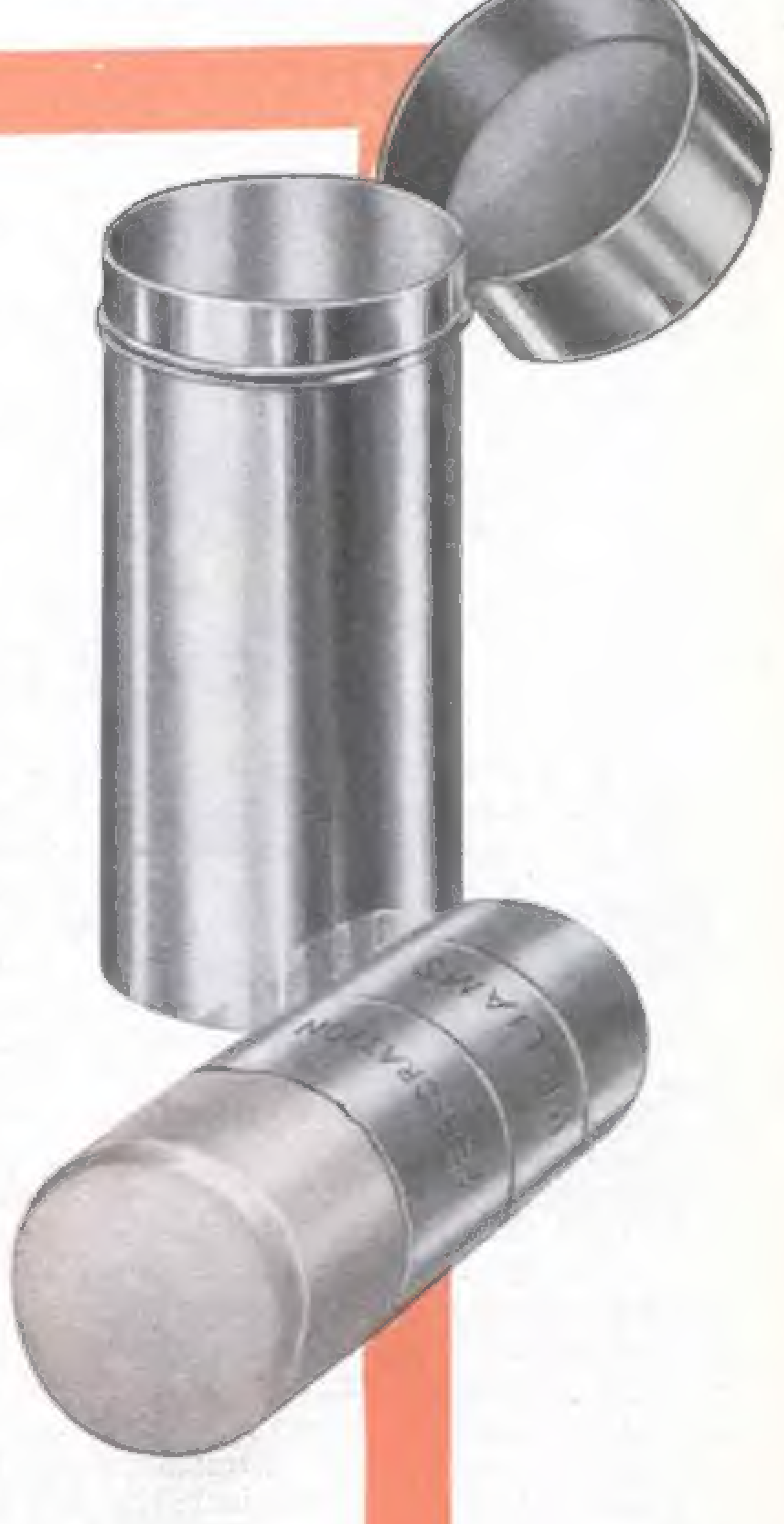
Please be sure to give above information

To Trunk Dealers Who Want To Sell Merchandise That Will Always Please Their Customers

The success of the Indestructo Trunk in 1909 was instant and positive—it swept competition before it—it flooded us with orders that we could not fill—we were compelled to disappoint hundreds of dealers in big cities and little towns, who had a demand for the trunk—who realized the great sales-compelling advertising force back of it. We are now prepared to take good care of all of your orders. We have increased our factory facilities 500%. We want the one best merchant to represent us in the towns where we are not now represented. The exclusive agency for Indestructo Trunks is an asset that can be turned into many dollars by the enterprising merchant who appreciates live, quick-moving, sure-repeating, always-satisfactory merchandise. If you want this agency—if you want advertising and sales co-operation that will help *all* your store, write to-day—now—for our proposition.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"


WILLIAMS
CORPORATION

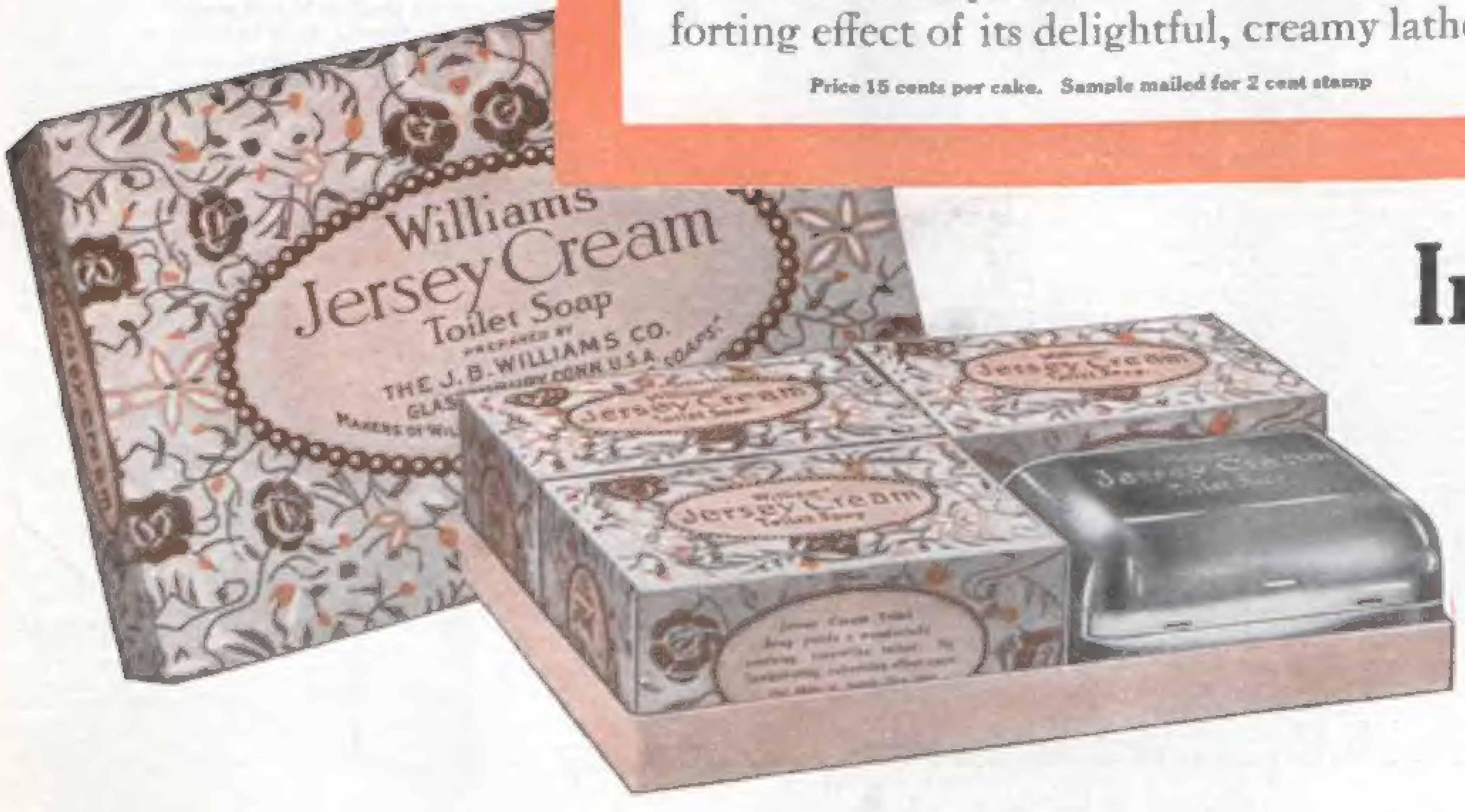
For nearly 75 years the name Williams on Shaving Soap has spelled the acme of purity, safety, comfort and satisfaction to shavers.

Williams' Shaving Stick sent on receipt of price, 25c, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick—enough for 50 shaves for 4c in stamps.

Williams'
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap

If you are one of the unfortunates who suffer from chapped hands and roughness of the skin in cold weather, try Jersey Cream Soap and see how easily you can avoid this trouble. You will be surprised at the soothing, comforting effect of its delightful, creamy lather.

Price 15 cents per cake. Sample mailed for 2 cent stamp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Toilet Soap

Important

By buying 4 cakes of this soap at one time you can get without extra charge, the handsome nickeled, hinged cover, soap box, which is placed in every package of 4 cakes. Just the thing you need when traveling or camping. Hundreds of thousands of these soap boxes are in use and are highly prized.

If your druggist fails to supply you we will send 4 cakes of soap and soap box on receipt of post office order for 60 Cents.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.